# LUCKY BAG

U. S.
NAVAL ACADEMY
EX SCIENTIA TRIDENS

1992

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

Archives, U.S [illegible] Academy

# A YEAR OF *Changes*

The theme for this year's **Lucky Bag** is "A Year of Changes." Not only does this edition mark the 100th Anniversary of the **Lucky Bag,** but many things have happened this year at the Naval Academy which will forever change the way it operates. When the Brigade returned in the fall, the message was "Ship, shipmates, self." The Commandant told the first class that they were going to run the Brigade under the leadership of the first female Brigade Commander. Positive leadership was to be the rule instead of the exception; and much to the second class' dismay, two-for-seven night was cancelled. As the year progressed, more changes unfolded, seemingly everyday. The first class had cinderella libs every day and were allowed out in town on service selection night. And lastly, plebe year became less severe in the new age of "Total Quality Leadership." The Naval Academy was not the only place that experienced changes. The empire known as the Soviet Union ceased to exist, Eastern European countries gained back their independence, and the United States began to feel the effects of a recession. With all of these things happening, it was obvious that this year was "A Year of Changes."

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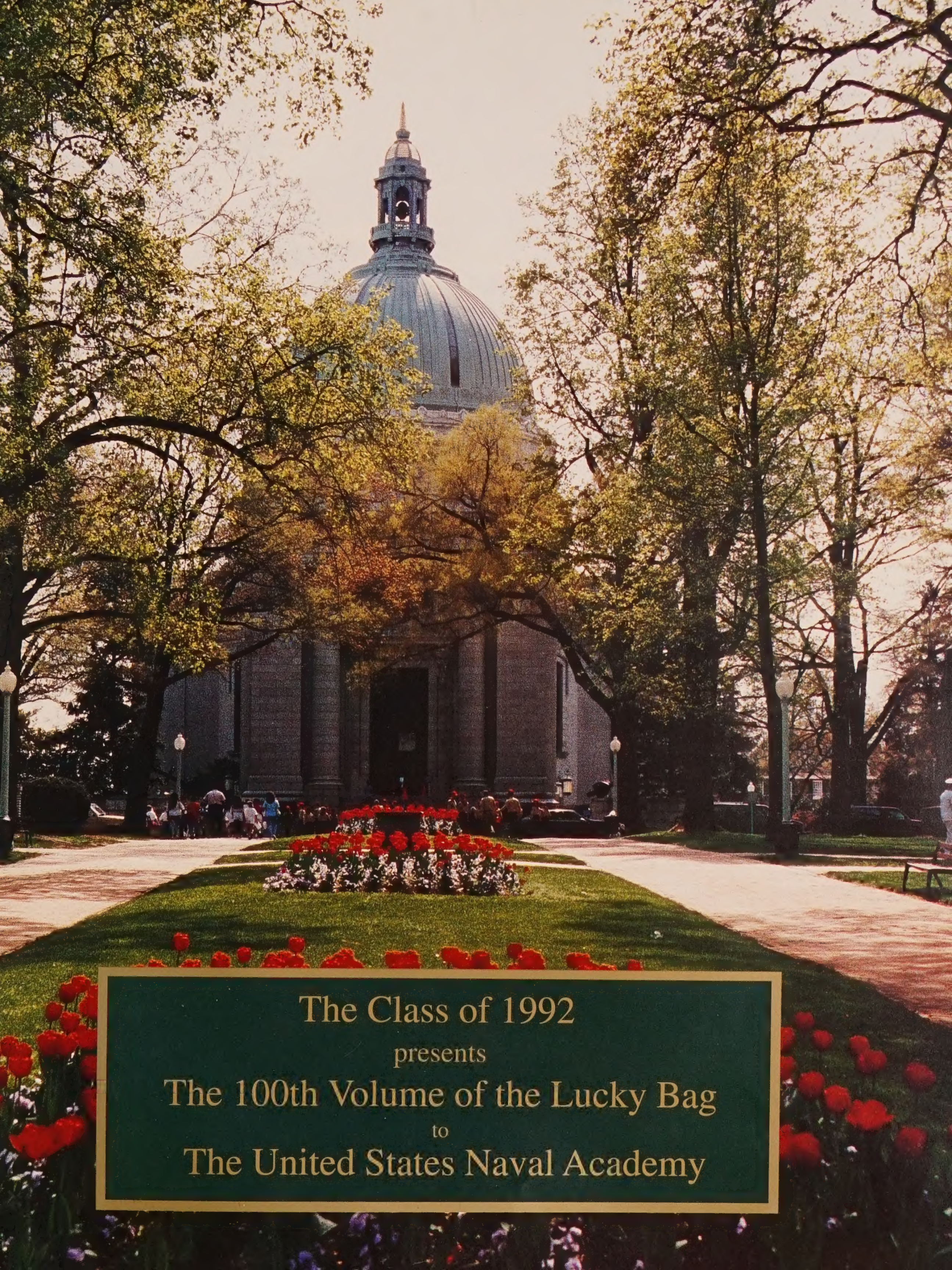
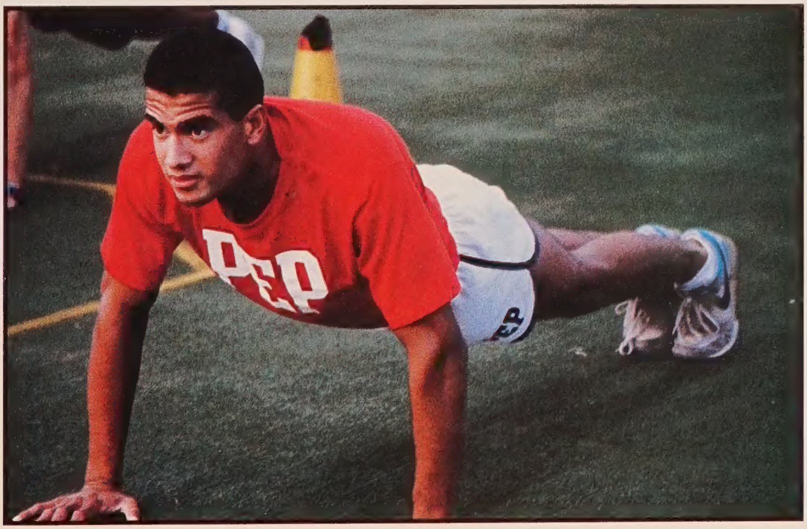


The Class of 1992
presents
The 100th Volume of the Lucky Bag
to
The United States Naval Academy

GOODMAN '95

# A YEAR OF Changes

To outsiders, every day at the Naval Academy is the same, and to some extent, they are right. We get up at the same time, eat at the same time, and for plebes, go to bed at the same time -- day in and day out. In reality though, every day is different. We face new challenges and meet new people. Rules and regulations change and new billets are created. Life at the Academy is constantly changing and this year was no exception.



# A YEAR OF Changes

"I am not an advocate for frequent changes in laws and Constitutions. But laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind. As that becomes more developed, more enlightened, as new discoveries are made, new truths discovered and manners and opinions change, with the change of circumstances, institutions must advance also to keep pace with the times . . . " Thomas Jefferson, 12 July 1816

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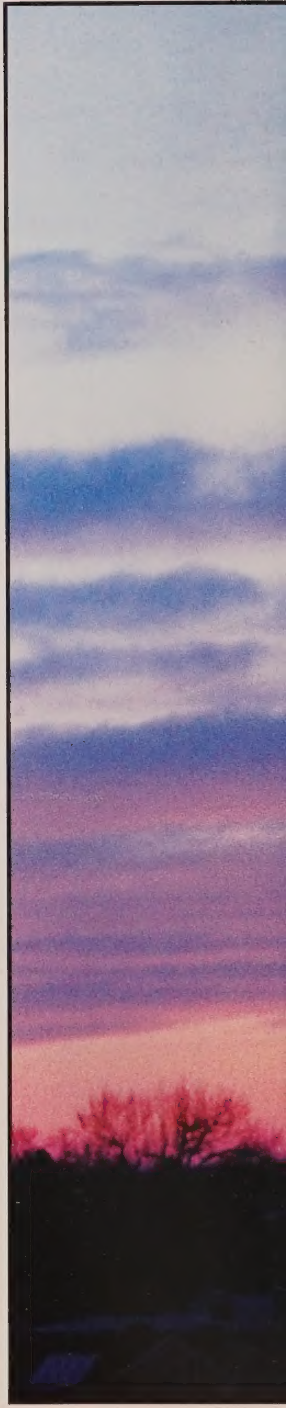
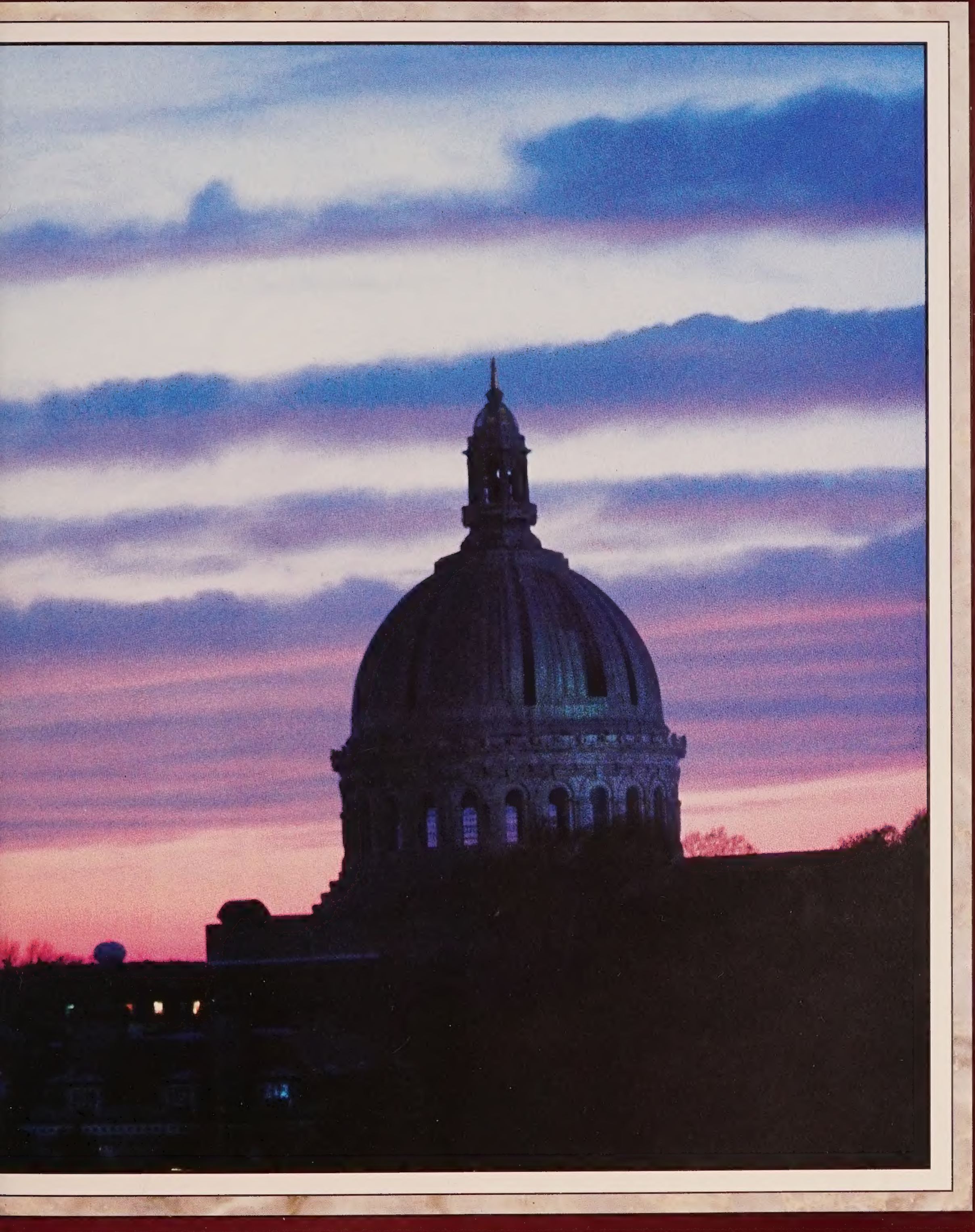


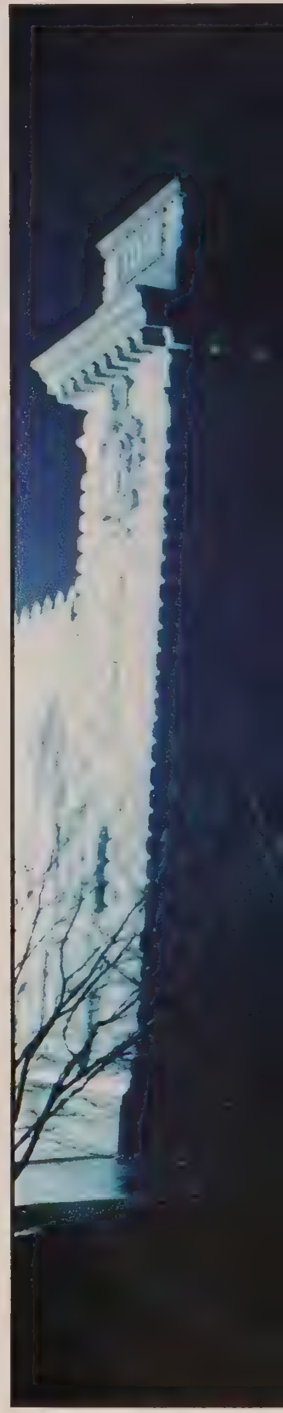


# A YEAR OF *Changes*

As time passes, even Mother Nature changes. When winter approaches, the air begins to get cold and snow flakes can be seen in the air. Midshipmen walk to class with their reefers on and their collars up to protect their ears. Even Tecumseh looks cold.

# A YEAR OF *Changes*

"Few will have the greatness to bend history itself; but each of us can work to change a small portion of events, and in the total of all those acts will be written the history of this generation." Senator Robert F. Kennedy, 6 June 1966

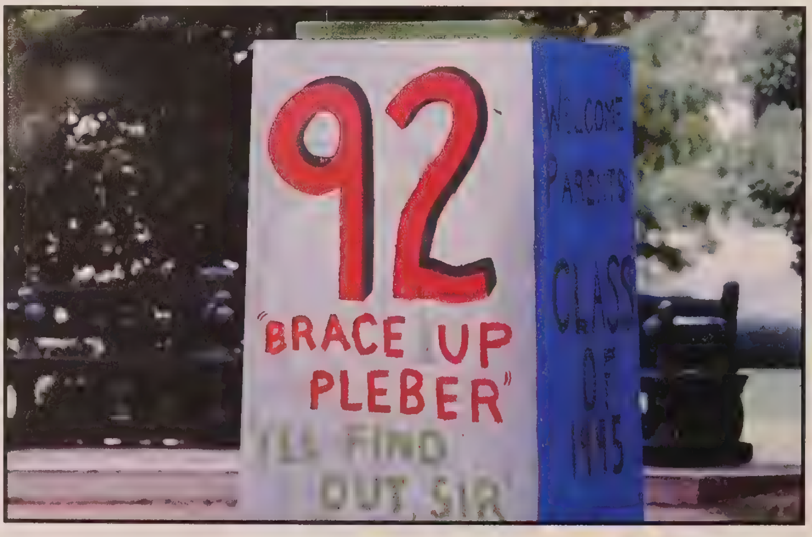


# A YEAR OF *Changes*

Midshipmen are a special breed of people. They have the ablility to perform under stress and react quickly to any situation, but they change also. From the time they come in as plebes to the time they leave as ensigns, they are practically new people. From attitudes to character, it seems that nothing stays the same.

# A YEAR OF Changes

"The older order changeth, yielding place to the new, and God fulfils himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world." Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1899


92
"BRACE UP PLEBER"
I'LL FIND OUT SIR
WELCOME PARENTS
CLASS OF 1995

# The Year

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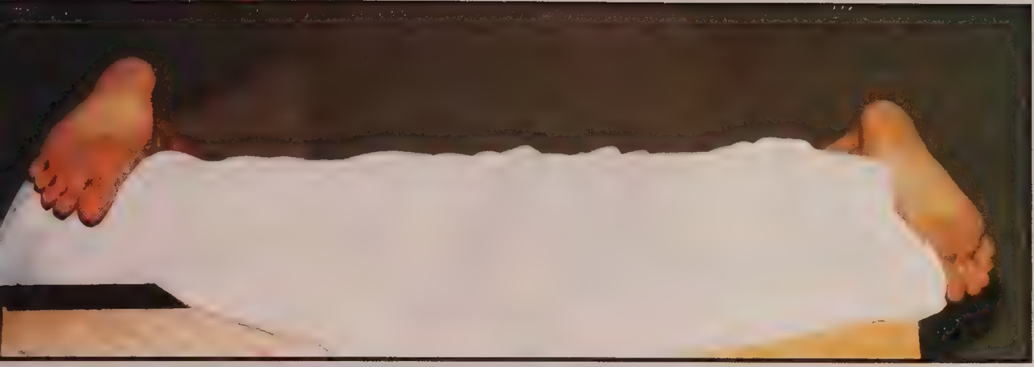
The people of today's society have to be able to adapt to a rapidly changing world. Midshipmen are no exception as they face new and challenging situations every day. Many of these changes have been captured on film and are contained on the following pages.

A YEAR OF *Changes*

# *Plebe*

July 6, 1988: fresh out of high school, prep school, or the fleet, the Class of 1992 raised their hands and entered the doors of Mother "B." We chopped with our knees up, held a brace and behaved in the manner that any good Plebe should. To counteract the stresses of Plebe life, we had rumbles, took out our upperclass and stormed eighth wing. In the end we flamed on our Firsties, climbed Herndon and crashed head first into Youngster Year.

WELCOME
PARENTS
OF
'92
CHARLIE

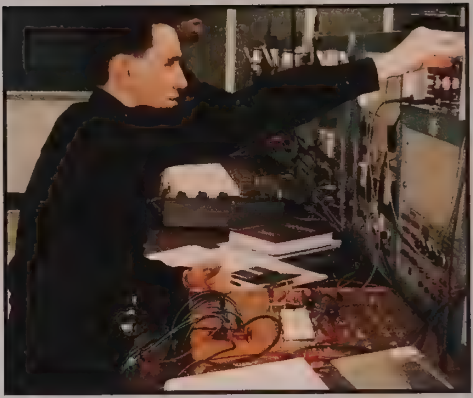


# Youngster

After an exciting youngster cruise, we found ourselves back in the same company with our friends and classmates. We took full advantage of our younster rack sessions and didn't have the advantage of youngster civvies on weekends. In December we traveled up to the Meadowlands to defeat Army. After Christmas leave, safety stand downs became the rage and we took a "training time out." But that didn't stop us from entering second class year flaming, or did it?

# Second Class

After returning from 2/c summer, being scrambled as a class into a new company, introducing ourselves to our new Plebes on the last Return of the Brigade and celebrating the last Two-for-Seven night, we found that they had changed our ways. The new leadership style was introduced and we had to learn not to yell. Iraq invaded Kuwait and the United States responded with Desert Storm. We dipped our rings and danced the night away.

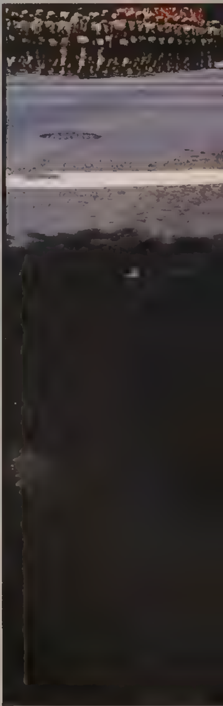


LEDANTEC '92

# *Firstie*

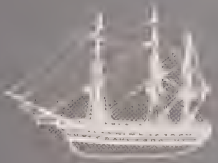
By Firstie Year, TQL was in full effect as we heard ourselves repeating the phrase "When I was a plebe..." The first female Brigade Commander told us "It can be done in '91." So we kidnapped Army's Corps Commander and mules, went to Philadelphia and beat their football team. In February we celebrated during Service Selection night. In May we took our last undergraduate exams, missed the Blue Angels and Color Parade and finally, after four hard years, graduated on May 27th, 1992.

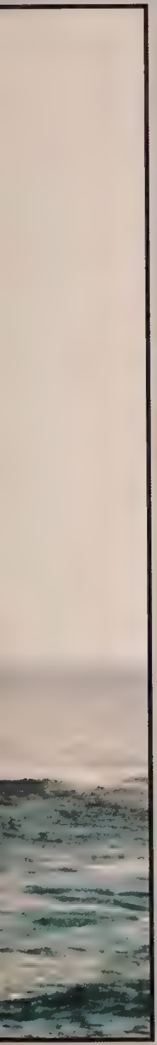
OPERATIONS GROUP
Thank You!



# Desert Storm Parade

On a nice summer day, the Desert Storm troups were rolled out once again. But this time it was not to go off to battle. This time they left for Washington D.C. to participate in the Desert Storm Parade. The members stayed in Bancroft Hall and were bussed out for the parade, where camouflaged trucks and troops a like were seen in the streets of D.C. Supporters and well wishers sat on the curb waving flags and holding banners. This was the Nation's way of saying "thank you" for a job well done.



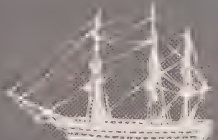


# First Class Cruise

There are a lot of opportunities on First Class cruise. It is a time for the new firsties to put on their khakis and learn about life as a Junior officer. On aviation cruise, one can experience the benefits of squadron life and perhaps catch a few hops. For a different kind of cruise many firsties get internships at various labs around the country or go abroad on Cox Fund Scholarships. No matter what the cruise, the time spent during the summer will serve as a valuable tool in the challenges that lay ahead.

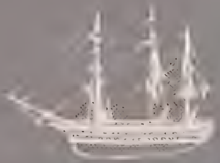
# *Youngster Cruise*

After a year of chopping, yelling rates, and basically being an overall peon in Naval Academy life, the Class of 1994 gained valuable experience in the Fleet during Third Class Cruise. Whether it be on a YP cruising up and down the Atlantic Coast, on a sloop sailing with the Command Seamanship Training Squadron, jumping out into the wild blue yonder at Airborne, experiencing Marine life at Devil Dog, or truly becoming "salty" on a good old grey hull, all of the newly-striped youngsters got a little taste of Navy life outside the Academy gates. Coming onto the ship as a theoretical E-3, each midshipman lived the life of an enlisted person, seeing life and work in the Fleet through their eyes. Of course, in addition to a lot of hard work, the Class of 1994 always found fun and frolic, while gearing themselves up for their new August role as upperclass in the Brigade.

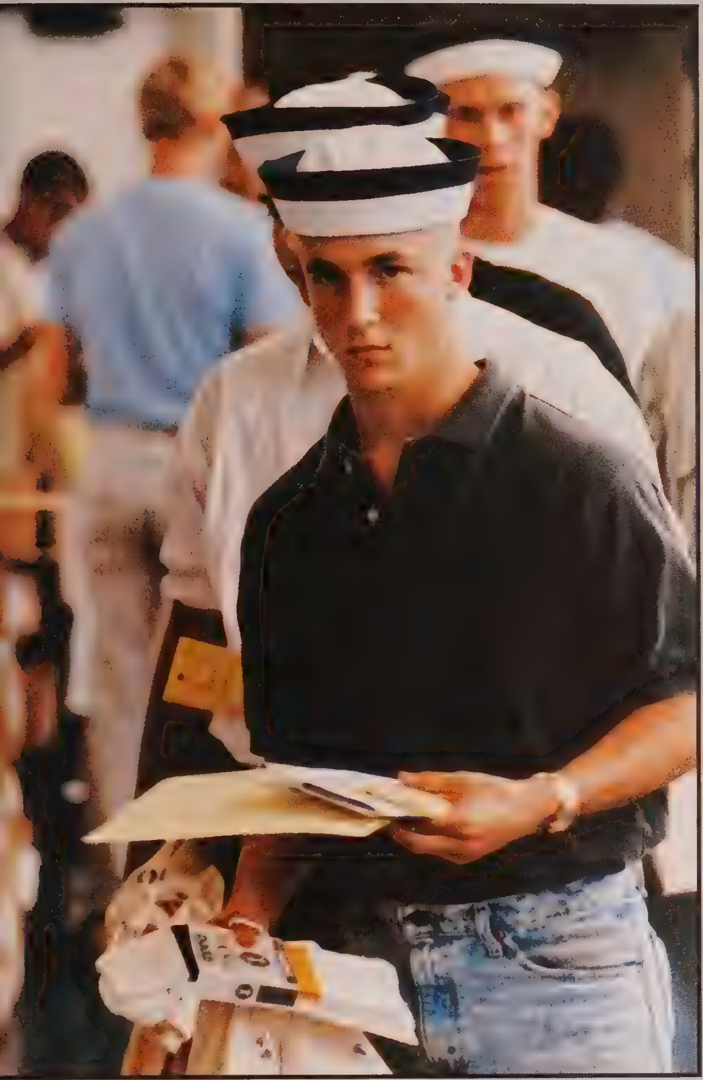


# Second Class Summer

With service selection fast approaching for the class of '93, Second Class Summer began with a week of "OOH RAH!!" in Quantico with the U.S. Marines. Mids, decked out in boots and camouflage, got a taste of what Marines do everyday, around the world. After saying goodbye to the Devil Dogs, the mids headed south off for submarine training, which included a 24hr voyage on a nuclear attack submarine. The mids got a chance to conn, ride on the sail, dive to...well, that's classified, and sample the famous mid-rat pizza. Pensacola was the next stop on the whirlwind tour of Florida, where Tom Cruise look alikes seemed to be everywhere, just itching to get into a plane, any plane. Finally, it was time to head back to Mother B, a little saddened that the summer was over, but happy that our service selection would be a little easier to make now.

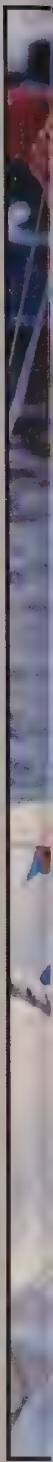


PROUD PARE
NAVY
MIDSHI
NAV
XX



# I-Day

When the Class of '95 arrived at the Academy, they were all determined that they were going to plunge into four years of demanding and rigorous training at one of the world's finest institutions. On I Day, some were nervous, some were cocky, and most were totally clueless. But all had one thing in common: they were about to begin the most challenging six weeks of their lives. Their common goal to excel during the rigors of Plebe Summer brought them together and tight friendships began to form. Their transformation from civilian to future naval officer brought about many awkward, unusual, and often funny situations. -Nancy Olson '95



27
PEP

# Plebe Summer

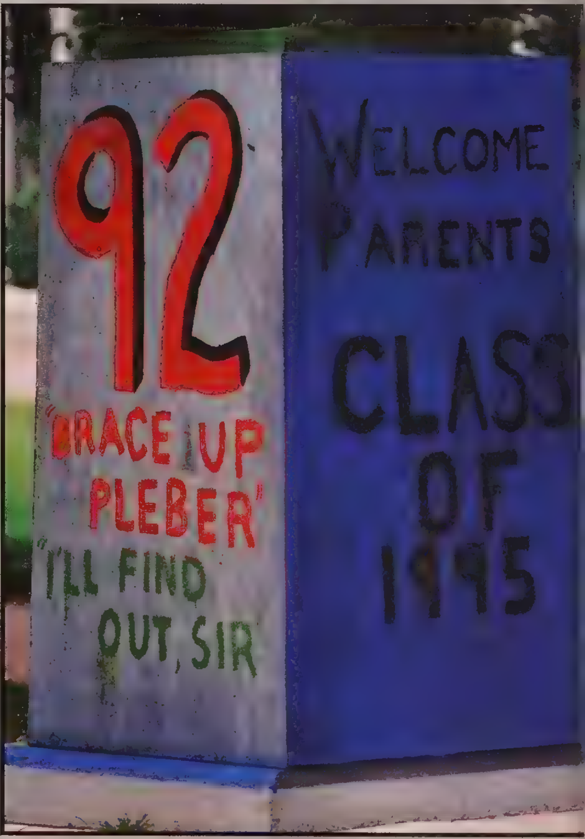
The Class of 95's challenges were met with pride, determination, and teamwork during Plebe Summer. Together they learned what it takes to become future leaders by observing both good and bad leadership styles exhibited by the upperclass. By the end of their six weeks of training the class of '95 felt they could handle any challenge that came their way. The Plebes were prepared to handle each meeting head-on as a single, cohesive unit. They will forever carry with them the memories of their Plebe Summer experiences.

# Plebe Detail

The first three words in the mission of the Naval Academy are "To develop Midshipmen..." What better way is there for a midshipman to uphold the Academy's mission than to be at the foundation of developing the incoming plebe class? Plebe Summer is the experience which Academy graduates rely on in times of crisis. It is a time when we learn about ourselves, our potential and our limitations. During this time, we develop teamwork, mental toughness, moral integrity and physical courage. In short, we learn to be leaders. Guiding a new class through the rigors of plebes summer, challenging them mentally and physically and molding them into midshipmen is a huge responsibility. Accepting this honor and responsibility provides a great sense of accomplishment and satisfaction upon completion of the detail. —Jay Schnelle '93

BLOOD
SWEAT
'n'
TEARS

WE STARTED
95
WE'LL FINISH
TOGETHER
29


92
"BRACE UP PLEBER'
"I'LL FIND OUT, SIR
WELCOME PARENTS
CLASS
OF
1995

# Plebe Parents' Weekend

On the Saturday morning of Parents' Weekend I was so excited to see my family. I wanted to share with them my many experiences. They were in awe - and so was I. This was one of the first times in six weeks that I had been the center of attention - for a good reason. That weekend is one that I will never forget. The atmosphere - my family's time spent together and apart - really made us realize how special we were to one another. - Camille Garrett '95

# Return of the Brigade

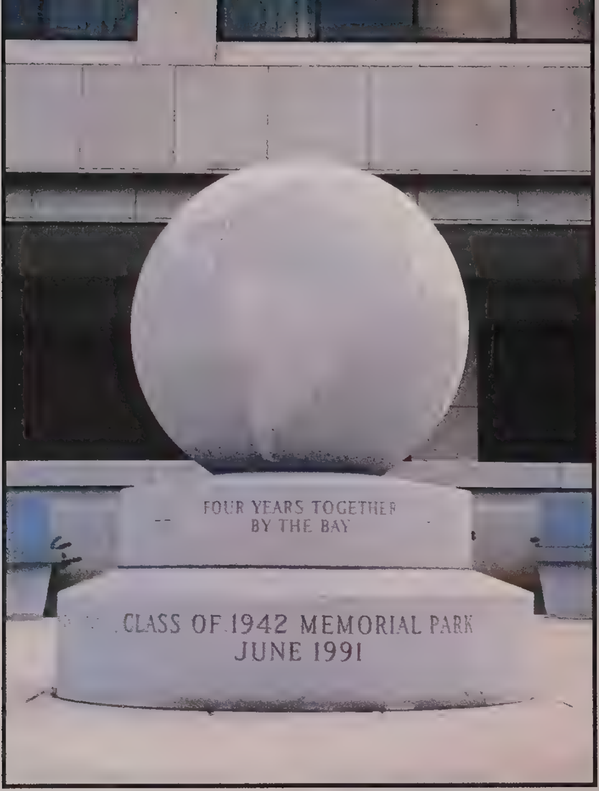
The return of the Brigade. Many emotions fill this landmark occasion. For the Firsties, feelings of anticipation, excitement, and nostalgia come to mind as they begin that long-awaited final year. The Second Class return from a summer of intense professional training chomping at the bit to begin their first hands-on opportunity at leadership with the plebes. Youngsters, equipped with that golden diagonal stripe and fresh off summer cruise, look forward to experiencing the Academy through different, and definitely more relaxed, eyes. For the plebes, the time signifies accomplishment at the completion of Plebe Summer, and also fills them with a healthy sense of apprehension for the academic year. Though Hell Night faded away with a whisper, the day once again unified the Brigade of Midshipmen into one spirited whole, and so began the 1991-1992 year.

# 1/C Parents' Weekend

A lot has changed in their mids' lives since the parents of the Class of '92 last visited on their Plebe Parents' Weekend. This time, parents were here to see their sons and daughters lead the Brigade. The weekend started with the traditional "Hi mom, hi dad" greeting during noon meal formation, followed by lunch in King Hall. In the afternoon, Mom and Dad then had the opportunity to experience such classes as Weapons, Law, or even Reactor Physics?! The weekend was free for parents to spend quality time with their mid or go to a King Hall dinner or glee club concert. Saturday evening was the football game, where proud parents could search for their mid during the march on and then watch Navy play their first game of the year Most importantly, First Class Parents' Weekend was a time for firsties and their parents to reflect for the last formal visit before graduation.

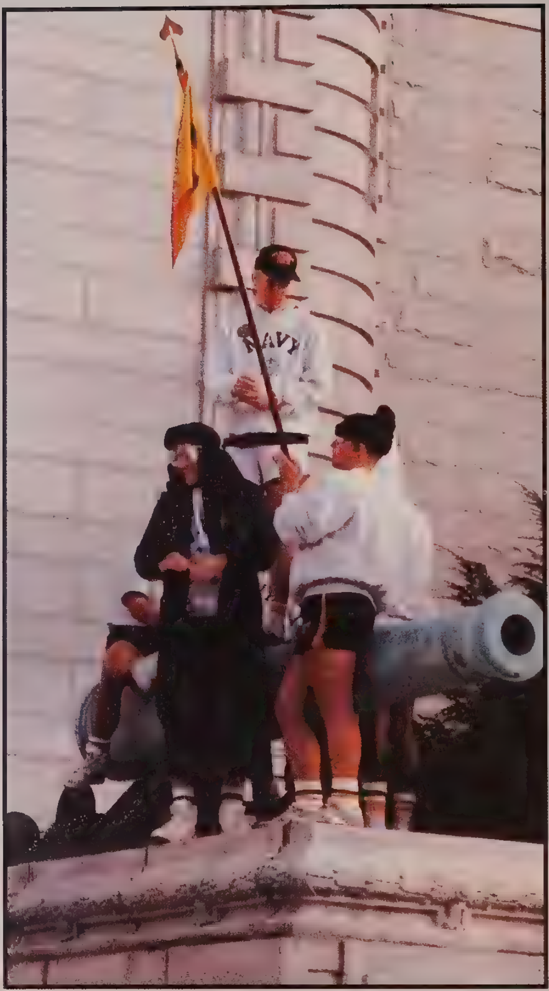
# The 'Supe & 'Dant

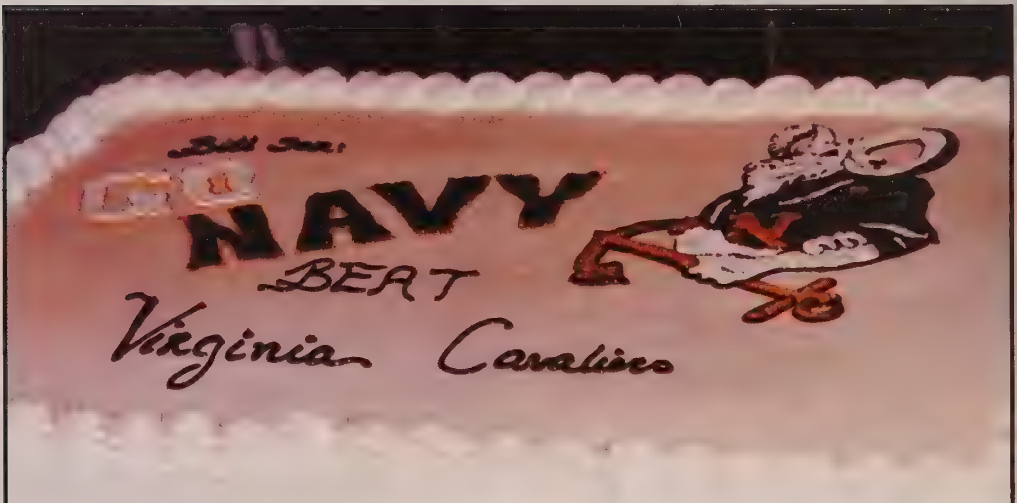
The Superintendent and the Commandant are always part of our life at the Academy. Not only do they live on the Yard, but they share in our activities, from cheering us on at sporting events and pep rallies, to worshipping with us in the Chapel. No year would be complete without a glimpse of Admiral and Mrs Lynch or Admiral and Mrs Haskins.

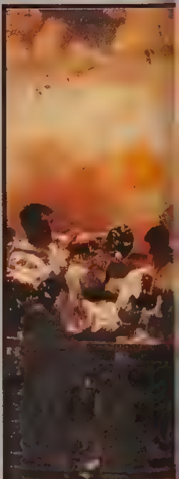

FOUR YEARS TOGETHER
BY THE BAY
CLASS OF 1942 MEMORIAL PARK
JUNE 1991

# BAC Dedication

After taking four years to complete, the Brigade Activities Center was finally ready to be dedicated in the Fall of 1991. The afternoon was celebrated with a large concert featuring the Men's and Women's Glee Clubs, the Navy Band, and of course, Bob Hope. At the end of the celebration, Bob Hope not only received the honor of having the center dedicated to him, but received his very own Naval Academy Bathrobe. The dedication symbolized a new beginning for Naval Academy sporting and cultural events, as the the BAC was formally ready for Forrestal Lectures, basketball games, concerts and other events.

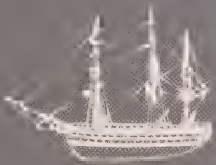

NAVY


NAVY
BEAT
Virginia Cavaliers



# Pep Rallies

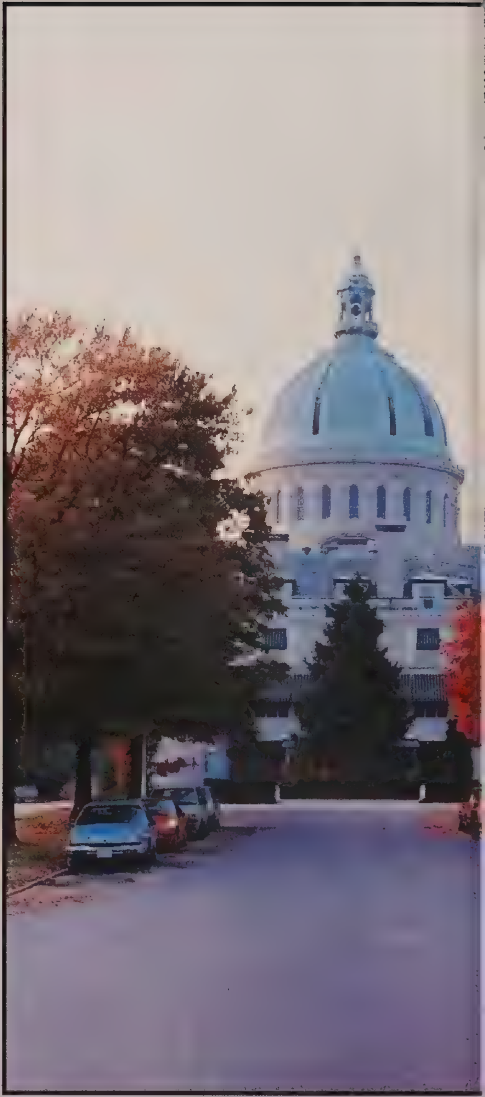
This year was a new year for pep rallies, as they were held in the Rotunda, in King Hall, on the fields, and anywhere else the Brigade could go. They included the familar cheerleaders, Bill the Goat, the Dant, the Supe, Coach Chaump, and even a few mules. Plebes and upperclass alike ran through the halls on their way to support the teams or take a short study break. The sounds of music, cheers and mids carried through the Hall. Although the singing of Blue and Gold was always the final song of the pep rally, the spirit never ended.



NAVY
NAVY

# *Mids*

Mids, as we are fondly referred to, are an interesting breed. We have developed what most people consider uncommon sleeping and eating habits, as well as our own creative ways of relieving stress due to the pressures of a midshipman's life. We use terms such as "rack" and "chop," which are unfamilar to the average human ear. We even wear funny black and white clothes. Most of the time we can explain our weird ways, but at other times we just act strange for no reason at all...



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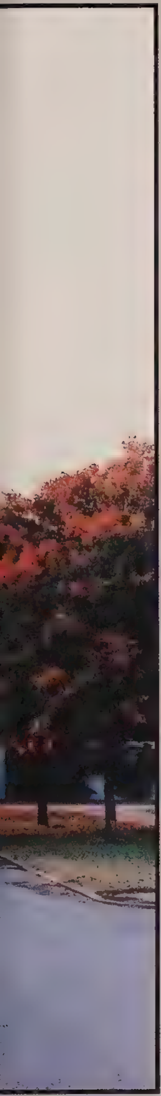
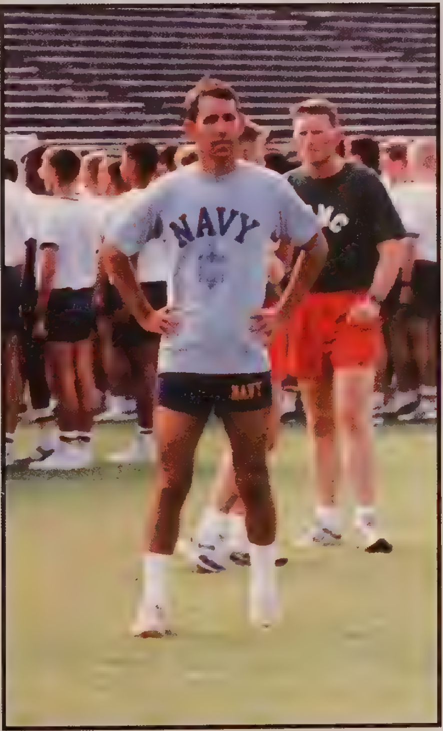


# *Autumn*

As the academic year wears on and we become settled into a schedule of academia, athletics, and general living, suddenly the look of the Yard changes. Short sleeves are exchanged for long; hot, humid afternoons evolve into crisp, windy evenings; and dozens of warm colors appear in the trees and in their leaves as they scatter the ground. Autumn, with all Her subtlety, washes the Academy with color, invigorates it with brisk winds, reminds us that time does move on. Orange sunsets over the Severn guide us into study hour, as the sun is replaced by the floodlights on the fields. The warm, frolicking days of summer are behind us, another season changes, a Year on the Yard marches on.

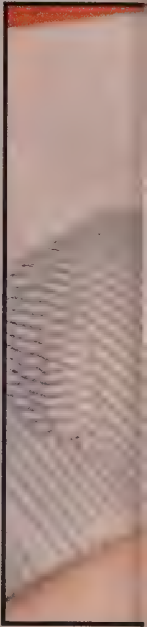
EAST

NAVY

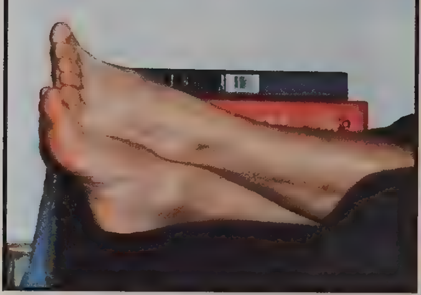


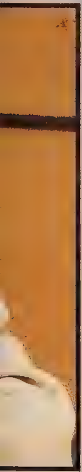
# March-Ons

With the beginning of the 1991 football season came another season of march-ons. Before our shipmates starred on the gridiron, the Brigade displayed its discipline, spirit and good sportsmanship to our guests at Navy/Marine Corps Memorial Stadium. However, each of those stellar march-ons, as every midshipmen knows, represented hours and hours of practice and repetition. This year's series of practices got off to a rousing start with the Brigade Spirit Run. Construction at the stadium added a little complexity to the usual march-on. Right flank marches, half rights, lining up by battalions all added a little spice to the usual process. All in all the Brigade handled the changes in stride and once again played the gracious host, while instilling in everyone a little boost of patriotism.



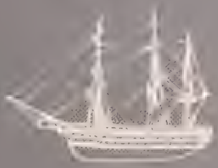
United States
Coast Pilot
Atlantic Coast:
Eastport to Cape Cod





# Study Hour

The study hour bell rings; all activities in the hall cease; the books are opened; and the midshipmen begin to study...or at least that's how the tour guides explain it. In reality, we all know that during study hour, the intentions are usually good but the temptations are strong. Upperclass who have given up for the night can be seen in the wardroom absorbing the latest re-runs or basketball game. The few who do attempt to study are usually either roaming the halls in search of "knowledge," a copying machine, or a soda machine that's not empty...



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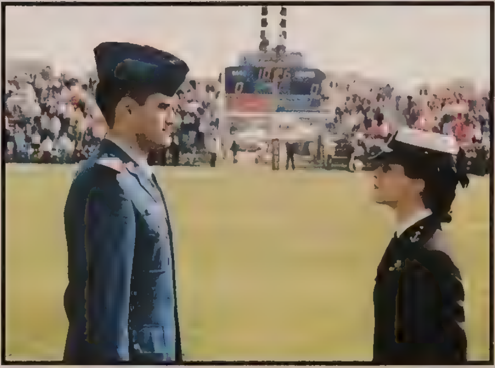

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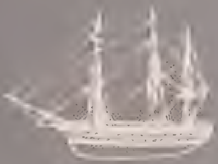
NAVY

# *Air Force Week*

One cool, fall week, the Zoomies bombarded the granite walls of the Naval Academy for our annual challenge on the synthetic-grass field. The week culminated on Saturday, beginning with the Interservice Drum and Bugle Corps competition, convincingly won by USNA. After that boost to Navy's morale, the Midshipmen got on their parade shoes and marched over to the Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium to roast the Falcons. After another exceptional first half, the Air Force D&B entertained the troops. Air Force, driven by the Zoomies' striking half-time performance, proceeded to stifle Navy's offensive attacks for another win. The Midshipmen, not to be daunted, have challenged those Fighting Falcons to another face-off next year...



R.I.P.
R.I.P.

THE
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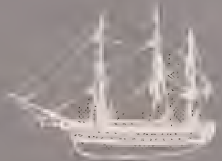
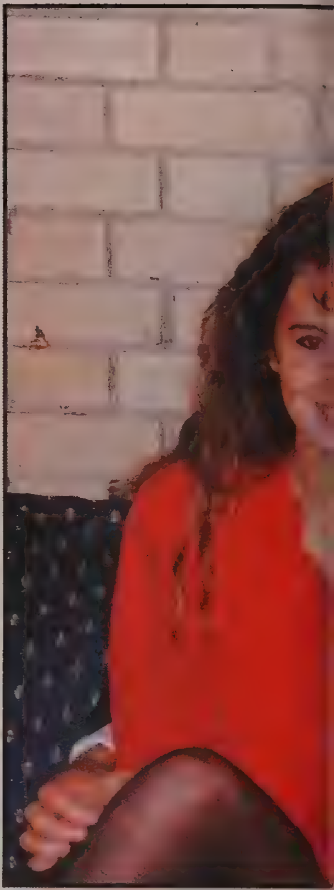
BATT.

# Halloween

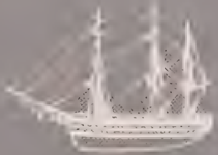
The ghouls and goblins of All-Hallows Eve turned-out in full force this year, invading the bodies of the Brigade of Midshipmen with their restless spirits. Ghosts in the form of flight attendants, drag queens, racks, and the ever-present Hanz and Franz graced the hallowed halls of Bancroft and bricks of Tecumseh Court. Unfortunately, the ghouls became a little restless that cold and windy night, and the powers-that-be rescued the Brigade from these goblins with a swift ironclad fist. At the same time, youngsters from Crabtown viewed a magic show, trick-or-treated through the heart of the Hall and enjoyed a little scary adventure through a mid-built haunted house in Steerage, demonstrating that even on this Night of Fright, there is a warm.

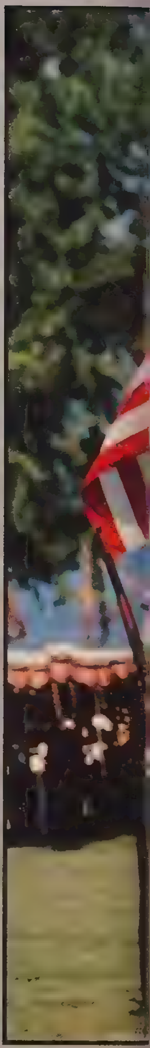




# Plebe Mixer

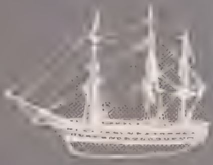
For some, it is the first time since I-Day that they can see their one and only. For others it is a "mandatory fun" function which ranks up there with a platoon run during plebe summer. But for the majority of the fourth class, the plebe mixer is just a Sunday set aside to have some fun, meet a few people and relax. The logistics are simple: put on SDB's and walk over to Dahlgren Hall, maybe have some punch, talk to someone and dance a little. Any Plebe can do that! Just perhaps in the end, one fortunate fourth class midshipman may be lucky enough to find someone nice enough to wait around for them until Christmas break...



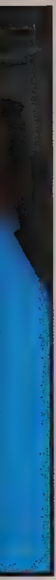


# Drill

Although there are few midshipmen who don't hope for rain on parade days, drill is an important aspect of life at the Academy. It is one of the things that sets us apart from any civilian college (excluding the ROTC units of course). It is our method of honoring respected guests and visitors. The uniform may be too tight, or not have the right amount of stripes; the rifle may be dull and the bayonets chipped; the weather may be too hot, or too cold; but the tourists and honored guests are still impressed as we show our "teamwork, pride and discipline."



Atlanta evens
World Series



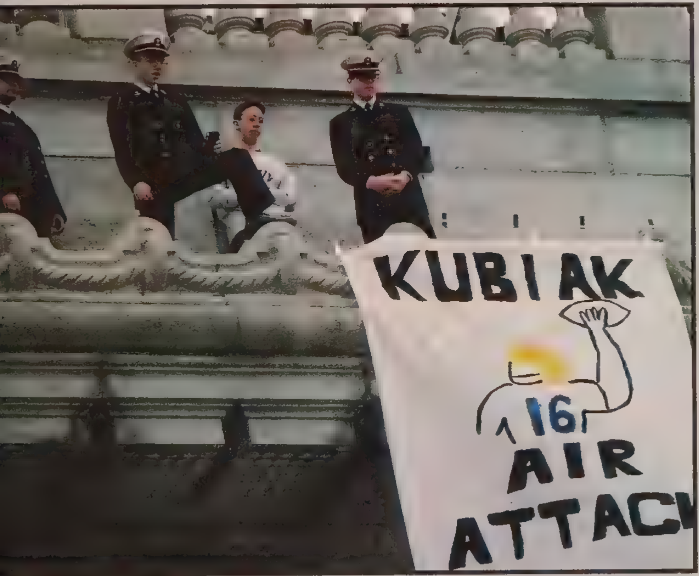
# Eighth Wing Players

On Thursday nights before a Navy football game there's usually a large crowd in the eighth wing parking lot. It's not a pep rally and its certainly not a formation. It's only the Eighth Wing Players. Each company in the sixth battalion has the opportunity to put on their own skits for the brigade. Anything from mocking the opposing football team to imitating the brigade's own stripers and officers is fair game for the Eighth Wing Players. This year skits included Homie the Clown and the 32nd Company's Officer Slam. Midshipmen bands can also try their hand at serious, or not so serious music. Of course, everything is done in the spirit of motivation. The skits usually last for an hour and are a good form of diversion for academically burnt out midshipman during the night.

A

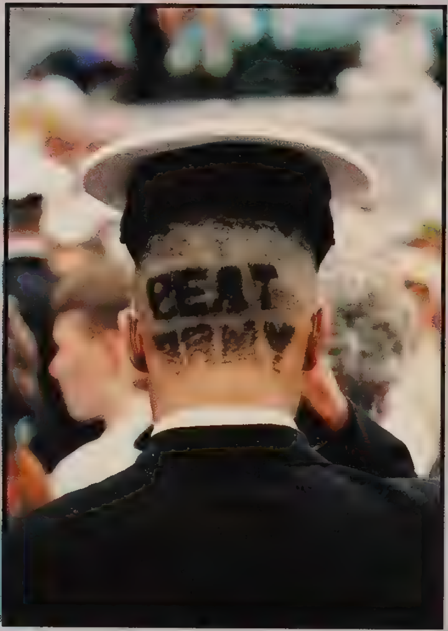
GO NAVY

BEAT
ARMY!



# Army Navy Pep Rally

By Thursday evening, the Brigade's spirit was high. We had already captured the Military Academy's Corps Commander and mules. What was next? Only the biggest bonfire and pep rally of the week. With the fire blazing on Farragut Field and the mules looking on, the mids cheered in support of the football team. Everyone reminded us that "It can be done in '91." The pep rally ended with fireworks lighting up the Annapolis sky. But the spirit and support did not end as the confrontation with the Cadets grew near.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ARMY

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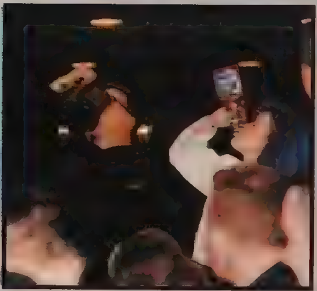
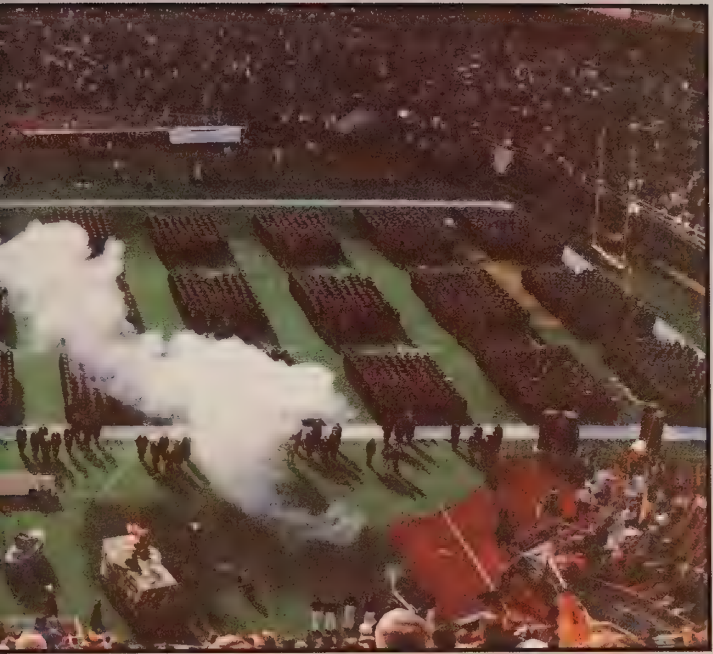
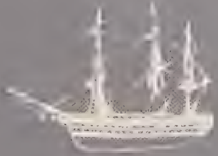




# Army Navy Week

The Brigade showed new spirit during Army Week this year. There were the usual spontaneous pep rallies, pranks and bonfire. There was shaving cream, water and whatever else was available to decorate the Yard. Yet when a highly trained team of midshipmen successfully captured the Army's mules, the Brigade's spirit rose. The mules became the focus of the week as they took part in interviews, toured the Yard, and attended a few pep rallies. Although the mules had to leave their new found home and friends before the big game began, the high spirits of the midshipmen continued through the rest of the week and traveled with them up to Philadelphia. The capturing of the mules gave the Brigade the feeling that "It can be done in '91..." and it was.



NAVY
16

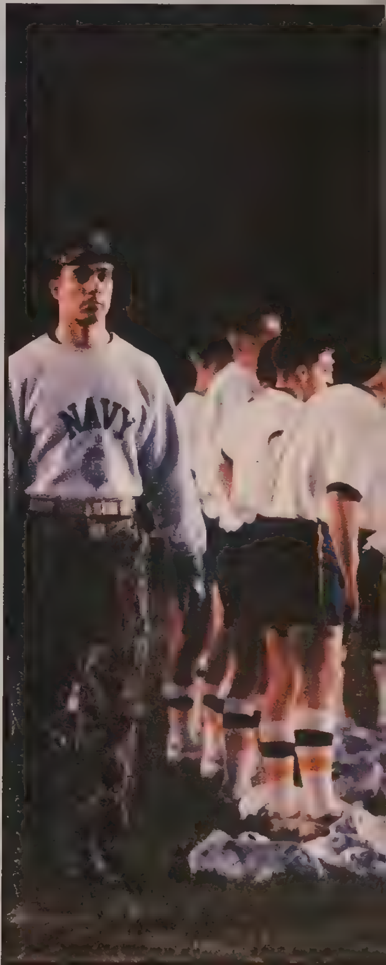
Marlboro
WELCOME TO
THE 1991
ARMY-NAVY
GAME

# Army/ Navy

The season had dragged on at an agonizing pace. Football had become more than just a game to us, it became a quest to salvage our dignity and self respect. I remember a story Chaplain Poole told the team just before send-off. He told a story of a boy who was seeking the secret of life from his master. The Chaplain described how the master thrusted the boy's head under the water until the boy fought off his master so that he could breathe again. I found myself puzzled. Then he said in a tone I will never forget, these words; "When your head was under the water and you couldn't breathe, was there anything in the world you wanted more than to take another breath?" We took that breath on that mild day in December once and for all. Our dreams and prayers were finally fulfilled, and those silent weeks were wiped out in delerious, uncontrollable joy. I doubt there will ever be a day or a feeling quite like this one. -Jim Kubiak '95

# Bell Ringing

The history and tradition of the Naval Academy is personified in the victory bells. They are rung during the bell ringing ceremony to celebrate victory over Army in the season's sporting events. The Japanese Bell, presented to Commodore Perry in 1854, is reserved for only football victories against Army and was heard throughout the yard this year. The Enterprise Bell is for all other sporting teams and rung out at the end of each season. Each member of the victorious teams has their chance to ring the bells. The bells themselves are of great historic value, but the meaning and the school spirit involved in the Bell Ringing ceremony adds yet another motivation to our rival against the Cadets at West Point. -R.F. Goodson '93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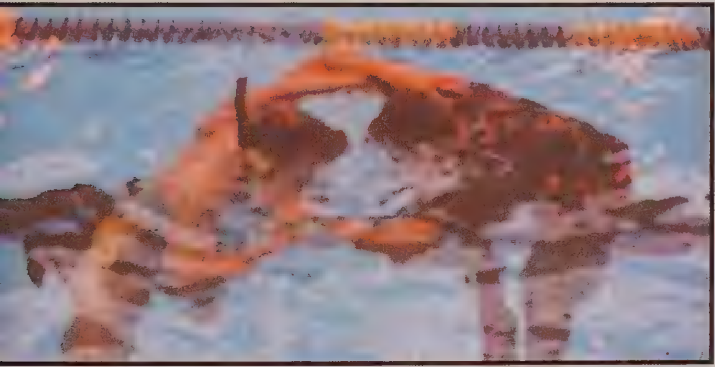
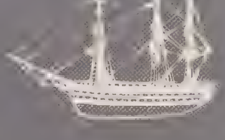


# Pre Airborne & Scuba

For those gungy midshipmen, the Airborne and Scuba programs allow them a productive release of all their extra professional energy. Because of limited billets, the Pre-Scuba and Pre-Airborne programs are designed to select only the most qualified midshipmen to take part in these summer programs. In order to make the cut, one must be aggressive, physically fit, mentally tough, and willing to wake up at o'dark thirty to P.T. But even if one doesn't make the final selection, a little early morning excercise never hurt anyone.

# Performances

Every fall and spring, midshipmen are given the opportunity to take part in the annual theatrical performances. In the fall of this year, the Masqueraders presented George Bernard Shaw's romantic comedy "Arms and the Man." Under the guidance of their new director, Anne-Marie Drew, the midshipmen took care of every aspect of play production to present the community with an incredible performance. In the Spring, "Hello Dolly," presented by the glee clubs, became the first midshipmen production ever to be presented in the Bob Hope Performing Arts Center. Under the direction of Dr. John Barry Talley and Dr. David White, the glee clubs worked long and hard hours to present this outstanding production to the Academy and Annapolis. Both the Masqueraders and the glee clubs are congratulated for presenting the best in theatrical performances.



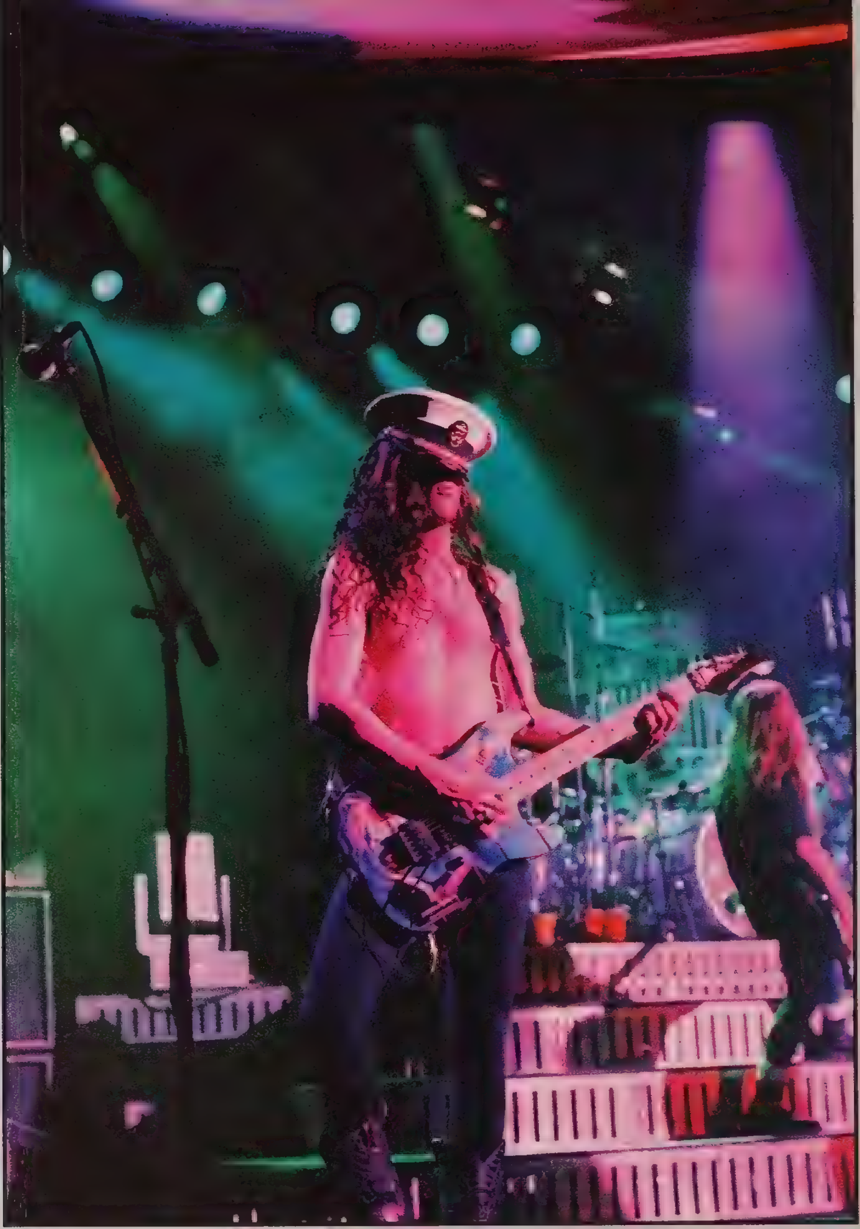
NAVA
CLASS OF

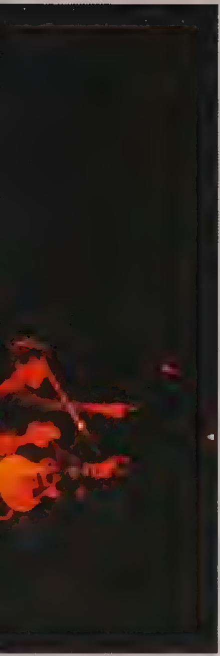
# Winter

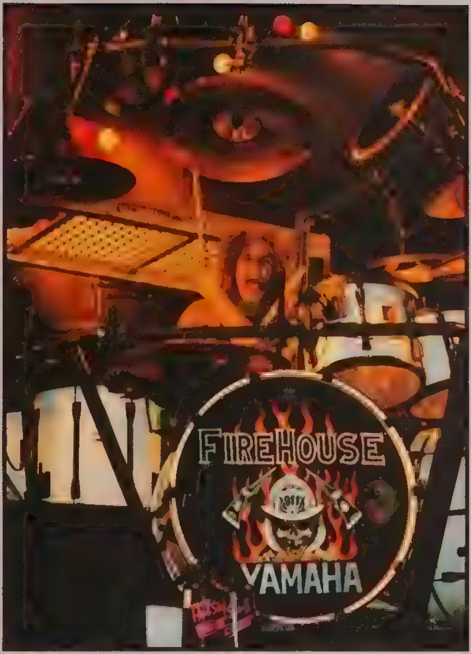
Winter signifies the Dark Ages to Midshipmen. After returning from a relaxing, or not so relaxing, Christmas leave, the only thoughts are of long classes, heavy books, and cold weather. It is a time when days are short and study hours are long. The weather brings grey not only to the Yard, but also to the spirit. Reefers lie heavy on the shoulders of Mids as they fight through the dreariness on their way to class. The only brightness in the minds of midshipmen is the hope for an early Spring..

# Christmas in the Hall

Christmas in the Hall took on a new meaning this year. The doors were still decorated with colorful wrapping paper and the rooms were still strung lively lights. But the Christmas tree in the Rotunda had a new purpose. It was called the "Giving Tree" and was decorated with small angels, each bearing the name of a less fortunate child from the Annapolis community. Members of the Brigade bought presents for the children. Through this program, the Brigade brightened the holidays of over 600 Annapolitan children. The tree seemed to bring a new, caring spirit into the members of the Brigade. One which was hopefully carried with them on their way home for a much needed holiday vacation.





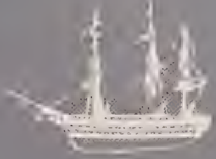


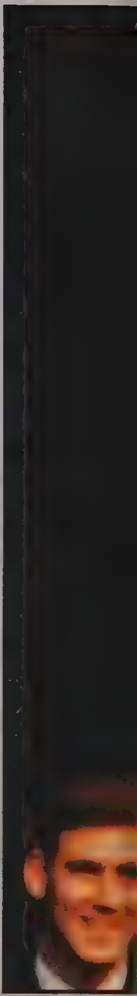
# Concerts

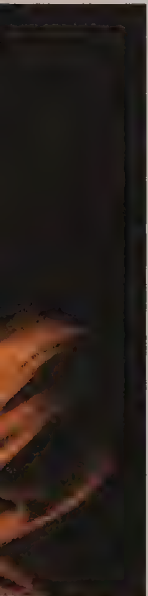
From heavy metal to comedy, the Brigade Activities Center was the focus for a variety of concerts this year. With its extensive lighting system and even better sound system, the concerts were a big success. With Foreigner, Tesla and Firehouse, Steven Wright, and The Smithereens and Connells on the year's billing, mids danced and laughed throughout the year. With the new activities fee, who could resist a free concert? And of course each year at least one performer has to wear the midshipmen's cover...

# Service Selection

The process started with the top fifty first class lining up outside of the Commandant's Conference Room and continued for eight hours as mids selected their Navy, Marine Corps, or in a few cases, Air Force careers. The printer spit out the first class' selections, hands were shook, and greetings of "Welcome to you new community" were heard. Memorial Hall was filled with flight jackets and camouflaged faces, while Smoke Hall held ball caps and bonus checks. After processing and a quick check-in at the company bulletin board, the firsties straggeled over to the Officer's Club, where they could join their classmates in celebration of finally knowing what the next five or more years held for them.







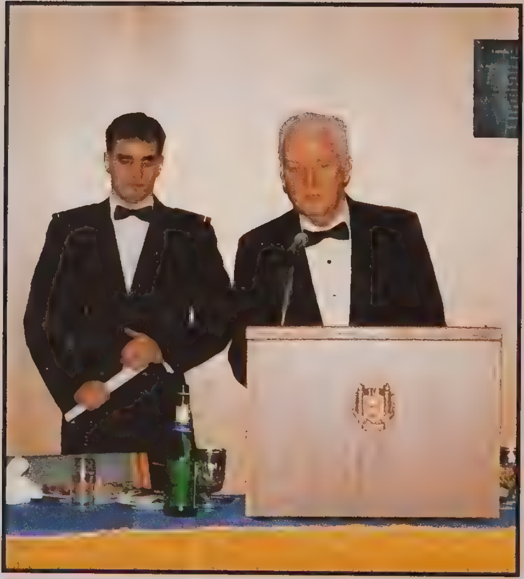
# Forrestal Lectures

Three times this year we were awakened from our pre-study hour rack sessions to attend a Forrestal Lecture. This year the Honorable Richard B. Cheney, Secretary of Defense, General Mundy, Commandant of the Marine Corps, and Roger Staubach, 1965 graduate came to enhance our professional, social and cultural awareness. Although some enjoyed the comfort of the Brigade Activity Center's seats, others listened and learned from these distinguished visitors. We heard about the affect of the changing world on the Navy and Marine Corps and asked questions concerning the futures of our own careers. In the end, the Army-Navy football or some other memento was given and we returned to the Hall to begin our study hour cram.

AV 8B
HARRIER II
IN DESERT STORM

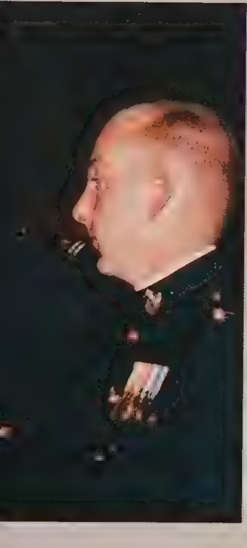
# Static Display

Every year the United States Marine Corps graces our grounds with the tools of their trade. This year they set up as usual on Dewey Field and the areas around Stribling Walk. But they brought some new toys for us to play with. A Harrier dropped in on Dewey's lawn one day to show us the capabilities of the VSTOL aircraft, while the usual drab green camaflouged vehicles were seen in new tones of sandy brown. Midshipmen, faculty, and civilians sat in the seats of the vehicles, held the weapons, and asked many questions. A few days later, the Marines packed up their toys and took them home for another year.



# *Dinings In/Out*

Dinings in/out give companies the opportunity to join together and celebrate a time-honored tradition, or at least get together for an evening of mandatory fun. The evening will usually begin with a social hour where guests can mingle and sip some special punch before moving on to the main dining area. Once everyone is seated and Mr. Vice proclaims that the food is "fit for human consumption," the eating festivities begin. After everyone has finished and the stomachs are full, the speaker takes his invitation to share his experiences or observations of life in the military, or just life in general. In the case of a dining in the real fun begins when plebes take the opportunity to mock their upperclass in skits or make their upperclass drink the grog for violating the mess. In the end the toasts are made and the party moves on to a less formal setting to continue its evening of celebration.



# USMC Mess Night

On 27 March, 1992, the Marines of Annapolis, selectees, active, reserve and retired officers and enlisted alike, came together to toast the Corps. Displays that were set up in Dahlgren depicted the Marines through the various wars-WW2 through Vietnam. The guest of Honor, General Mundy, Commandant of the Marine Corps, conversed with midshipmen and Marines at the reception in a relaxed and jovial manner, and then proceeded to Smoke Hall to give a motivating speech. After a dinner of beef "fit for human consumption," the Marines headed back to Dahlgren to partake in more drink and espirit de corps. As the officers described their MOS' and the different duty stations, each Marine selectee got a little taste of what the Marine Corps held for them. Welcome aboard and "Semper Fi."

# Formals

This year around Homecoming, Christmas, Valentine's Day and sometime in the Spring, Dahlgren Hall could be seen decked out and waiting for the evening formal to begin. After the sun went down shiny cars would drive up and unload girls dressed in fancy dresses, guys dressed in suits or tuxedos, and mids in their mess dress. Everyone would straggle in, mingle around the punch bowls and eventually find their way to the center of the floor to dance to both recent and classic songs as played by local bands. Couples would dance or talk the night away, or at least until the last song was played when everyone would go their separate ways to enjoy the rest of a good weekend.

HIGH SC

2

TRACK & FIELD
OLYMPICS
N G
H.A.P. 1986

# Special Olympics

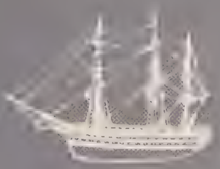
During the winter and spring seasons, the Naval Academy hosts the area Special Olympics competition. Although the weekends are precious to midshipmen, they always find time to volunteer themselves for a day. Helping with the Special Olympics is something that not many people are fortunate enough to experience. Many make friends for life working as a hugger at the finish line. In the end, it doesn't matter if you won or lost, it matters if you had fun.

# NL303 Mess Night

Every year, those first and second class midshipmen in NL303 gather together for a night of fun, fellowship, and professional development. Active and retired military guests arrive at Dahlgren Hall for a social hour with the midshipmen. The entire group then proceeds to King Hall, where a formal dinner is served. The guest speaker gives a presentation. The evening is cheerfully ended with toasts and an invitation to continue the night back in Dahlgren Hall. Not only is this formal mess night a graduation requirement, it is a cherished tradition that dates back for many years.

# Hundred's Night

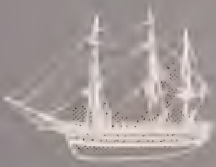
Every year, one hundred days before graduation, the first class get their hand at being Plebes once again as they switch roles with the fourth class. The scenes are humorous as "Plebes" are seen chopping down the hall wearing working winter civvies or white works tye dye. The second and third class enjoy watching the "Firsties" attempting to get the proper responses from their defiant "Plebes" and hearing such responses as "Sir, Ma'am, Sir..uh..uh..the menu for evening meal is Whopper, large fry, chocolate shake and an apple pie!"

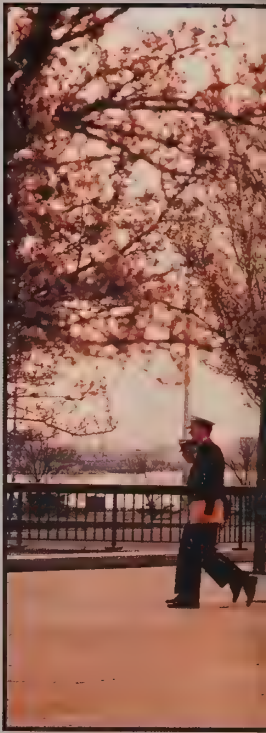


Todd Watson

# NAFAC

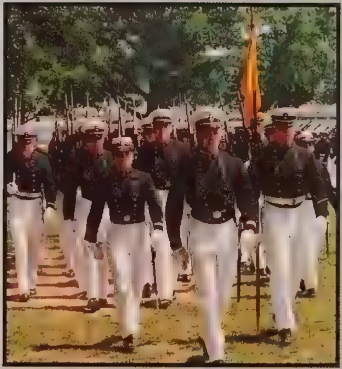
Every year in the spring, some of the best college students and distinguished political scientists gather at the Naval Academy for the Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference. This year's topic was Democracy. With the unexpected worldwide changes over the past year, the members of the conference discussed problems and possible solutions for our world's political environment. Events included speakers, discussions and a dinner. Most of the time was spent in round table discussions where small groups would discuss focused topics and hopefully come up with solutions to the problems. In the end all of the groups presented their proposals at the final conference wrap-up session.





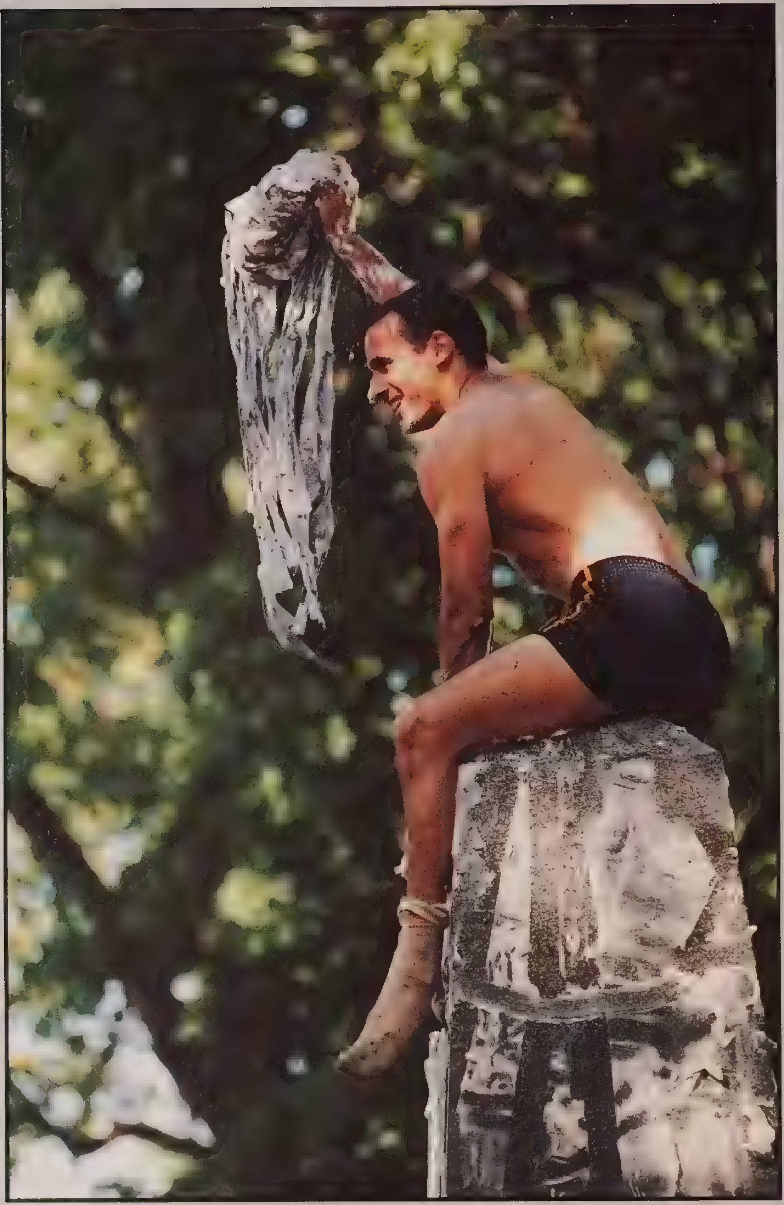
# *Spring*

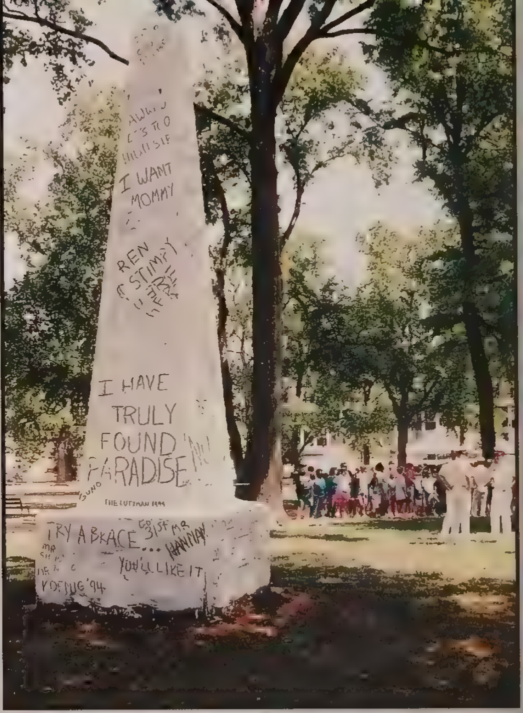
Spring brings a brightness to the Yard and energy to midshipmen. There is color everywhere, from the reds and yellows of the flowers to the pinks and browns of overbaked midshipmen. Tour guides are seen leading their flocks of camera-toting tourists to see Mother B, while Midshipmen gather on Stribling to watch ducks settle their domestic disputes. This year, construction on Tecumseh court was started as the familar red bricks were torn up and replaced. We have survived the Dark Ages once again as summer draws near.

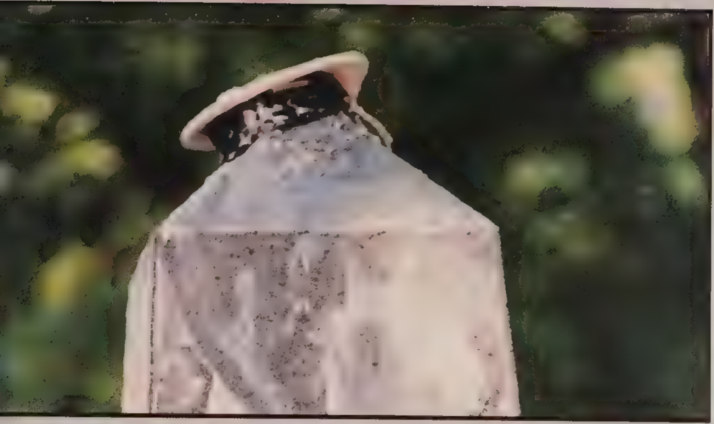


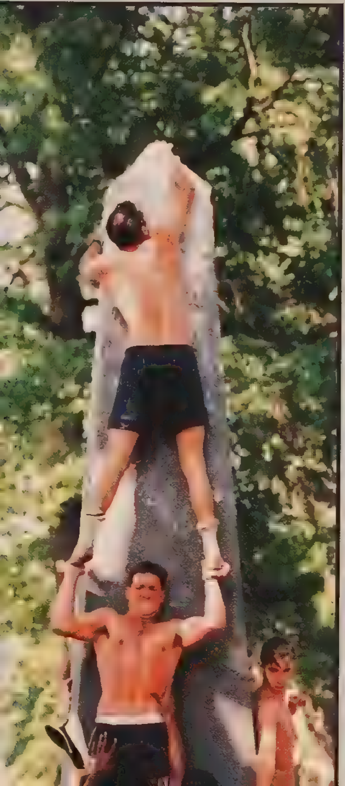
# *Dedication Parade*

The Dedication Parade marks the beginning of the commissioning week festivities. This year it was the last parade of the year for many midshipmen and spectators. For families who have never seen a parade, it is exciting to see their midshipmen marching onto Worden Field. For the midshipmen, it is just another opportunity to stand in the sun wearing hot, navy blue jackets. For first class, it signifies the beginning of the the last week in their midshipmen careers. Not only is it a chance for first semester's first class stripers to lead the brigade one last time, but it is also the brigade's way of honoring the Naval Academy's faculty. During the parade both distinguished faculty members and graduates are recognized and awarded for their accomplishments. Additionally, retiring faculty members are honored for their ten, twenty, and even forty-five years of service.




I WANT MOMMY
REN & STIMPY
I HAVE TRULY FOUND PARADISE
TRY A BRACE... YOU'LL LIKE IT
MR HANNAH
'94





20lb
GO PLEBES
AWWW
IT'S TOO
HIGH SIR

# *Herndon*

Herndon is probably the most anticipated event of the year, for the plebes at least. The plebes climb a monument covered with 200 pounds of lard provided by Midshipman Food Services and replace a plebe's dixie cup with a midshipman cover, just for the recognition of no longer being called "Plebes." Sounds easy, right? This year it took the class of 95 more than two hours to climb the monument and replace the cover. Family, friends, and commissioning week guests crowded around to see this plebe recognition ritual, or shall we call it a display? In the end, the person who places the midshipman cover on the top of the monument is recognized by the Superintendant as the first person who will make admiral in his or her class, or so the legend says....

Class of 93
USNA
Ring Dance

Class of
Ring Dance
Ring Dance
Class of

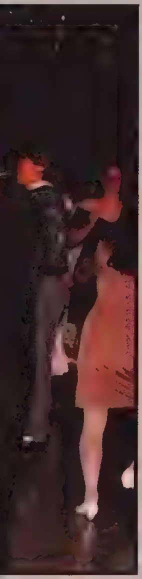
# Ring Dance

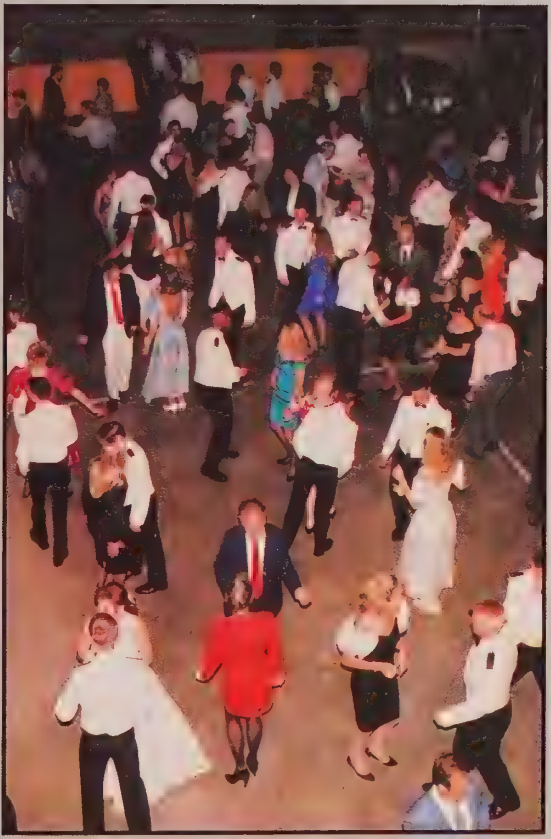
The Ring Dance is the Naval Academy's premier social event of the year. Taking place the day after the plebes climb Herndon, the soon to be first class officially earn the right to wear their class rings. Dinner was served in King Hall, pictures were taken with ten foot class ring replicas, and our dates dipped our rings in water from the seven seas, but this year the class of 93 tried something different. For the first time the Ring Dance was held outdoors. Tents were set up for seating and refreshments. The music was provided by the band YNOT and a dance floor surrounded the fountain on Radford Terrace. The evening concluded with a fireworks show and some last minute dancing.

PEPSI

# N-Dance

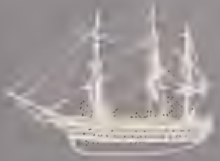
As part of commissioning week, the varsity athletes celebrate their seasons during the N Dance. The winners of the letter N dress in their mess dress and take their dates to Hubbard Hall to eat and dance with fellow N winners. Hubbard Hall is decorated with lights and decorations that have been placed among the crew shells, a most appropriate setting for such a dance. It is a festive way for the athletes of the Academy to finish the year and their seasons.

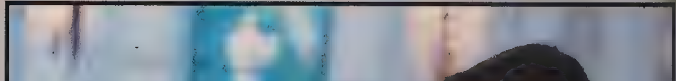




# Graduation Ball

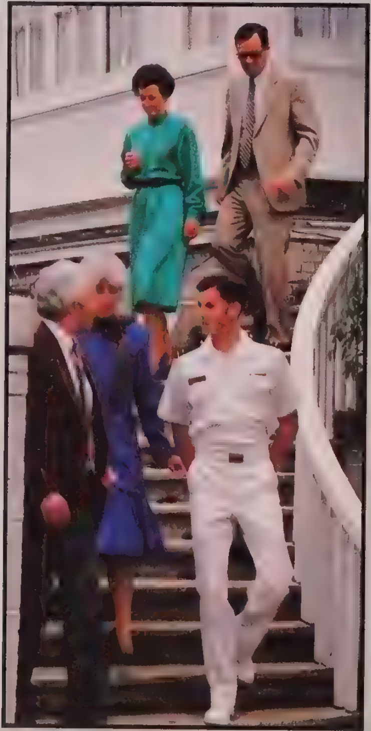
No commissioning week would be complete without the Graduation Ball. Held in Dahlgren Hall, it is a dance for firsties only, a dance where they can bring not only their dates, but their families as well. Many mothers look forward to dancing with their sons and daughters for the first time in Dahlgren Hall. When the night is over, the firsties realize that their time as midshipmen is almost up. The next dance is that as a commissioned officer.





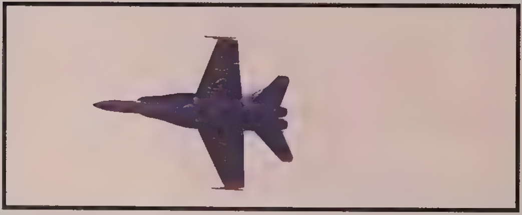
# *Baccalaureate*

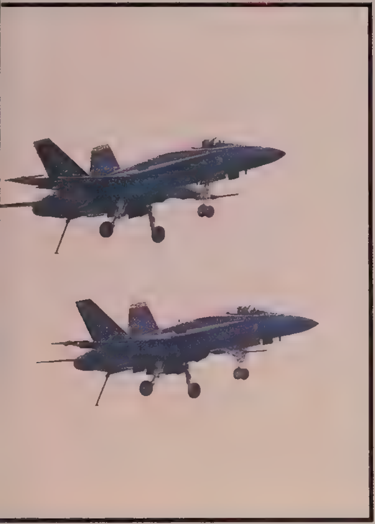
On the last Sunday before graduation, families and friends file into the Naval Academy Chapel with their graduating midshipmen for the Baccalaureate services. For the first class, this is the final Sunday service at the Chapel as a midshipmen. It is an opportunity for all to thank God for all of the blessings and graces He has bestowed on the graduating midshipmen, as well as asking Him for the guidance and support they will need in the future as a Navy and Marine Corps officers.



# *Garden Party*

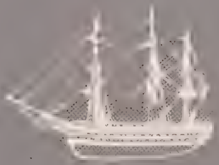
Although it was rained out for the First Regiment, the weather held out for the Second Regiment's Superintendent's Garden Party this year. Families lined up outside the Superintendent's House with mothers waiting in anticipation to see the inside of the house they had passed by for four years. After meeting Admiral and Mrs Lynch, time was spent in the garden talking to classmates and their families, while munching on samplings from the many trays of hors d'oeurvers. When the last picture was taken with Mom and Dad, the families left ready to begin the final stretch before the big day.





# Blue Angels

Every year the Blue Angels perform a spectacular Memorial Day show along the Severn. This is not only a display of the incredible talents of the U.S. Navy Flight Demonstration Squadron, but it is a salute to the graduating midshipmen. Crowds gather on Hospital Point and every available space that has a view of the show to see this incredible event. Unfortunately the Blue Angels did not have the weather they needed to dazzle the crowd on Hospital Point this year. After many delays, they made two passes as a salute to the graduates and to give the guests a small taste of what the Blue Angels can do. Although it was short, it was still amazing to those who have never seen the Blue Angels before.



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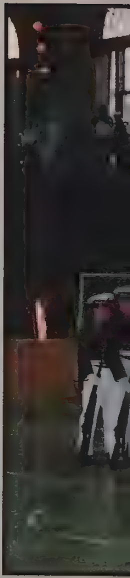
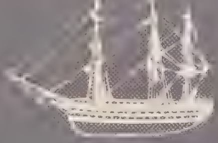


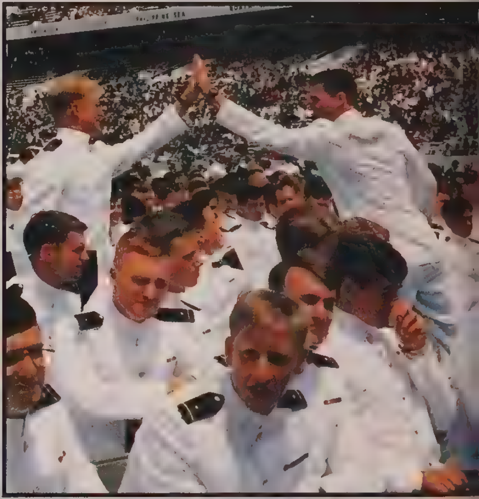
# *Color Parade*

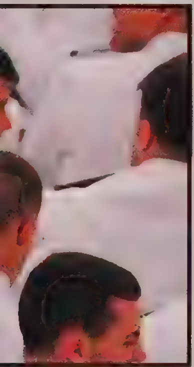
The Color Parade is the last formal dress parade of the year and of a first class midshipmen's Naval Academy career. Usually held in the heat and humidity on Worden Field, this year's rains forced the parade inside to Dahlgren Hall, where it became a color ceremony. In the absence of the Brigade, the new Color Company, 12th company, accepted the Colors and awards for being the best company overall during the 1991-1992 academic year. From this point on, they will undertake the duties and privileges of being the Color Company.

# May 27: Graduation

May 27th 1992 started out a very overcast day. Yet after two days of rain and poor weather the decision held, the Class of 1992 would graduate outside. With family and friend filling the stands, the class filed into Navy Marine Corps Stadium with anticipation. Some were happy to start their new careers, while others were sad at leaving their closest friends. It seemed as if everyone was relieved that the past four years were now only a memory. President George Bush spoke to the class. While many may not remember his exact words, the final message was clearly one of congratulations and good luck to the class.

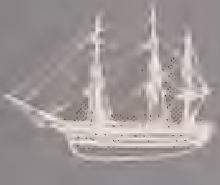






# Awarding of the Diplomas

Finally the time for the awarding of the diplomas had arrived. The top graduates received their diplomas first as recognition for their hard work and effort over the past four years. Then the rest of the graduating class preceeded one-by-one onto the stage to shake hands with the President and receive the long awaited diploma. Families cheered from the stands while classmates shook hands, cheered, gave "high fives" and celebrated on the field. It was almost over...



IWO JIMA
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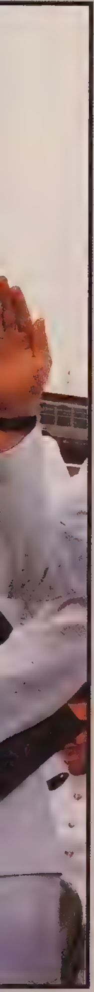
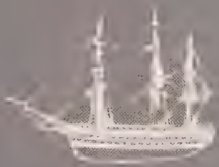


# *Swearing In*

While the awarding of the diplomas took the longest, the commissioning ceremony was no less important to any member of the Class of 1992. The Marines were sworn in first, giving a loud and enthuisiastic USMC bark. The remaining graduates then stood up, raised their right hands and said "I do" to the United States Navy. After giving three cheers for those that they were leaving behind, the Class of 1992 threw their covers high into the air and began their lives as commissioned officers...

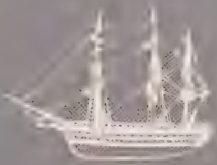


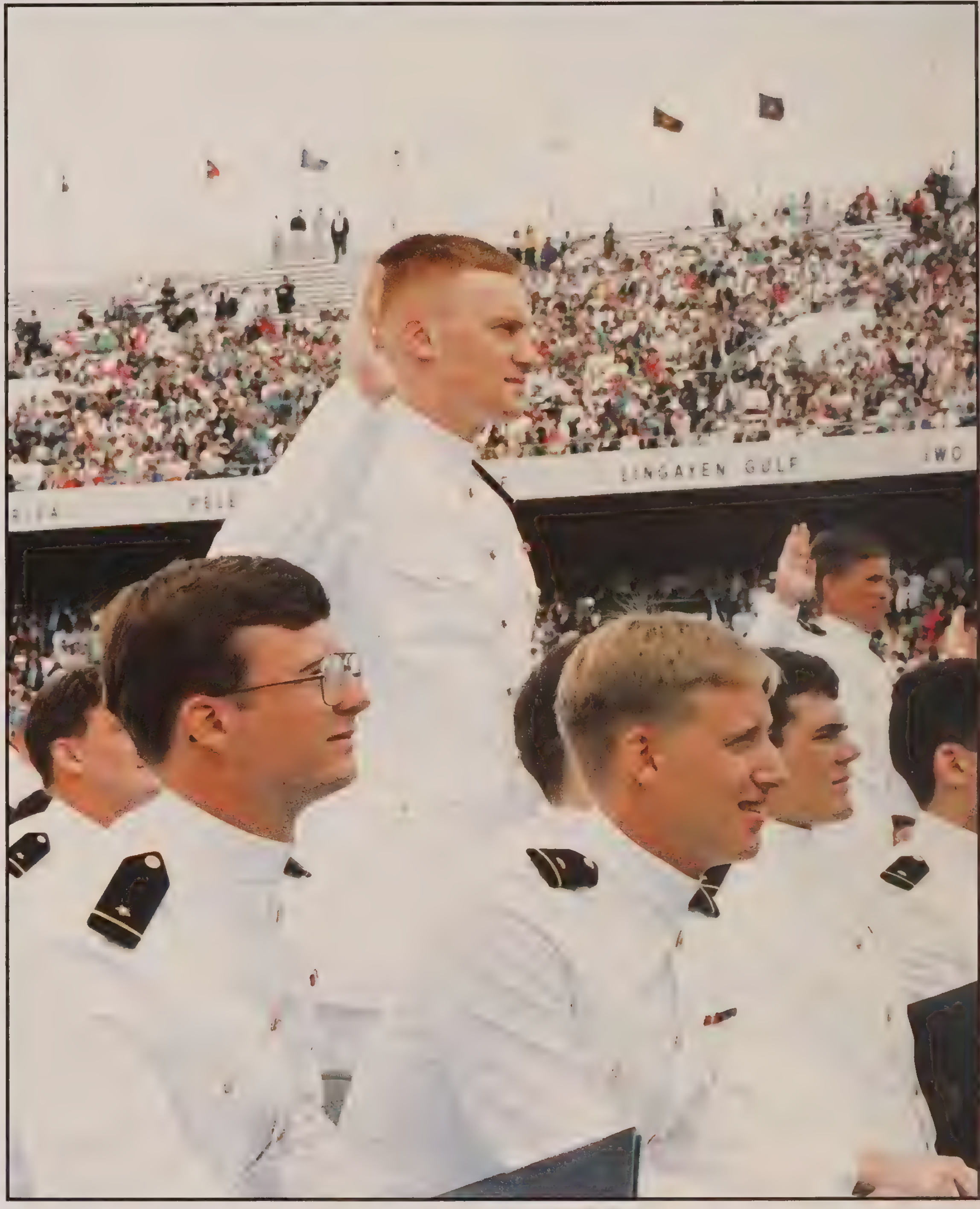
Photograph courtesy of Thornton Studios

# June Week Weddings

While graduation marks the beginning of life as a commissioned officer for the Class of 1992, it signifies the beginning of the family life for some members of the class as they display their love for another by saying "I do." During the three days after of graduation, thirty weddings were held in the Chapel. Newly commissioned ensigns and second lieutenants who have just devoted themselves to their country are now devoting themselves to a life with their new husbands or wives. The final days of graduation week are over, and we must dedicate ourselves to our new commitments...

Photograph courtesy of Thornton Studios




LINGAYEN GULF
IWO

# First Class

First Company ................ 132
Second Company ............. 139
Third Company ............... 146
Fourth Company .............. 154
Fifth Company ............... 160
Sixth Company ............... 166
Seventh Company ............ 173
Eighth Company .............. 180
Ninth Company ............... 187
Tenth Company ............... 194
Eleventh Company ............ 202
Twelfth Company ............. 209
Thirteenth Company ........... 216
Fourteenth Company .......... 224
Fifteenth Company ............ 233
Sixteenth Company ............ 241
Seventeenth Company ......... 248
Eighteenth Company ........... 256
Nineteenth Company ........... 263
Twentieth Company ........... 272
Twenty-First Company ......... 279
Twenty-Second Company ...... 285
Twenty-Third Company ........ 293
Twenty-Fourth Company ...... 301
Twenty-Fifth Company ........ 308
Twenty-Sixth Company ........ 315
Twenty-Seventh Company ..... 325
Twenty-Eighth Company ...... 331
Twenty-Ninth Company ....... 339
Thirtieth Company ............ 348
Thirty-First Company ......... 356
Thirty-Second Company ....... 365
Thirty-Third Company ........ 372
Thirty-Fourth Company ........ 380
Thirty-Fifth Company .......... 388
Thirty-Sixth Company ......... 395

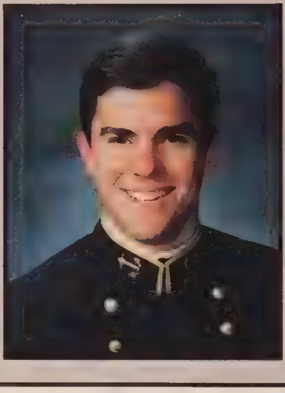
Upon returning from leave in the fall, the first class were told that they would truly run the brigade for the first time. After many ups and downs, the Class of 1992 graduated, proud of its accomplishments over the last four years. Next step--the fleet . . .

A YEAR OF
*Changes*

# I COMPANY

**John Bowman Ahrens**
**Short Hills, New Jersey**
**Nuclear Power-Submarine**

Johannbergsteinowicz. He came here as a nice guy. What happened? He probably can't remember because of all the road sodas and because he spent only half his time here awake. He comes from Jersey from some nice kin folk (though he adamantly maintains that he has no "kin folk"). Sailing became his life. It offered him parties, lovely ladies, and a team captain billet. Subs was his choice, but he had always looked forward to a career as an infantry officer in the Corps, NOT! He always got up at the usual time for PT, and he always PT'd twice as much as the day before. John worked as hard in love as in PT ($4800 worth of damage?). He has most people fooled. Though he maintains an air of sophistication, he is really a redneck at heart. Take comfort, John, the South will rise again.
Gingy Bingy, Crazy Cooter.

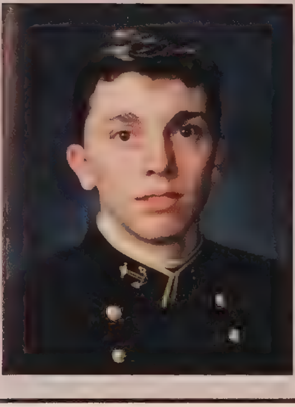


**Thomas Charles Baldwin**
**Severna Park, Maryland**
**Navy Pilot**

I first met Tom Baldwin on plebe summer yawl trip. I was impressed by his sheer energy, his raw power, and his punctuality. Little did I know that we would go on to be roommates. It's been really great living with Tom (or Baldy as we all call him) for the past three years. Tom is a master impressionist, a great wit, and an idiot savant. But Baldy is more than just a joker. He is a professional man of the sea. While living with him I learned of his great love for the Naval service." After all," he said, "wooden ships and iron men...who could resist." Tom hopes to become a combat SAR helicopter pilot and to eventually follow up his career in the Navy with a stint as a nightclub singer. Tom, I love you babe... and I mean that.

**Michael B. Barry**
**Jacksonville, Florida**
**Marine Corps**

Michael Barry - "Bull" came to us as a Navy brat through Naps, too gungy and too prepared. He refused to let his hair down, so it fell out. Don't drink, don't smoke, what do you do? Well... "I don't break regs"... He started out as a pole-vaulter but ended up on top of the corps as Semper Fi President... Locked on... Squared away... even during Spring Break 92-1... heinous.. Tickillator... he conformed to our ways while neglecting his studies and received his black N. And by the way, you are never wrong.
Good luck, Semper Fi. TCL, MCC



**Jeffery A. Bennett**
**Midland, Michigan**
**Surface Warfare**

The Scrounge King graced our presence via NAPS. Right from the start, we knew that Jeff was a man's man, a huntin', fishin', mudboggin', John Wayne type of guy. He was destined for success on the Gymspastics team b/c of his fluid & graceful movements, but he yelled "Jibe-Ho!" instead. Jeff has always been full of personality, really several: the Edge, the caped-crusader Batman, and Garth. Whenever he's not in the bowels of Rickover in a three-piece suit or out on the town, you can find him sucking on an O'Douls watching the Sports Machine. SWO's don't run 26.2 mi.! We can never forget some of his new and improved cliches; "Now the coin's on the other foot," or "I'm going to go out on a line." P.S. NYC, Go Tigers, "wipe the drool off your chin", flip sunglasses, Chevy-heartbeat of America, C&W, Praise Jesus sneaks CTRL-ALT-DEL. Best o' luck. 1-0.

**Paul Nolin Berthelotte**
**Nashua, New Hampshire**
**Surface Warfare**

920504,Chief,dead blood, striper d, Paul Berthelotte's USNA history can be traced by his collection of nicknames. As a plebe he took his plebe summer squad leader's advice to heart and put his alpha code on everything he owned...EVERYTHING! When he gets married he'll put it on his wife. If they name a ship after him it will be the 920504. youngster year Paul came back from cruise with an enlisted SWO pin, dive pin, and a gut that would make any bum proud, earning him the nickname BMC Berthelotte a.k.a. Chief. His incredible affinity for his rack left him with the name Dead Blood. Being of a Nocturnal nature Paul spent most of his daylight hours asleep and his night hours doing homework or playing video games. You would think that someone whose motto is "If the minimum wasn't good enough..." wouldn't get very far, but he had a battalion striper postion second class year, although two men were framed for him to get it. Paul is going to take the USS Harper's Ferry by storm (Lord help the wardroom when they play a funny movie). He has the admiration of everyone he has ever met, and we all wish him fair winds and following seas.

**Mark C. Canady**
**Anchorage, Alaska**
**Surface Warfare**

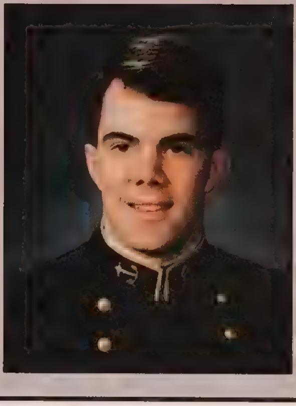
Ice can't be stopped. Note when he won the Navy Relief-mobile in absentia(from the rack) plebe year, he made a fortune selling the vehicle-luckily he didn't squander it all on room cleaning supplies. After hanging up the oars, he paved the way for a drastic change in lifestyle. He was not only the president of the Metal Shop: he was also a client. Mark was a founding father of the Spring Break movement order to S. Padre Island and did a super job of stocking up on refreshing soft drinks. We were all quite proud of the way he grasped for leadership challenges repeat-edly. Sure, Ice could use a poly-fuse from the Hair Club and he's also the Devil of 1st Wing, influencing us in unhealthy ways. Other than that, he's probably the coolest Alaskan I know. Good job, Ice- tell your squad leader. Here's to the Three Bags of the apocalypse and another half decade together in San Diego. STU

**Thomas J. Carlson**
**Phoenix, Arizona**
**Naval Flight Officer**

T.J., convict, Big T.--- Tom came to the great USNA from hot and sunny Phoenix, AZ. he never really made a big "hit" until youngster year at GMU (literally). After finally rejoining 36...92...01, he went on to excel at the Academy in every aspect, even obtaining those much coveted stars. (Gee, I wish I had stars!!!) After spending much time in Raleigh, NC, Tom decided to head back north and look for bigger and better things. He finally attained his goal of selecting NFO, through much hard work and determination. Best of luck in Pensacola and your career, Tom. Thanks for the memories. DDS

**Michael C. Christian**
**Franklin, New Jersey**
**Marine Corps**

Michael Christian came to us from Jersey "God's country" - land of uge wutter and uge hair. Although he aspired to be a Marine, he had no clue what a "bark" was. A talented wrestler, he became a Navy grappler and got plenty of practice from his roommates and bouncers. Thanks for a great Spring Break. Academics were never his forte as shown by his late night study habits and early morning 20 minute wake up calls.... "Get up Christian"... Got a dip... I'd do that... A nut is a nut... Excellent... He who eats the fastest gets the mostest... Animal... Good Luck, Semper Fi TCL, MBB

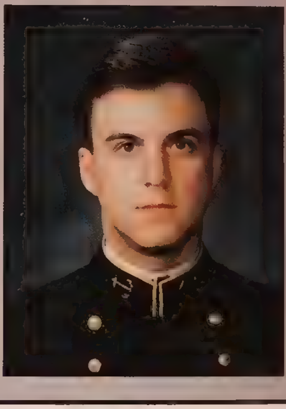


**Aaron K. Cooper**
**Ames, Iowa**
**Surface Warfare**

Hear, hear what I say, Aaron Cooper's a swo daddy. Aaron K. Cooper reported to the Boat school full of energy and enthusiasm. An inquisitive plebe, Coop had a good plebe summer, despite not knowing what class he was in. Cooper rightfully earned his name, establishing himself as aromatic. Coop is a true lover at heart, finding his mate during plebe year. Pooh Bear has marked his stay here with his excellent singing. He has spent countless hours bagging out of mandatory events during alleged glee club practices. By the end of 2/C year, Aaron was engaged, had 2 cars, and was adapting well to a double income. He held a vital billet as First wing Chaplain in his last year, and was an officer for OCF. This good 'ol Iowa farmboy will be most remembered for his good, caring spirit, and his walk with God.

**Shawn M. Disarufino**
**Phoenix, Arizona**
**Navy Pilot**

This guy, let me tell you about this guy. Dis stand up. No, but seriously folks. This cactus worshipper came to USNA with the world's largest tongue. No evening with Dis was complete without "the clapper". A healthy sense of humor and hours of singing Neil Diamond got him through Plebe Year. Youngster year was a blast torturing the drooler, but it was a Wildcat named Allison who'd tame this Sundevil into Jell-O. Mmmmm Yessss. "He's on the phone" became the catch phrase for the year. Dis moved to Fun-One and learned all about the joys of rugby from LTP. He climbed the ladder of success and became president of the club who's motto was, "I like Rugby and Beer". EE was always fun with the hungarian nightmare and with study breaks watching Dan Mantis chow down on a roach. Anywho...it's a fine line between clever and stupid. We're pulling chocks and goin' feet wet! The Country's Best.



**Timothy Wayne Dollar II**
**Eufala, Alabama**
**Civilian**

WHOOOOO HOOOOO!! Gyukk-Gyuk Craaaaaaazzy Cooter! This is the famous Eufaula express. We know of no redneck produced by any other town which applies so much effort to work and partying. A good 'ol Southern boy, Crazy Coot always had a saying or two that'd tickle your rib : "... could make a freight train take a dirt road..." "Lower than the belly of a snake in a wagon rut"... Not a bad chef, either, he could often be found firstie year fixin' some vittles. Socially established, Coot found himself quickly on the Rams Head mailing list... His exclusive personality produces a smile, a party, and a fight you will find in no other civilian at any price. Good luck from the gang, Coot. Thanks for the memories!

**Stephen J. Gordon**
**Fairfax, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Gordo came to 36-92 via Naps with a girl and an actual interest in the Navy. After 4 years together by the bay, he left with neither. Regardless, Sam G. and Holmes are very proud of young Louis P. Bag III of the Gator Navy. Plebe year brought crew,lax, and company XO (this is not a misprint). After a summer of hard training in the mythical fleet, Marty S. opted for more physics and traded in the slice for the Daisy Duke in a desperate search for manlihood. The sports continued to flow (hockey,cycling, etc.) As Junior left APT. 3G for 1st wing where he served as district attorney firstie year. It took 3 separations, 92 sport changes, infinite hurricanes & 165 extra days together by the bay but they just couldn't get rid of old Roger. Nice try Crazy Joe! Despite perfect class attendance and no sleeping during daylight hours, Howard W. Schnellenberger didn't learn a lot academically. But he taught us many priceless truths : money does grow on trees, you can have P.E. every day, and digital drinking is the only way to go. Could you bag it, please?
Rog

**James Thomas Johnson, Jr.**
**Newberry, South Carolina**
**Surface Warfare**

"I'm Tommy, from Newberry, SC (ie. 'God's Country')." We changed his name to JT, but no one will ever take the rebel out of him. Chris, Bill, Hugo, and Alex. Now Mr. Johnson, I learned in weapons class today. If you don't think . . . you're an idiot. I can't believe we broke the table. Regulators, mount up. Baby face. Just 10 more minutes . . . now where did we park the car? Fellas, I'm having a little party of my own. J. Buffet. The next thing I know the van was on its side. The Admiral's Cup. Crack . . . never hurt your people! Well if its na-choo cheese, whose is it? Winnebago m-down. The King. BM3 Johnson. I'm 21 and I can do what I want to do. I like my ring and that's all that matters. Kristine. Did you see me singing last night? Army-Navy. Good luck and never surrender. I won't forget you Malacca. G.

**Edward W. Lambert III**
**Salisbury, Maryland**
**Naval Flight Officer**

TLAM, Tomahawk Ted... I'll find out sir !?! Rog physically arrived at Annapolis Elementary from the town so big it takes up two states, Delmar MD. Mentally he had taken the road less travelled through Parris Island and NAPS. After changing his corpframs to coroframs, Junior became the first person to grace the JV hoops team 2 years in a row. After a battle with The Rocket,Metzenbaum (with the help of Sally) changed his NARC ways bringing good things to life. 2/c year brought joy to 3038 as the Mullin wannabe made the show and founded the PeeWee Herman Fan Club. With stars in his eyes and an arrow of love in his heart, Bake McBride sold his soul to Marcia Brady, the future Mrs. Lampson. After hanging up the hoops shoes Midpipin hempert found his calling as a rookie on the PGA tour from manning S.C. Now Fred is departing the 1-0 community in hope of becoming the famous Dr. Lampson. No I will not clean this cave until hurricane season! Remember it's not just a lamp but a Lampson! Rog

**Beau Daniel Laskey**
**Valdosta, Georgia**
**Special Warfare**

Beau came to Navy from the throws of S. Ga. on a football scholarship. After 2 exceptional seasons and some steel implants to his shoulder, he saw the (bag) light. Bo slimmed down to a sparce 215 in his persuit of a SEAL billet and he's been wet ever since, including a cold dip in Baltimore harbor. Yet to learn the meaning of "Bo, STOP!" the Laskey factor is still in effect. Sam the Eagle always kept an open mind. More famous memories include; "I am not a midshipman". SEAL Team BO, Probe, Explorer, Escort ...Thanks Langdale (We don't turn back the mileage) Ford, uniform alterations underway, "40 ounces of St. Ides is a good estimate of how long it takes to get to Fell's Point." And who could ever forget 'the Anitomical wonder.' Good Luck Evil Twin. Peace, t.k.
P.S. Where were you at 5 a.m.?

**Timothy C. Liberatore**
**Warren, Ohio**
**Civil Engineer Corps**

Lib came to us from Ohio, but you'd think he was from New York. Hey, Geno! Stop studying and get out of the mirror, there are more important things in life like reading GQ, combing the back of your head, and driving the bat-mobile. For a little guy, you hung in there pretty good with the big boys. How did you ever make the top 100? After Spring Break 92-1 and a burnt pizza. Most people would think you were a geek but we know better... International male... The Liberator.. 40 minute shave... 150's... What's the difference between green and khaki? Well, it got you CEC so good luck in the Corps (of Engineers).
MBB MCC

**Paul S. Mulligan**
**Phoenix, Arizona**
**Surface Warfare**

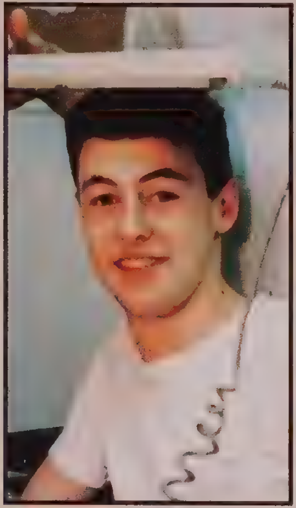
Can 29 lines hold all the stuff that this character brought to 36-92? Doubt it, but let's try. Mulligan, what are the days? Sunday, Mon... he responds as he pulls apart his face in a G-force rig. Don't forget, humility has made him a great man. 116 weeks, how'd you do it? Worst case, 3.47, honest! Atomic fireballs? 92 days til the return of the brigade... A true southwesterner, he could always be found with chips and salsa, a bolero tie, and an Arizona map, among other things. This man lived for leave and Kino bay, where he could put his hat dancing skills to practical use...Where's the duct tape? Yeah, we need to tape his alarm clock to his head. In truth, Paul is a man who can always bring a smile to your face. He lives his life for the purpose of giving to others. It's been a joy, Pablo, Mugsy. Our best to you and la Conchita. You will always have our love and respect. LCW

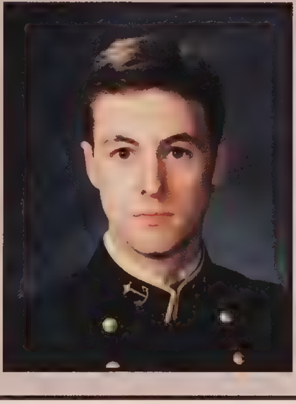
**Dean Anthony Muriano**
**Boonton Township, New Jersey**
**Surface Warfare**

Doctor Amore has made a lasting impression on all of us, from his exploits of earning $5 the hard way to wearing Zubaz in public. Somewhere off of Exit 10A, there was a long-haired freedom rocker who preferred the Bay over Ivy. At 21412, Deano quickly found his clique (S.C.U.M.), and taught us all his one-worded Jersey vocab, wasn't just hand gestures. When not drilling, he dabbled in Track, bled in Boxing, and slept thru intramurals. He came here to fly but due to unforeseen circumstances (grades), he quickly learned that the only good wings are bridge wings. Cayuga! I'm not sure what lies in his future, whether it's the "family" cheese business or fashion consulting, he's destined to succeed and grow hair in strange places. P.S. Queensritchie, Screamin' Eagle, "did your roommate cut your hair?", S.Padre, wings & skins, 10:30, Fins, Trinity, Spades, etc. FIDO, Otis.

**Stephen L. Newlund**
**Giddings, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

Steve "Otis" Newlund came to the bay from the state where everything is big, except the vocabulary, Texas. For Steve, coming to the Boat School meant bypassing educational opportunities at T.U. and with his true love the AGGIES. Despite his participation in S.C.U.M., his superiors thought quite a bit of Steve; giving him detail once and almost twice. Steve strained to earn a varsity letter; constantly struggling with his sight alignment and trigger control. He may have even aspired to capt. of the pistol team, but he decided to "sign the list" instead. After turning 21 Steve took advantage of all Annapolis had to offer and could be found warming up "dockside" on many a night. Steve was born to fly but couldn't resist the call of the "C," choosing the Gator Navy. I'm not sure what the future holds, but with his brains and cunning, and his financial prowess, he is sure to make a million but need more. Notes: Gadget; the smallest bladder; DD in EE; love for spades, and poker; fixin'.





**Long K. Nguyen**
**Portland, Oregon**
**Surface Warfare**

Coming from the forests of the great northwest to the Navy, L.K. "Nugent" was astonished to find he would have to spend time around water. Drowning had not been a major concern until he swam the slowest lap of sidestroke on record at USNA. Nevertheless, his quick-wittedness and agility on the tennis courts quickly earned him the nickname "Get it, Long". He will be most remembered for his 1st class year money-making scheme: intentionally crashing his brand new car head-on into an 18-wheeler to collect insurance money. "Crash" was also a music lover, on occasion displaying his interest in the fine arts by throwing expensive stereo equipment. "Mr. Stability's" kind and good-hearted nature shined through on occasion, with friendly and light-hearted greeetings: "Hi kids." Long will make a fine surface warrior, and I wish him and his future CO the best of luck. I hope they don't play loud music in San Diego. -Abe

**Stuart D. Overlin**
**Paducah, Kentucky**
**Surface Warfare**

Big Stu Barbeque first gained the spotlight Plebe Summer when he committed the Kiwi-corofram incident. It was all downhill from there. Stu went on to become one of Polanin's warriors and the editor of several local newspapers. Upon moving to "scum one" he became a member of the swamp- a room destined to have one of those plaques on the wall describing Stu's exploits. Stu proved that four stripes is not out of reach for the common man(1 on each sleeve for both semesters). He achieved the rank of mayor of 1st wing and somehow managed to find time to enjoy himself (especially his 21st birthday). After this notorious night he established a new bond w/the plebes that would last for months. All his hard work paid off on Service Selection LATE night when he chose A.L. Gator navy and assured himself a spot in the triple entente bound for S.D. Should he decide to leave the Navy, Stu can take over where Billy Dee left off as a smooth operator, or take over the voices of the Simpsons. If you are ever in San Diego and wish to find him-follow the signs to the biggest lats in Cal. (next to the world's biggest ball of twine).ICE

**Abraham Sachs**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

The bully of first wing was not one to be reckoned with. Abe Sox, of the Clan Sox, the fastest in the West, and the Subway King, arrived at the Academy directly out of high school and blocks from home, prepared for a life of service and sacrifice. A native Annapolitan, Abe adjusted well to Navy life and has come a long way since 953. Abe was a connoisseur of fine music among his peers. But between Neil Young and our very own gravity test (don't try this at home), Abe and I almost parted ways. But underneath the tough exterior, everyone knew Abraham was a softee who never made a single enemy. Although he's had aspirations in every possible branch of the service. Abe answered his call of the ocean blue. Watch out San Diego, the bully is on his way. LKN

**Gerhard Seigbert Schoenthal**
**Bland, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Hailing from the hills of Bland, Va., Gerhard came to Canoe U. destined to join the Corps. Maybe the Mighty 'Chon or a couple of loose neutrons to the skull changed his mind. For Sweathard Perspirenthal those days are gone but not forgotten. G even "felt his oats" with a little hops and barley.(Much to the chagrin of Crazy Joe and certain O5s!) The Padre Flash is certain that a blender and Buffett helped him hang on! Cups o' Java and problem sets just weren't enough. The calls to Sarah never panned out to Joe's satisfaction nor did the "money sink" to Felix's satisfaction. Nonetheless, he's still conspicuously available. Why conspicous? Watch him dance. What a long, strange trip it's been. Sic Semper Tyrannis my good man.
P.S. Have a nice day!

**David J. Suchyta**
**Novi, Michigan**
**Surface Warfare**

Dave "It's soo-hit-a", hit-man, "gEEk". After coming to the great boat school by the bay from Novi (It's a small suburb just outside Detroit), MI, Dave made quite a splash with M-36 while trying to out-do everyone in plebe summer swimming. The inspired EE major soon found out that his course of study wasn't just a bunch of wires, but kept "plugging" away and graduated with a EE degree. Dave just couldn't get enough of music with the D&B, so he resorted to the sweet sound that is made while one sleeps. When Dave wasn't sawing logs, he was solving EE equations verbally, allowing all of his roommates to learn it with him. This SWOrrior is finally going to be able to put his skills to use on a Gator- freighter in Norfolk. Take care, Dave, and thanks for the memories. DDS

**Daniel D. Sunvold**
**Sacred Heart, Minnesota**
**Surface Warfare**

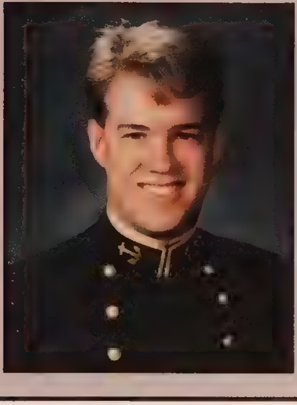
SNUFF... Viking... "C'mon, gimme a dip". The class of 92 was lucky to get Dan the Man from "Land 'o Lakes" Minnesota. Although he started Plebe summer face down, Snuff was not discouraged a bit in his dream to become an astronaut... then a marine... then an NFO... but really a SWO at heart. Youngster year brought the tape ball and Crazy Joe. Second class year... Gone With the Wind... Southern fried chicken and hometown Cary cookin! Dan swept his Southern Belle off her feet and come firstie year, homecoming football and those crazy cheerleaders told the world. remember mums Jan 31 and chargrill. Service Selection revealed a new TICO, his dream ship, and an East Coast port. TLZ + DDS best of luck- you're quite the couple. Don't worry, we didn't embarrass you too bad at your bachelor party and BAC reception! Keep Rockin! TJC

**Kyle W. M. Taylor**
**Melbourne, Florida**
**Navy Pilot**

"Moderation in all things, including moderation." So reads the motto of my roomie Chilly, Bravard County's sexiest man. Given his name by Gordo - it has grown into a way of life for t,k. Not known for overly stressing the academics, Chilly dedicated his time to sleep or fun. If he wasn't on the golf course, he was being macho somewhere. If forced to measure his fun, it went to 11! ...I've gotten better looking again... King of the room... Dreams of singing like Morissey... St. Ides... Evil Twin... No, you're wrong again.. I'll pay you next week... D1W1..Little Feet... I get so many I have to beat them off... If I ever quit crew, kill me... Hey, I borrowed your..Best of luck roomie. Keep your feet on the ground but keep reachin' for the stars! JJ P.S. ...exactly...

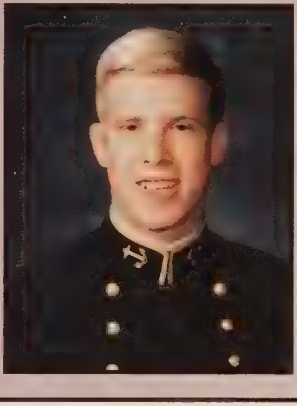
**Ramberto A. Torruella Jr.**
**Dale City, Virginia**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Coming from Dale City after time spent in contemplation of life (i.e. flipping burgers and then NAPS),Rambo arrived to find that he would room with that most motivating of characters, Mr. R. Although that trial was over by Thanksgiving, "Bobby" soon encountered a far larger one. In fact, about 10 meters worth. "Greg" managed to overcome, or shall we say fall from, this challenge, thanks to a timely push by Crazy Joe. After the move, we spent two years in youngster alley, which was sometimes trying, often loud, but never dull. Words are a poor means of conveying what someone you have roomed with for two years, and known for four, means to you. We have become like brothers, sometimes even anticipating each others thoughts and reactions. The hours spent reciting lines from movies and Monty Python, singing along to the radio, and Sunday nights studying along Dr. Demento. I have managed to corrupt him to the point where puts homework off for a sci-fi book, a gunkysong, or a good bull session. It will come in handy at Nuke school to prevent overgeeking. Buena suerte, amigo. Vaya con Dios. 920504



**Joseph Martin Tuite**
**Kearny, New Jersey**
**Surface Warfare**

Toot came to Navy from the sweet waters of NJ, the Meadows. A brief semester with our two pack a day roomie and some PGH, he was already set on the search for the illusive cheese in the basement of Rickover. An unneccessary appendectomy by a Navy intern with 10 thumbs kept his clock ticking so he could survive the move to 1st Co. Second class year brough JJ to his academic knees, but love was in the starts. He was soon living his social life among the fine establisments of Crab Town. Despite a strong desire to see Cleveland, San Diego stole his heart. A few tons of fine steel will be easily mastered in quest for the pin he's been desiring since plebe year. Martin should enjoy his golf excursions in Cali and the close proximity to Mexico. As I always say; Peace, Love, Happiness, and Health. t.k.
P.S. " 'ELLO CLEVELAND"



**Lance C. West**
**Winnebago, Illinois**
**Surface Warfare**

Lance Christopher West was born and raised in the raging metropolis of Winnebago, Ill. Though not large enough to be found on a map, Lance assures us that it's somewhere in the vicinity of Rockford (Sure, everyone knows where Rockford is!) Whether it's the 27 laws o' the Navy or pi to 250 places, Lance can learn it. In fact, he can do anything he puts his mind to. Ask him to make the passageway reek and he'll untie his frams and deliver. The pungent stench of pressurized queso de toe will always hold a place in my sinuses. "The uniform for Christmas Dinner is..." Oh cool, another 3 day weekend! My leathers'll look great by Tuesday! Careful, one of these days you're going to wake up and find yourself dead. Hey MOW, how's group one? mmm. Thure hath been thuper thwell living with you, thir. Thanks for the memories, brother. God bless you and keep you. PSM

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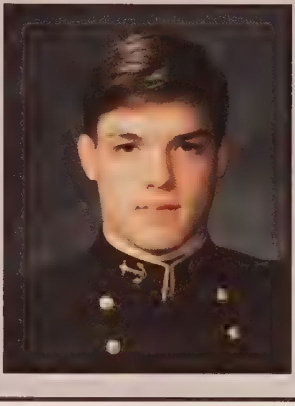
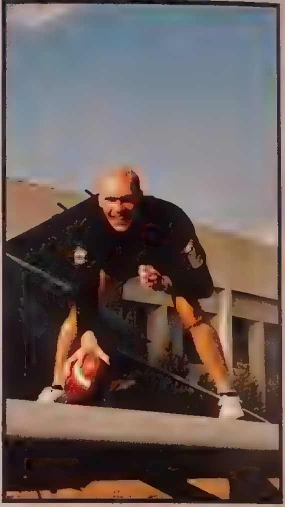


**Mark B. Baehr**
**Middleport, NY**
**Surface Warfare**

Donger, the man the myth, the legend... in his own mind, joined us from the great wrestling state of New York where he had quite a reputation...in his own mind. One of the few plebes who traded CD's with upperclass, Mark is always buying gadgets and high tech toys that he really can't afford...on his credit card collection. An adventure seeker who enjoys skydiving, SCUBA diving, and any activity that can end up with serious bodily injury, Mark is an ocean engineering major whose grades reflect his greater interest in his hobbies and girlfriend. After two years together it looks likely that he and Becky will go the distance. we wish them the best of luck. We all pray he makes it to Pensacola on more than just a visit. If not there is always the Tiki bar/resort plan. Mark was the third member of the Mustang club.



**Kyle William Baker**
**Ypsilanti, Michigan**
**Surface Warfare**

Bakes showed up here vice Purdue on a wing of an F-14, straight from TOP GUN. The Monkey face made him famous, Mom's weekly care packages made him popular. He wanted Julie, unfortunately he was unconcious at Thanksgiving. Lightning struck Sparky Youngster summer, giving him natural rose scented perfume and making him really tired for the next three years. A bizzare love triangle broke him down on his knees at GW, to which he never recovered. He still owes Mary Sullivan a new bed. He was a special person most of 2/c year and even though he got a car, he didn't want to use it 1/c year, because he started as a Plebe and almost finished as a Plebe, no thanks to the CDRs. Through thick and thin, Grammy always subsidized his efforts, including his expensive ($500 Weekend) romance with his (not yet) one and only, Pan Amm. Through almost all 4 years, he's been a friend. SEMPER SWO! GB2...

**William David Brewster, Jr.**
**Herndon, Virginia**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Punky arrived fresh from NMMI ready for command. Unfortunately, USNA was not quite ready for Bill and he was unceremoniously ousted by the firsties. But he was able to find acceptance on the school forensics team. Youngster year brought experimentation in social and oral skills and ended up with a Black 'N' and an irritated General. (PETE MALECHA!) 2/C Summer brought Bill of age for two months of rage with me, Ed, Chris, and McD. Go Man Go! 2/C year with the Gupster. Nuff said. 2nd semester united us in endless hours of Boats, EE, Wine, Women, and Song (PeeceKreeps). 1st class summer, the summer of your discontent. The monk of Cecil Field and the terror of Alaska and you came so close to the Palace of the Great White North. Firstie year as the dang XO and not much else (We'll do anything not to study!). A sudden change on SS night brought you to your senses. Rock n' Roll Willy!

**Perry Cameron**
**Jacksonville, Florida**
**Marine Corps**

Pooh, 48, married, with two kids, made his bid for the anchorman from the git-go, but didn't get it because he never went to an Ac-board. He skipped Plebe year with Bill to play football. After asked not to return next season, he downed a liter at GW and looked absolutely lovely with a flower in his ear. Pooh never axed for anything he didn't want, but he did get the Pooh-rider for $300. This helped him and others enjoy the 3 summer school sessions and the ever-present date. Bill, please give Pooh back his gouge, we're trying to sleep. He survived sinking in LeJeune by burping in her face, but we didn't survive the milk. He did, however, have the cleanest teeth in the Brigade, thanks to frequent visits to Dental. He conquered Bulldog and bought an Alfa Romeo. Alphabetical order brought us together and friendship kept us together for all four years. SEMPER FI, GB2!

**John Andrew Cooley**
**Anchorage, Alaska**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

When Klondike arrived here he was still lost in a blizzard of letters and cookies. Fortunately they melted by the end of the year. He soon went crazy with midregs and a highlighter and learned his lesson in the proper use of the chain of command. Let's make a deal came to town and Kristine. Don't call me Clint! He took that car to GW and chewed his arm off to get away. Thank goodness for the Princes, the universal sponsors. Just don't have any unsanctioned parties. He majored in Chemistry, twice, thanks to Yana, but still made the grades. Carol enjoyed the ring dance party more than anyone else, except maybe LCDR Mom, who seemed to have a hand in everything. He always said that the last to fall falls the hardest. He proved it with Jo-Ann. Fieldball, a way of life. GB2.... Always room commander in his mind, he gave the advice that kept everyone going.SEMPER NUKE!

**David C. Culpepper**
**El Segundo, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Chilly joined us from Los Angeles, arriving ready for flight with pilot license, leather jacket, and Ray-Bans. As if that wasn't enough, he chose Aero as a major and was selected for Who's Who of College Students. The adventurous type, his hobbies include flying, skydiving, SCUBA diving, and attracting girlfriends. Basically, he does anything for a thrill. Often absent due to D&B, Dave spent even less time in company as D&B Commander 1st class year. Despite the D&B stereotype, Dave is an outstanding athelete. We know of many D&B trip stories, but he manages to keep the details from his company friends. Dave also participated in CSTS, winning the ADM. McNitt award. Dave is the fourth member of the Mustang club, making his fellow members happy he doesn't need a ride.

**Jeffrey Dale DeBrine**
**Perry, New York**
**Navy Pilot**

Jeff came to us from Buffalo (sort of). & complained the whole time. The king of sarcasm could find something wrong with anything. Ed McMahon could give him $10 million & he'd complain about the taxes. [Jeff began sweating early-his love for music was discovered plebe year. He proved to be too much for Danny & Under-Dunn, McD rose to the challenge. "He's unstable, I'd hide any bayonets..."] After he "broke the camel's back". Jeff found a new home with The Pedicord's & mangaged to woo their daughter Ami [a waterbed?]. How about that trip to MO--"Hey Shawn, your car's not running right. There's a Greyhound about to run over us." I hope you had a good time despite everything (American Promise... RRRALPH!) Enough said. By the way, I rode the comet better than you did, & it was my free game! Best of luck--SCP. [Keep complaining & may your cheeks smell of Drakkar-MCD]

**Daniel F. DeMaso**
**Queens, New York**
**Navy Pilot**

Arrived 07-06-88
Departed 05-27-92
Hated it.

It was fun living in Annapolis, but not Bancroft. Goodbye to all my roomies: Under-Dunn, Jeff, Franko, Psycho Joe, and Timmy.

Have fun and read this out loud:
Who sews whose socks?
Sue sews Sue's socks.
Who sees who sew
Whose new socks, sir?
You see Sue sew
Sue's new socks, sir.
Who sews crow's clothes?
Sue sews crows clothes.
Slow Joe Crow sews whose clothes?
Sue's clothes.
Remember: Enjoy life, and if you're not having fun, you're doing the wrong thing.

Hey Tim, The best type of Sneetches on the beaches are those with STARS-UPON-THARS!!!
GB2....

**Franklin Christopher Dunn**
**San Fransisco, California**
**Marine Corps**

Chris is living proof the best come from the west. The law of gross poundage went into effect when the brigade returned that first year. Was that the study hour bell? Must be feeding time. Youngster year we took in a young New Yorker and introduced him to the tag team shredder. Kingery still wants to know who left the kool-aid all over the floor of the bathroom. Second class year started with gravity tests in the B210. Unfortunately test unsat. That's OK, you lost the battle but won the war in Virginia. First class year is the year of the road trip. I hope the car doesn't die before Boe's check clears. They didn't like the caveman in Quantico but they never saw his company drill. Now Chris is back where he started I-day, with a bald head and high expectations and with prayers, training, and vitamins he will be sure to do the Corps well. -MP

**Daniel Steven Goldenberg**
**Orangeburg, New York**
**Naval Flight Officer**

When Goldylocks arrived at USNA he was saved from utter disaster (Jethro) by the prior T.K. Held. Plebe year was a tough time for the Berg as he struggled with his famous tuck straps. Yet, Dan was gaining speed. Unfortunately, the 35th company taxi was not as lucky. Youngster year Dan faced the shredder with the courage of his well deserved IRON MAN status. Upon his arrival to 2/c year, Dan fueled himself on Coca-Cola in order to trudge through his favorite, papers and EE. The wee hours were Dan's cup of tea. The flame year (and wasn't he good at it) also saw Dan meet his one and only. He was born as the larger than average man. Dan did an excellent job in stirring the Shipmate pot. BZ! Dan, you are a true asset. Thanx for the Ring Dance. (What a party) Dan, you are a truly talented. You are the a great roomie and a best friend. Happy Flying! AFS

**Timothy Kenneth Held**
**West Chester, Pennsylvania**
**Navy Pilot**

Arrived: 5 Jul 1988
Departed: 27 May 1992

"If you could read my mind, what a tale my thoughts could tell."

**Joseph G. Kalus IV**
**Buffalo, Wyoming**
**Naval Flight Officer**

There is always an odd one in every group, Joe was it. From day one Joe tried to convince us all that he was crazy. Some people bought it, but those of us who knew him well saw though his act. Joe certainly engaged in numerous covert activities, from tactical waterborne assaults in the harbor to mapping out the entire Ho Chi Min trail (and then losing the map!). Youngster summer saw Joe creating havoc at SCUBA school and launched him on a new passion. As if he weren't dangerous enough already Joe joined the pistol team where he was given loaded firearms! An expert in computers, electronics, and pyrotechnics: if Joe had spent half as much time studying as he did on his hobbies he would have easily graduated in the top one hundred. Joe participates in the ham radio club, and is the second member of the second company MUSTANG club.

**Jean M. LeBlanc**
**New Orleans, Louisiana**
**Naval Pilot**

Ragin' Cajun left the bayou in khakis out of high school and made things look easy right away. Laws of the Navy, and building a Spy 1-A for Jethro, were no sweat-always could count on a massage at night. Washed jocks on Sunday, got the Led out, and he was off on cruise. 3/C with Boe and Warry, Penn St. trip, who buys the soap?, magazine vendor. Detail time, stick time w/ the Spruce Goose, "94 can hear me better from the roof.", we knew them all by nametag. Towson to USNA in 21 minutes? Twice?! The Lincoln Continental Beach Car, "It's a rental." A little professional training in Smoke Hall never hurt us. 2/C year in Nimitz, made the Horsemen look easy, Ring Dance Hate, Aviation Cruise. Any formations this year? Avoiding the Chef and Pupils in the Batt Billet room, F-ball Manager, 'till the $ runs out. Woops, I dropped something. Navy Air got one of the best. P.S. Two feet on the tile! DJR
Ragin' Kajun

**Matthew R. Looman**
**Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

Youngster year- his affinity for finding the garbage can in the middle of the night frustrated his roommates to no end. A girl friend who lived fifty feet outside gate 3 made many of us envious- and we really had to wonder where he did spend study hour? It was someone truly special though- and Matt and Amy have been great to all of us. Second Class summer brought Plebe Detail and "Uh Oh, Oh No, Here Comes Tango!"- which must have been a truly interesting leadership experience. Regimental Field Ball Champs. Enough said. Matt's dedication, attitude, and good nature has set an example for all of us. Whether it was his faith or just luck- Matt walked away from Service Selction with a gift. We are not really sure when Matt joined- but selecting SWO might of made him a candidate for lifetime membership to the "Pudge" Club. We know you and Amy will have a wonderful life together.

**Jeffrey A. McDaniel**
**Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

Xavier came to USNA full of hope and vigor. He offered his help to anyone in Calc. ("I've had it before"). He beat everyone back for Christmas (1 down, 5 to go). How's the hamstring? McD had a knack for eating pig ears on toast and keeping his belly button in view at all times. When the tasty treats got to him, he became the human blowtorch, or he would get a cup full and sniff to ensure no offense. 3/C year brought 2 more trips to 4-1 & S.B. in S.D. (2/C who?). Is the hamstring ok? More summer learning was made easier by highway-love Julie. Anyone ever meet anyone that way? Really? As a second class, McD had his own ideas about Plebe Indoc. Another 3 trips to 'Dant-land and one more hamstring later, McD found his calling in Leonardo, NJ. Good luck, don't step on the needles, and please don't eat that sub (it's deadly). PS-Wash your feet with soap (water alone does not do the job).

**Kenton D. McHenry III**
**Elk Grove, California**
**Nuclear Power - Submarines**

Ken came to us from sunny California with a loyal "Little Mermaid" in tow- swearing all along to make it in the "5% Club". Plebe year had him bearing the brunt of Hans's wrath, repeatedly fading in and out of reality, and playing car and submarine games in anticipation of becoming a Nuke. Reality struck at the end of youngster year. In the mean time he had a very romantic interlude, learned about water sports, and practiced his boxing skills with the Filipino Flash. Second class year began with heading to Hood for the Decline of the McHenry Empire. This terror and mayhem was brought about by the "twenty girl party hostess". Ken's fall from grace occured at around 0030 one night in the Midstore Parking lot. "I was helping her with her homework, sir". No problemo. 20 days in Smoke Hall for that adventure. It all didn't matter because he got Nuke and is still laughing at all you "girly" men.

**Matthew Paul Portoni**
**Petaluma, California**
**Marine Corps**

This recruit is from God's country. He'd have to be since they don't get much bigger anywhere else. Cool Aid at 2050, feasting on 8-2. Funny how things disappeared with a bottomless pit in our room and then a roommate with sticky fingers. 7 in a wk-YEAH RIGHT. Ping Pongs for Hawk, at least you won't see her on 1-3. Still can't eat blue cheese! 3/c yr-back together plus Goldielocks-SHRED! Portoni taboo in effect. He can neither confirm nor deny midnight cocktails, IRON MAN, or trees falling in the woods! 2/c-Wknd trips to see Megan I. Road trip to P.I. Was it like the song? Hey Matt get a letter yet? Firsties-Bulldog, running on SULE II, plebe summer, 2nd Co CDR!

**Lawrence N. Ricafort**
**Bellevue, Washington**
**Surface Warfare**

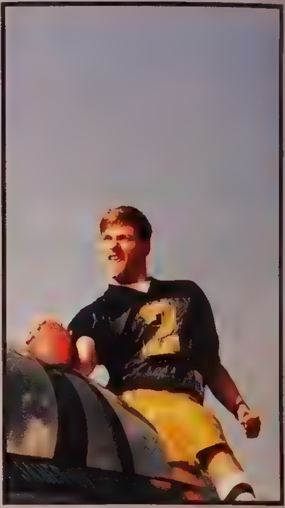
Larry's long military career began with a year in Newport. His first summer at Canoe U was spotless. He got the sailing weekend with the steak. The tuck of justice earned him much more respect than normally accorded a man of his size. Larry also imbibed a bit too much in the name of Honor. Youngster year found the referee finally rescuing Larry from the clutches of Ft McHenry. The McDonalds girl was first. Then there was a temporary diversion. The Entertainment System didn't help Larry's grades- not that they needed help. Easter weekend brought Zippy's friend and Larry's last stand as Casanova. Larry and Laura hit it off at the end of second class summer. First class cruise found Larry's boat slightly charged but he brought 'em back alive. As he treks out to San Diego we will be watching with baited breath to see who follows in his wake.

**Dennis J. Rivet II**
**Springfield, Massachusetts**
**Medical Corps**

For Jamie it was Plebe Summer and White Works Sierra, Ben Dover, and squash. Plebe year was upon us and, being an accurate shot with a banana and water balloon, Dennis began his career on the Rifle Team. Youngster year, two marathons, and plenty of refreshment right in his room. An interesting Spring Break and plane ride to boot. Doing Plebe Summer meant the Spruce Goose, P. U., a lot of nametags, and a 2nd LT. who offered his opinion on our leadership ability. Later that summer, "D, is this the right one?...Oh, yea take this exit." 2/C year he tried to tell us that he could not find a ring dance date, we knew better. 1/C year was Trident scholar, Batt Cdr, team captain, cooking with the big chef, a late night stop in Tennessee, and some interesting phone messages. P.S. Speak not before breakfast and somebody please hoist the Oscar flag, study hour is starting. JML

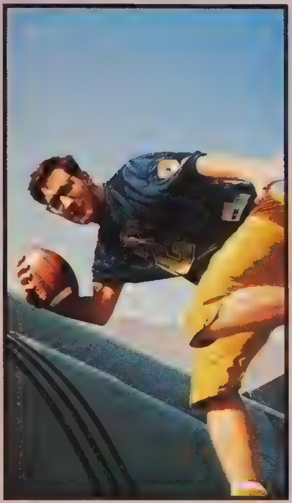
**William S. Sewell Jr.**
**Tucker, Georgia**
**Supply Corps**

The slow talking Georgia Peach came to the Academy from NAPS, intending to play football. A man with a fear inspiring game face, his practice face involved closed eyes, causing him to leave the team. Billy's physical stature allowed him to validate plebe year. Basically a firstie from the get go, Billy took weekends and had a car on the yard parked closer than any of his upperclass. He takes great pride in physical fitness, evident by the number of women who fall to his interesting approaches. Billy always had interesting toys, some of which were flat out dangerous and got him in trouble, fortunately his woodworking abilities made up for them. Billy ended up batting 500 in getting roomates kicked out, must have been that Southern charm.



**Michael C. Siepert**
**Lemon Grove, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Hailing from the multicultural state of southern California, the Condor brought with him a unique combination of music, philosophy, and fear of blood. The collection of toys, comparable to that of a rich child, was soon to follow. Siep started his waterpolo career plebe year as a goalie, but was soon moved due to lack of width. As a two-meter man, he distinguished himself by being the only player in his era to take the plunge from the rafters. His waterpolo skills were only surpassed by his prowess at swashbuckling and wrestling, as shown by many late-night adventures on deck 1-3. Despite his overactive imagination, he still was able to judge the effort-curve well enough to grab one of the last pilot billets. He was the founding father of the Mustang Club.



**Michael A. Steen**
**Fairhaven, Vermont**
**Surface Warfare**

The Big Red One, basketball power, came here hoping to follow in David Robinson's footsteps. Unfortunately, his legs and inability to hold his stomach after PEP dictated that he spend his four years dominating company three-on-three. This was in between bouts with the ingrown toe from hell. Rising above plebe summer roommates, Dopey originally intended to select Marine Corps. Once again his legs changed his plans and surface warfare will be his future. His well intended solution to the ring dance watch bill problem brought him the appreciation of his classmates and a Form-2 from his company officer. He is a junior member of the Mustang club. Mike is a man to take chances, let's just hope it was just whipped cream.

**Andrew Francis Sullivan**
**Newark, Delaware**
**Nuclear Power - Submarines**

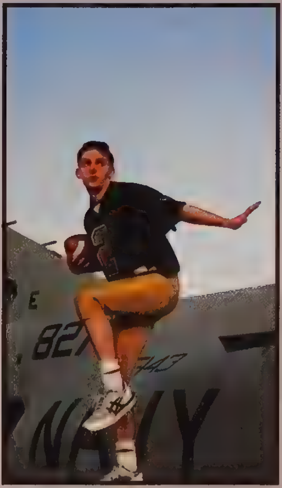
From the day Private Pyle's evil twin reported to tree-fife, life at Annapolis Vo-Tech has been a little better. Covering J chow calls for Billy, Sully established himself early as someone who'd jump on a grenade for you. The only surviving 92er from DE, Skrote has been a fine ambassador for his state, his study-hour social rounds are legendary. Not only a social butterfly, but also "Hair Club" president. Infamous were the Plebe year trips to C-UA, where he met the Aimster. Getting nailed in Pizza Hut wasn't fun, but it was well worth it. Not following Zip's advice:"never let Sully set you up," was deadly, but he meant well. We slept while Cajun and Porto worked. More than just a prominent Mech E, he was a valued target on the fieldball team-GB2.... Gluttons for punishment (and chits) we made Andy 2X Co Cdr. The best roommate a guy could have, he's destined for great things. DSG

**Robert Warren Sutherland III**
**Mount Vernon, Iowa**
**Navy Pilot**

Warry came to our distinguished institution from the corn fields of Iowa. Rob was the perfect stealth plebe. He spent his time in the band room just blowing his horn. Youngster year brought him SATness and a nifty Beemer which, contrary to popular belief, did not improve his social life noticeably. Second class summer, go man go. With Ed Haynes a pumpin', we terrorized the entire East Coast. We thought the Ac year would be as fun as the summer. Boy were we stupid. Boats, EE and your new command sure caused you to raise the Oscar flag. As roommates for the first time, I found out just what a wacky guy you really are. It was during that semester that B.H. Sandwich, supergroup, was formed. It wasn't until the end of the semester that you were able to etch out any sort of social life. Bravo. Firstie summer rocked at Jax and SCUBA. 1/C year has been cool. To be continued in P-cola. WDB.

**Boe A. P. Svatek**
**Columbia, Maryland**
**Nuclear Power - Submarines**

Always a goal minded person, Boe stormed onto the scene plebe summer by announcing "DING! DING! I wanna be an upperclass, dude!" Too easy going for the nucs in Orlando, the folks at NPS sent him packing to USNA. Boe's time at canoe U has been one big adventure after another - from multiple trips to Penn St, to trying to re-live "Point Break" at every available opportunity. His good nature is well known throughout Big 2, but if he tried to live up to GB2......well a wonder of nature would be destroyed. Like most EE majors (yes, there are some still left) Boe frequently disappears into the abyss of the lab, no doubt attempting to fix the wardroom TV. The vaunted bassist of the much acclaimed band "BH Sandwich," Boe is truly a renaissance man. After reviewing their original decision the nucs realized they could stand to loosen up and actually paid Boe to come back!



**Andrew Stark Thaeler**
**Layton, Utah**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

The Zipster came to us a poor, misguided child, and it's looking more and more like he'll be leaving that way, too. If he'd have just stopped taking that comic down to the table when they told him to. Judo taught Zippy to wax-off well, but his midnight floor job showed a need for improvement in waxing-on. Oh, never mind. 3/C comearounds were a thrill for his plebes - not! So, have you ever been on a submarine? Well, I was on one summer cruise... 2/C year put Zip behind the wheel, but not much else, and it was off to Hood. Too bad he's been banned from there for the rest of his life. I guess his reading hadn't prepared him as well as we thought it had. Oh, never mind. Then our little pin-seeker went to Fort Benning to ask the immortal question - What are these kevlars made out of, anyway? Nuclear power was his destiny, but you wouldn't have known it from his A-bomb poster - hung sideways, like him.

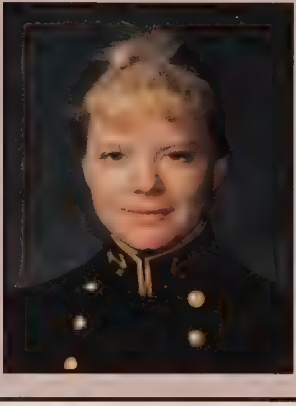
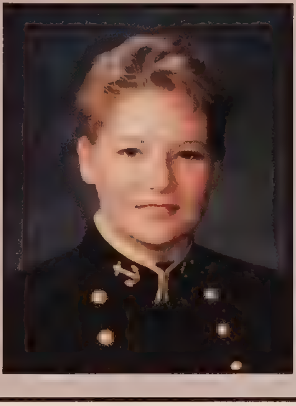
# III COMPANY

**Alejandro Daniel Cabrera**
**Newport Beach, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Being the man of the "Chico and the Man" has been interesting over the last few years. Alex has led a blessed life with the ladies. "Lips" can be found in the general Annapolis area carousing with several of his admirers and his true love, his beer. Love unfortunately can be a fickle thing as the great "Welcome Yak" taught him. Alex's career has been long and distinguished as his conduct card could testify to. From the second class wardroom to the night putting at McGarvey's Alex will always find the way to make his life more enjoyable. Commissioning Week cruise II is on the drawing board and our group of beer-thirsty pirates are ready to storm the seas. As my best man I expect my bachelor party to live up to his usual professional standards. I wish him the best on his extended "Princess" cruise and may he have fair winds and following seas. -JHR

**Steven Harold Cargill**
**Coronado, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Born a Navy kid, Steve came to Crabtown from the beaches of sunny San Diego. Despite his Club 34 origins, he managed to sweat all year long. We got to know him as the quiet, competitive, sock-smelling, toe-picking, wild-haired, intellectual music-lover that he is, but youngster year brought out the Birkenstocks and yellow socks. His hairline denies the fact that he's really a child at heart; never to be found without Tigger, Calvin and Hobbes or his Pink Panther. A sub cruise 3/C summer gave him a shiny pin and a desire to geek; this unfortunately led to a MechE major and too many icky semesters in Rickover (sleeping in Heat Transfer). Nacho's wild musical tastes (the "Nothing But Flowers" football jam, T. Rundgren, Little Mermaid) led to fame as a Barbershopper and Glee Club President. Fly high, Steve-man! - RJK

**April Serene Cooper**
**Colorado Springs, Colorado**
**Civilian**

This blue eyed albino from the small hills out west came bubbling into Canoe U. with high hopes and bad dreams. Little did she know that running would end and love would begin. After a slight surgery to match mine, this dingy blonde had to find a new pasttime. She received an enormous ring and a promise for life. If she would have not met George that first Easter weekend, she would not have been doomed. At least she gets to do her second love of camping and hiking. That trip to Yellowstone was an experience for her little lost Cocoa. With Cocoa gone, she has to settle for big eyed Bubba. This mountain girl will end up high in the Rockies with lots of brats. Of course, with her being such a home-body, she will have ten. george

**Judith Page Creed**
**Beaufort, South Carolina**
**Navy Pilot**

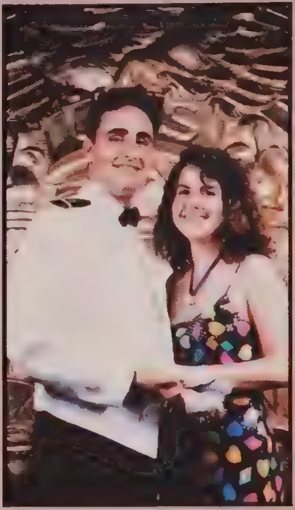
Where her hometown is, no one really knows but Page's heart belongs to Beaufort. There she developed those hopelessly romantic ideals that we all love; remember the three stooges, D&B, pennies and peanut butter, T.L., Notorious in Vancouver, 3/C Co. CDR (wasn't that fun?), track, late night granola fests, Spanish? NOT!, the talent show, and THE CLUB... members forever. The move to Thirsty Third brought the long awaited 2-man room, the band, a black T-Bird, the BIG 21, mess night with Dad, 3 AM in the Bay (Page Overboard!), and NL (why can't we concentrate?). Firstie year--F/A-18's all summer long, road trip to UVA, Glee Club, Fran's--Gold Card member, Batt stripes (Admin AGAIN?), the National Anthem, K.H. & H.G., Philly, and study buddies. Take it easy on 'em in P'Cola, Lady Bird... the sky's the limit and Top Gun awaits. I'll miss the roses. RSH

**Thomas Patrick Daily**
**Batesville, Indiana**
**Medical Corps**

Tom, alias crash, came to us from Batesville Indiana. Plebe year??? The only man that would get hurt at something and end up doing better that way. Do you ever sleep? By the way, what do you believe in?? OH MY!! Tom has an affinity for cars, or the lack there of. How is the nappy one or two. Zut alors, I have missed one. How could anyone forget the third. One left Annapolis, two came to visit, and three came here and left in a huff. After four years and a little confusion at the end, it finally worked out, DOC. Crash was always there to make waves, both good and bad. We would not expect anything less and love you for it. Here's to a great friendship and may it last forever. Remember, Have a grateful day!!! RHM

**Amy Gayle Delavan**
**Gulf Breeze, Florida**
**Naval Flight Officer**

You came from the white beaches and any day under 70 is still too cold. i never knew a Cheerleader could be so cool - or as cold as that first shower! it's been a blast "Rag Doll"! You sure showed 'em! from the ethiopian diet to 4-wheeling up snowy hills in curious george's mg, we've been through it all! only a true Roomie wouldn't pack for break till after high noon!! and what a break: white beaches and skylabs and hurricanes! (...just roam if you want to...) You finally moved mr. goof over for your pizza partner and ever since You've been first Mate on the galatea weekend crew. lucky Girl!!! never lose your taste for life! soon You'll be back on your beaches to be a real backseat Driver. there isn't a better Roommate - or Friend!! i wish You all the best and may all your coral dreams come true... hang in there...2002 or bust!! be happy always! SICK-N-SIN!!! PAH



**George Daniel Doney**
**Turkeytown, Pennsylvania**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Our Digger, always with a smile on his face, is a far different little man than the boy who left his Cutsie behind in Turkeytown. Gilligan never was one to wear a tie, but he survived plebe year and Bart (with the help of Mr. Potato head). Youngster year brought the Sound of Music, a zillion push-ups, car wrecks, and Maurice in Canada, "Can I have this dance?" That was the year Bobo puked. Remember New Orleans wrestling and consolation, the Turkeytown trot, and bullriding? Doing the Electric slide in G-town on his 21st, all over sun-tanning (burning) in New York, more push-ups, purple parkas, sand-castles and coconuts as well as sleeping through the CNO are part of the Digger Dan legend. Only regret of a double major: "You're an ensign? Dang! I should have done VGEP!" "So you're in the Navy". Thanks George. Don't sweat Nuke School, you can derive it. Enough said, you're the best. JJ, Rep, Eydes, RJK

**John David Eydenberg**
**Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

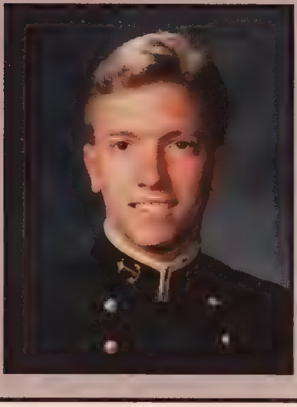
The hippie, party guy from "near Harrisburg" made the most of his short(er) stay at USNA: "Hey, did you guys get issued swords?"; Gilligan II; plebe summer squad leader's window; piglet; "Babbs, what time is the Physics X-weeker?"; Hood shoes; whiteboy rap; Canadian proposals; travelling rock star; Key West: 8 girls and you; KO'd at UM; bathroom luggage; Jorge driving; "Sir, I just wanna motivate the Wing-BEAT AIR FORCE!'; strummin' a few tunes(KICK IT!); the Babbit Swayer; "Unlucky!"; "Squad leaders inspect"; "That's what's so wrong with this place"; VGEP and a little lite reading; twinkle toes; "Yeah, and I'm drawing ensign pay, too"(actually no duckets until "There's nothing I can't do","&%#*! *$@*! I got nuke!") May the women be hot, the beer cold, and peace. RJK, Rep, Digger

**Michael Patrick Giggie**
**Belmont, Massachusetts**
**Naval Intelligence**

We met the little fat man who rubbed his ears and toes and slept in a cave, during his frequent visits to Phibron-8327. We knew he would make an excellent housekeeper; We couldn't find our books for three days but the room was clean. You broke a lamp and put your knee where it didn't belong but you gave us your sponsor and lived. Gigs rounded out an excellent plebe year in the spotlight of many upperclass. If anyone was born to be a bull major it was three people, Mike uh Michael and uh Gigs. Gigs, never at a loss for words attempted to work every angle available to him and everyone else. After the demise of Phibron-II, Fric&Frac scammed a double (1 I win, 2 you lose) We know Chunky has a heart of gold and won't have any problems becoming a success in the fleet. Here's to a bright future. We'll always remember Annapolis High, Boat Girls, luckiest chip shot, Shoes at the white bus in Philly, R-ball with Boo, Garcia & 1997. - Billy, Tbone & Chill

**Todd Anthony Harman**
**Lake Oswego, Oregon**
**Surface Warfare**

Mr. Todd Harman (Rodent), a legend in his own mind, has definaitely made an impact at the Naval Academy. He was great to live with except when cutting weight. A master at burrowing, you should have joined in (Humm)Thanks for sleeping on the couch at Va Beach, sorry I kept you up. My second class summer roomie was in high gear (did he have any other) at the bachelor party. You are welcome to Braddock Rd any time. Oh no, I found another one on stubby. The man who could do the bulldog. Where is Todd, oh he is sleeping. Just go to bed man, you have the booglies. Thanks for the performance on the dock during Ring Dance week, you ought to be a professional juggler. Then there was First class cruise, enough said The surfer, well almost. He was pretty good at parading the beef, man that was a great tape. Here's to the good times, we'd do anything for ya, we love ya. CJ, Squirelly, Bird.



**John Charles Hensel II**
**Brooklyn, New York**
**Navy Pilot**

"Repre" Hensel, the boy from Brooklyn, was actually born and raised elsewhere, with a strong Florida connection. The sleeper never asked any questions besides "What's an integral?" and "Who has the gouge?" It's hard to say how Rep always kept his "do" fresh, (even while ski-jumping in Tahoe) but it got him luck of the draw at Hood.(gouge) A true QB, John called the plays on the field (intramural and 150's (finally)) and even on liberty. In his quest for the perfect 10, he found nannies in Annapolis, Catalina Island, Miss Georgia, and a long distance love in sunny FLA.(gouge) Don't forget last minute smooches in airports, New Year's in Canada, being a rock star's agent, and the Hotel Del.(gouge) Thanks for everything Chuck. Good luck killing bogies on the beach at P-cola, playing beach football, and tanning with the airdales. Digger, Eydes, RJK

**Ralita Sue Hildebrand**
**Beavercreek, Ohio**
**General Unrestricted Line**

My dad's name is Ralph/my mom's name is Anita. What's in a name? Too much to write in these confines; we'll try. From a fellow rack-lover...Late nights with mellow music, candles, a guitar a wonderful and SYMBOLIC(you know what I mean!)lava lamp! We could do this, pass EE, and still make it to formation in 5 minutes. Late night talks; you always knew when to plug in AC/DC, Birthday parties, DP's with C (I still owe $0.50),wandering eyeballs in NL, Gunston Hall with J.B., hike to the 3rd wing head...Thanks for everything! Cocktails at 8! From your PoliSci, CQPR high(?) bud, thanks for the memories!! And from the big guy -remember Coach Hall, Baltimore Hell, Quantico (shooting blanks at your "classmate"), Pensacola beaches, St Michaels, and Herndon: a crushing experience. Friendship never dies. LOVE! JPC & ATC To my parents & the Tollivers: Thank you for your love and support.

**Pauline Anne Holzhauer**
**Carson City, Nevada**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Pauline arrived in Annapolis with a love for basketball and a smile on her face that even the Academy could't take away. By the way, "What's that in your pocket?" Boy was I nervous when I found out that I had to live with a six foot hoopster, but I couldn't have been any luckier. Too bad she can't remember her right from her left or her induction into the Century Club and she'll never forget the ever-popular "Breakfast Club" of Smoke Hall. Second class summer had to be the best ever, but didn't you say you were going to Bulldog, Hightower? Oh yeah, your feet. You were meant to someday be a Mom anyway. Who else would sew and cross-stitch in between English papers? I sure am glad we fought so hard to keep from "splitting up the stereo". I would only share Mr Goof with you. I'll share that case of beer that I won too. Have fun on "The Rock"!
SICK-N-SIN AGD

**John E. Jackson**
**Munich, Germany**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

J.J. has been a ladies man all his life. He's always had a list of several girls but never one special sweetie. John has had a fiasco at many local colleges, like his run in at Hood. But he's settling down now since he met a nice girl. J.J. has a reputation for being an expert in every field, just ask him. He's never at a shortage for words. Combine this with his MILD temper and our room is always a debate forum/wrestling rink. JJ is just a LITTLE competitive with Matt. Whether its raquetball or Aero exams, it's no holds barred. He worked hard but not too hard (just enough to get the next to last nuke billet) Rooming with JJ has been great. He's always been there to give a hand or advice (even if I didn't need it). We've talked for hours after the lights are out and laughed about almost everything under the sun. Best of Luck to you, pal! Digger

**Christopher L. Johnson**
**San Diego, California**
**Navy Pilot**

CJ (alias ILL, Sucka, Dis, and sheeba) came to us from the sunny beaches of San Diego, California. A long standing member of the Century Club he met FUNK. (Hummm..mer). Good luck in your dealings with the "D" people, (just a little food for thought). Is it cloudy out? Ask Victor Manuel! It only took you three years to get out of the dog house, Congrats. Did you see that Southern artist? I guess I'll have to shower alone now?! Who's going to sweep my floor? Remember Easter at Va. Beach? Why did I always get the couch?(good thing I can burrow!) All these unaswered questions!!! Wed. nights at Naps, Chemistry labs, Youngster summer (Guns and Roses), San Diego (Spring Breaks), Limo and Sab, Five years of Football, and Embassy Suites. Good luck in P-cola you'll be the best. Surf's up! See you in Calie! PALS TAH, RHM & LILLY (Flo)

**Donald Edward Kennedy**
**Clinton, Mississippi**
**Navy Pilot**

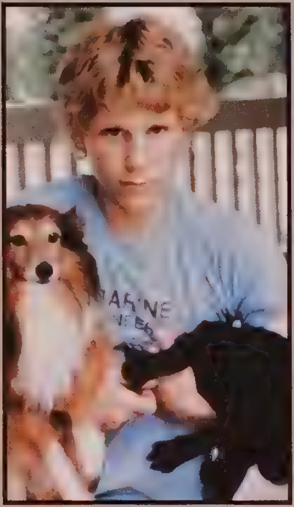
Athough tempted by the Hoo-Rah and Reactor Corps this smiling Mississippi boy figured that Navy Air would be more his casual style. Donnie studied History, trying desperately to convince us that the South didn't lose. He's was a hard worker but when that didn't do it, he always counted on a smile, Southern manners and the excuses that D&B, striperhood, and grad school always provided. The Colonel was always "fixin" to do something, like wake up, get an extension on a paper or make restriction muster or taps. Anyone who has D&B on CD should be the CDR, but it was their loss. Donnie had a way with the YOUNG ladies, the kind who win beauty contests during Spring break. Someday he'll find the Southern debutante he's been looking for. He's overflowing with goodwill and his cheerfulness warms us all. If you could put a price on character, Kudzu would break the bank. AJO MRM

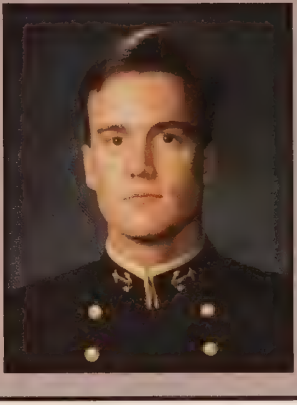
**Lawrence Henry Kennedy**
**Collinsville, Illinois**
**Navy Pilot**

Lar came to us from the great midwest state of Illinoize. After sweating his way through the Club plebe year, Lar decided that a few regs needed breaking youngster year. Good thing it was the Club — he might have a demerit on that spotless record. 2/c year brought a new company, a new roommate, and temptation from the wrong side of the force. But Lar was destined to remain a Jedi, despite his best efforts. "I'll never find anyone as perfect as her!". When Lar came back from 1/c cruise all grins, it was obvious...he had met the one. Unbeknownst to Lar, he found a wife. So much for going out and spending money. When I think of Larry, I'll always remember: talks about how women aren't worth it, Lt. Karate, playing on Fridays, splits, meditating to U2, lost on a hiking trip, the coldest room in the brigade, and "Wake up you ——! I'm going pilot!" To my best friend - Good Luck. MRM

**Kathleen Ann Kerrigan**
**Wayne, New Jersey**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Kathy came to us from Wayne, NJ and, despite the lack of a profound accent, she's taken her fair share of Jersey jokes. Plebe year brought morning cross country practice and the Army week from hell... No Fun! (Thank goodness for Youngster cruise in Bahamas!) Try as we did, Kathy wouldn't join us and surrender to the Youngster rack call... remember Chem (it's your major now!), Physics ("Don't Panic!"), THE marathon, the missing cap, and scammers. Second class year brought blisters from Quantico, the broken toe (the Killer Con Locker), late nights with P-Chem ("Honk if you passed"), the black LeBaron, and cycling: car accidents and NATIONALS! Firstie year--cruise to Hawaii (SWO? No!), cycling-and more cycling, dancing, S.G., and STILL burning the midnight oil. Good luck, Kath! Friendship forever... Thanx Lois & Bill, M & D Love ya run/cycle/fro-yo guy RSH, JPC, LHK





**Roland Joseph Klein**
**Waterloo, Illinois**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

Known as "the bug man," R.J. ventured to Annapolis from the thriving metropolis of Waterloo, IL... but not before two arduous years of AFROTC at the kingpin of midwestern engineering schools: University of Missouri at Rolla. So anyway, coming from a military family and having put in time guarding the tap at ROTC parties, RJ was ready for the Academy. When not arguing with Digger over who's taller, he played the persistent shooter on the company soccer team and the big-little man on the football team. RJ can usually be found wherever there's a dollar draft or a Mech E allnighter. Being the gungy Swodaddy he is, he's off to SWOS first and nuke school later. (I think he's going to scam out of nuke school and keep the check.) When not debating with RJ about majors, religion, music, or karma, he's a great friend and roommate. Sorry about your shoes! Eydes,Rep,Dig

**Robert Timothy Leake**
**Baton Rouge, Louisiana**
**Navy Pilot**

Leake-ster entered USNA from the Deep South with his own plan. He knew right away that History was the true major if one wanted to be a pilot, as he proved on February 4th. During this four year adventure, he's played a big part in the plays and musicals, and enjoyed a brigade fieldball championship. Of course, who could forget the "2/C wardroom/restriction squad". What didn't we have in that room? Though the youngest, Tim has made the most of being a firstie, including hitting the clubs, and rarely missing our infamous "Hour of Power". Definitely, a Par 3! Tim must hold the company record for the most hours in the rack, since he rarely left it when we were roommates. When he decided to get up, he was a dynamo; esp. at dancing. Good luck in Pensacola, my friend, and don't break too many southern hearts. C ya' at the top! Stamm

**Matthew Rees Marshall**
**Brookshire, Texas**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

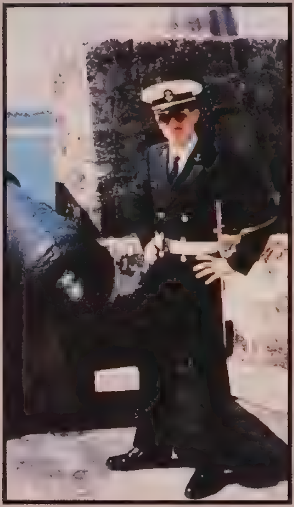
Matt, who has more hair than a grizzly bear, is the atypical Texan, the un-Texan if you will. His laissez-faire outlook on life gave him trouble accepting the "plebe thing." Thank God for the Club where plebe year didn't last long. 3/c year brought extra privileges like the 8th wing liberty/civilian clothes policy. When Matt wasn't sleeping, he enjoyed these to the fullest. This is not to say he never had to work hard for his grades. Despite his many computer games, huge Sci-Fi library, and daily competition with J.J. in every possible event, Matt found time to study for his Astro classes at least 5-10 hours a week. From the disastrous relationship with a blonde Texas girl, to the one that would have crossed the force, Matt used to sweat the girl situation. But we told him that after choosing $UB$ they would flock to his "rich" charm. Don't stay under too long, we'll miss you. LHK AJO DEK

**Reid Hanley McLaughlin**
**Wickford, Rhode Island**
**Surface Warfare**

How does one describe Reid? Maybe Rube said it best when he used the phrase "Cavalier". The veteran of Smoke Hall could often be heard saying, "Don't they know who makes the rules?" Some day they might, my friend. Our late night card games and long talks over a stiff drink of...hot chocolate will not soon be forgotten. Philo never let a friend down and was always ready for an adventure. Never one to back down from a challenge, we were a perfect match...Have you seen that golf cart? Have fun in your new home (building 8). And remember, "there's nothing left to do but smile, smile, smile!...your pal TAH. To our first roommate from the fibron-8327, take pride in being on the SECOND oldest ship in the navy. Whether making the donuts or smelling old milk in the closet, we'll always remember you as our friend. Billy & T-bone

**Andrew Joseph Olek**
**Greenbelt, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Rumor has it that AJ first set eyes on USNA while on a protest march through the streets of Annapolis. Ignored by the football coaches, who were busy building a 3-8 powerhouse, AJ soon devoted his energy towards enshrinement in the Adm Farragut Hall of Fame. His plebe summer detailers soon discovered that his first name was not Mike, but Andy. AJ never understood what "The Club" meant, as he sweated all four years at Canoe U. 3/c year brought us to O.C., sleeping on the beach, and near fatal driving. It also taught AJ about being "wild-manned." Andy had many names: AJ, Stoic, Noah, & Midn Food. AJ's geekdom brought stars & Supt's list libs--UM and AOPI became his new home. AJ's talents didn't go unnoticed 1/c yr as Brig Sup-O. 2nd Sem brought wedding bells & VGEP. Still sleeps in sweats. SWOtivated, AJ is a great friend and will be a fine officer. Good luck! DK, MM.



**Jorge H. Parra Betancourt**
**Trujillo Alto, Puerto Rico**
**Surface Warfare**

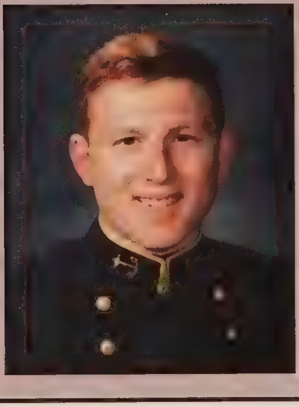
From the outskirts of Trujillo Alto, Puerto Rico, Jorge became the most confusing, squared-away sailor we knew. He was known by such names as Salty, Tony, Rico, and the Latino Lover. Jorge tried being a EEE major, but failed to grab the *fundamentals*. To please the Supe, Jorge abandoned the electrical realm to enter the EGE sanctuary we know and love. From there, he was a studying machine on weekdays, and the woo-er of many ladies throughout the Maryland/DC area on the weekend. Now he'll be in San Diego, and I fear for the ladies back in Southern Cal. I just hope he saves some for us locals. Jorge, remember these pearls of wisdom: Always wax your floor for formals; Try to date no more than one girl per night; and Chill-out Dude! Stay SWOtivated! Your red-topped,ill-tempered, fellow NAPS SWOrrior, your roomie from hell. Stamm

**James Hermon Rowland III**
**Douglas, Wyoming**
**Surface Warfare**

"Rollie" came to us from the bowels of Wyoming where Men are men and sheep are edgy. Jim has made quite a living saving the illiterate from their computers. Already a glowing shade of white, Jim tried to go for the Dolphins, but found that SP and EE made surface life bearable. If he's not playing computer games, chances are he's out with his better half. I often wonder what would have happened to "The Man" if he had skipped the Valentine's dance. An aspiring Computer Geek he hopes to someday build an exact replica of the USS Enterprise and wage war on the Klingons, Kilrathi, and the Beast. Better luck with the VCR in CVLANTFLT. Our days as Emperors of the Universe will be a far cry from life in the Navy. Fair Weather and Following Seas, but never forget I KNOW WHERE YOU SLEEP. -Lex

**David Thomas Schroder**
**De Witt, New York**
**Navy Pilot**

Chicken man came to us rough and ready from a small clan in the hardened Northeast. Dave shocked us all at PEP: too bad about the shirt. He then excelled at the now defunct East German workouts and proceeded to share them with us every study hour. After surviving plebe axboards, Billy gained an idenity through the Phibron (8327). Always having a fetish for different uniforms, Bill secured a summer job modeling in Paris. Were it not for Dave, we problably would never have found D.C. His large frame and hollow leg allowed alcohol to effect his judgement less than the rest of us (i.e. rank, performance, conduct). Kitty's (or was that the Schroder's living room) quickly became the focal point of our weekends. Dave almost got more girls than anyone. Thanks for having sisters. Although a great friend, Dave made it painfully clear to us how far one could go when applying oneself. Remember us in P-cola; enjoy yourself for once, you deserve it. Tbone, Chill, Gigs



**John Sidney Stammreich**
**Rancho Palos Verdes, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Stamm came to USNA via a one year pleasure cruise at NAPS. Upon arrival, he fell in with the Ultimate Frisbee crowd and was rarely seen during the spring. His talents led to 3 battalion and a dynamic brigade championship. While a plebe, experiences like the room inspection from hell, Darren Morton, and psycho girlfriends stick out most in his mind. As an Aero major, Stamm was beat up like crazy, until he said "C Ya'!" and joined myself as an EGE. A bonified member of such fine groups as the "The 2/C Wardroom", "The 3rd Company Restriction Mob", and the infamous "Hour of Power" gang. Why was Chilly-T always complaining that the Hormone is too loud? What is Stamm complaining about now? Now that we are going SWO, Stammo is stationed in the East Coast and I'M "going back to Cali". Hasta la vista, Baby! Tu amigo, Jorge

**Harry P. Teichman**
**Golden Beach, Florida**
**Surface Warfare**

"You're still here, Teichman?", was a question that has haunted the lumpy kid from Miami since plebe summer. Teich challenged anyone, especially those who outranked him. As classmates we were mere "fans" for Harry. The rules were meant to be bent: Parties til taps, poker night, or wardroom entertainment. Bo Luke, Chilly, and Billy found a home on Stewart Ave., with Harry taking full advantage of all its resources. "Could you do me a favor and just move the car?" A Hardhead like his roommates, Harry would argue to the bitter end, even if it meant a 3 am squash game. Teich has always been ready for adventure: road trips to the corners of the globe and breaking hearts (or something) along the way. A master of all that is huge (he knows how to use a pillow). Teich likes to pull your strings: some couldn't handle Phibron sarcasm, but there is no better friend to have when you're in a pinch (he's been there). His humor has pulled us through. HAVE A GRATEFUL DAY. -ChillBillPhiloGigsRodent&ILL

**James Lee Thompson III**
**Houston, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

Fast Jimmy, Chilly, Boo, led a sheltered plebe year. Then he met his destiny: The Phibron. His transformation started with the World Tour. One fall day, we were homeless and Chill took us in, whether he liked it or not. During our time in the shoebox we were exposed to much of Chill's gadgetry. He was always up for a good time, whether he wanted one or not. South Street 1,2 and 3. Chill was also exposed to our sarcasm and learned to fight back quickly. Then the Jefferson's moved on up into a deelux apartment. The Woob didn't think he would stay but due to our continuous wake-up calls and badgering he proved his true inner brilliance in front of his geek box. Old rock head, B.A., hardhead self B---- never wrong quietly became the nicest guy we would ever know. Texas Tommy was unparalleled in rack(et) skills. Chill, you are one of the best guys to come out of this place we will all miss you and know youse will excel in the fleet no matter what Master Chef said.BoneBillGigs

**Brian D. Brock**
**Granville, Ohio**
**Naval Flight Officer**

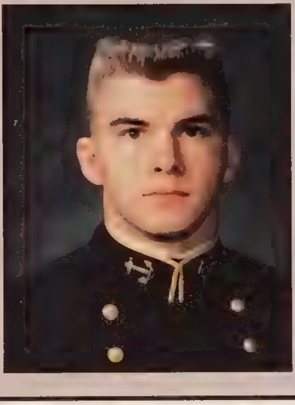
Brian,(affectionately known as the "Brockster") came to USNA from the mighty metropolis of Granville, where only his music mattered. Plebe Summer wasn't the "jam session" he expected. But, like the rest of us, he learned to live under the reign of terror in THE HERD. The Corps, however, gave him a chance to see collegiate America and meet women. Bri, if I had a dime for all your lost loves I'd be, well, broke. That's O.K., at least your Ring Dance date was a babe. The Brockster also had his engineering major to keep him busy which, needless to say, he NEVER complained about. We all learned to live with it. I should also mention the fateful trip to "Killinghand" which to this day is the stuff of legends. Keep preachin' the gospel of jazz music. GOOD LUCK in Pensacola and in the Naval Service! Your Buddy, CITO G.

**Andrew S. Burchfield**
**Vienna, Virginia**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Burch came to us from the Marine Military Academy where he found his calling in life--to be a Marine Corps Pilot. For the last four years we've listened to him YURCH and OOOH-RAHHH!!! But it paid off because that last Pilot billet was waiting for him at 861. We've had a lot of great times since day one Plebe Summer. He and the Italian Stallion helped square the Missouri boy away. Then we marched all those tours because of the infamous 8-4 ledge incident. Youngster summer found us in Missouri chasing skirts. Of course the little Jarhead fell in love, again! 2/C year he strayed! Enough said. As firsties with Flaccid and his toys we had fun. His Maryland Sweetie kept him busy first semester along with the '67 Mustang. Now we all have what we want. You've been the best friend in the world! Kitch

**Lea A. Clower Jr.**
**Chattanooga, Tennessee**
**Surface Warfare**

Not belied by his accent, Lea brought the southern outlook and moral virtue to our company. Four years later, the accent remains. Plebe year brought 4/C Smith, close-encounters with 2/C Kirkpatrick, and classmate imitations (but never of me, of course). Youngster year saw you pick up the guitar, break a frat reg or two, and develop your taste in LOUD music. With your new roommate 2/C year, you set new standards of plebe training (bunch of maggots), living up to our 8-4 back-shaft indoctrination. More guitar playing, loud music, a few speeding tickets, and a bad credit rating followed you into firstie year, where you instructed me in the finer points of racking through class, blowing off homework, being a gentleman, and generally having fun. You've been the best friend I've ever had, and I know you'll make a good officer. You'll always have a brown-shoe friend. JRW



**David L. Cute**
**Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**
**Medical Corps**

Doctor Dave took the long road from Philly to Annapolis. His journey to USNA included brief stops in Scranton and Newport. Once he was here, Dave established himself not only as an excellent student but as a mainstay partier. He seemed to be an owl. During the week he pulled all nighters studying and on weekends he partied all night. Youngster year was marked by marathon college football days that turned into rough nights. Sometimes he ended up in the closet at the end of the night. Second class year the act moved to Baltimore. He really prepared himself for the EE tests by walking the Block at 3 a.m. At least you don't have 1.5 mile run. First class year Dave proved himself as the mastermind of college football. On top of all of this, Dave found time to row for four years. He will leave here an all-around stud. Good luck at Med school thanks for the memories. RPS

**Kristin M. Dryfuse**
**Vermilion, Ohio**
**Naval Flight Officer**

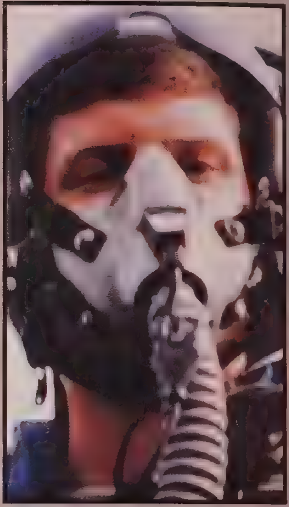
K le D arrived at USNA from Ohio (That's Ohiiyo), slightly naive but open minded just the same. After a couple smokes on 8-4 and 30 tours, Kristin found her niche: her cycle and the guy she met in chem lab. Fortunately, she still has the cycle. Youngster year it was DP&G and PGA golf for fun. Come 2/c summer she set out to prove she was no longer naive. Meter calibrated and suntan oil firmly in hand, she was a card playing machine - even better with a beer (or two). Ooh-rah is fun but how 'bout those planes. 2/c year brought artistic expression and frequent trips to Davis'. She was more than ready to be a 1/c (Darn XO, Wake up, Donna!), and broaden her horizons... Two road trips - one to UVa (I can't remember) and one 26 miles long (Yarch!). She's off to sun and fun in P-Cola (oh, and Flight School). Good luck flygirl, may your skies alway be blue. SLH

**Christian B. Elster**
**Arlington, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

Chris, alias Nubby, J.Crew, LL, or as he prefers, Freighttrain, travelled to USNA via the country club at Virginia Military Institute. This 4th generation Navy flyer immediately demonstrated his spirit by performing consecutive technicolor yawns after the Army/Navy games. Youngster year found Nubby in the rack; a place where he could usually be found during the next three years. When he did escape the clasp of the blue demon, he disappeared to the dark mysterious corners of the Honor World, which eventually earned him 3 stripes and a phone for his roommates. After many a weekend spent at Grandma Christensen's, Chris finally realized that this was not the ideal place to meet women. He was finally thrust into the arms of his future love by a concerned classmate. From this point on, his world was epitomized by his and her BMW's and Saturday night Scrabble. FLY NAVY, NUB! GM,SG,RG, and RP.

**Patrick J. Flood**
**Rockville, Maryland**
**Navy Pilot**

PJ came to USNA from nearby Rockville, but not before doing a year of prep at MMA in Texas. Rooming with this diehard, jarhead, wanna-be, was anything but boring. Our impressions, plots, and money making schemes during study hour left little time for bookwork. Weekends were for raging and road-trips. UVa; where did you leave your sunglasses? Delaware; who's car did you sleep in? Who could forget the end of the drought at Penn St. Thanks for thinking of me. Spring Break '91. Key West will never be the same. Who would have thought he'd find his one and only on Duval St. The Bulldog experience and his new bride steered him to the wings of gold. Fly high and fast and watch who you shoot on the ground. Hasta Luego Stod.



**Stephen D. Gaston**
**Wyckoff, New Jersey**
**Surface Warfare**

An unassuming fellow at first, Steve is a man of many talents. Arriving at USNA, he was disappointed to find that officers no longer fought with swords. Steve took up fencing anyway, and as our swashbuckler grew more lethal, he found History as a means to soothe his aggression. Lessons could be learned from the Great Ones before us: Confuscious, Caesar, Cute, Metheny, and Napoleon. An extreme tolerance for engineers and late nights also grew. And then came Killinghand. Within a half day, Steve managed to break his hand, crash my car, suffer food poisoning, and learn that his vision was now 20/70. These minor setbacks only brought out the best in Steve. He rebounded with a 4.0, and a reputation for sporadic wildness. Obviously, Steve has all of the classic traits of a modern day John Paul Jones. Good luck on the High Seas. Bri

**Robert R. Gibbs**
**Anaheim, California**
**Marine Corps**

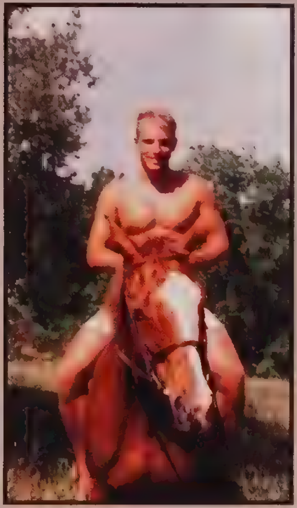
The son of a mustang Marine, this muscle-bound ground pounder hails from sunny Southern CA. Rob quickly established himself as the best pistol shot, winning the SECNAV Pistol Competition 1/C year. Rob is the master of "parental-phone-cash-acquisitions," landing a 210-watt stereo system (more suited for the Madison Square Garden) and a comparable system for his truck. Rob displayed his ab workout in the Smyles' car after a night at College Park youngster year. He could be found recovering from such adventures sleeping in his hammock on 8-4. Spring Break '90 in Daytona set the stage for a two year hiatus. Rob will be happy with an M-16, but we really know he's happiest on the beach with a silver bullet and a thunderous dose of RATT. RWP, CBE, SGG, GRM.

**Steven G. Godinho**
**Pittsfield, Massachusetts**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Steve, alias Hollywood, Candidate, or Monobrow came to us from the snowy Northeast via the Merchant Marine Academy. This jaded Navy junior's plebe year was marked by his tenure on the "wailing wall" and his infamous respect for the upperclass. Youngster year Steve emerged as Navy Hockey's goon/enforcer and future captain. Second class year, (without the ball and chain) Steve demonstrated his great engineering prowess by joining the square-root club, setting a new academic plummet record (from 3.28). On a whim, Candidate Godinho reported to Bulldog and was swiftly brainwashed into the devildog ways of the Corps. First class year brought a new girl and a "practical" Italian convertible which, unfortunately, never worked. We will never forget the UVA, Key West or Myrtle Beach roadtrips, or your talents for lyrics. Watch out Corps. GRM,RWP,RRG.

**Steven T. Hejmanowski**
**Camp Hill, Pennsylvania**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Hedge showed up on I-day at the Boat School after a year at Penn State. Life as a Nittany Lion had been easy, but now he was ready to prove the Navy wrong for not picking him the first year around. A good first semester found Hedge as our Co Cdr, and one bright morning found him picking names out of a hat. Too bad only the rest of us remember that. Knubby and I finally squared ourselves away second class year and were allowed to live with the Hedgeman. Valentine's Dance brought silly dates from home and broken wine glasses against the wall. We all had fun at the Ring Dance, especially those who were dis-invited. Firstie year finally came and here he was Co Cdr again. That year we both fell to in-Brigade dating (I'll NEVER do that!). Despite all that trash, it looks like we finally made it - Take care Hedgeman, good luck at flight school and in the fleet. CDP



**Charlene E. Hughes**
**Portsmouth, Virginia**
**Civil Engineer Corps**

Daddy said, “Canoe U.” Mom said “W&M” You left teddy at gate 1, and a summer turned to 4 years. Offshore sailing - escape from plebe reality; G-town (dancing), Newport (beer), Bermuda (mopeds, goslings, beer)- Halifax (can’t remember) A glimpse of the future in the swan next door. Y cruise in San Diego. Back to school, REM changed the world, (you know, destiny meets the future, now face west) Weekends at Penny’s, jello shots, Xmas in England (with the gang), Florida, fateful 2nd trip to BDA (HOOKED). Another summer, & goodbye to the herd, only 10 min from Rickover to rack! Firstie cruise, studying with Jed (lose the dip), Can? Can of sterno? A new sponsor, who is this guy? Hey, its good to be in love, but 10:00 am Thursday? Daddy knows best. A long life with the rabbits, iguanas, dogs, and whatever else might come your way! Go CEC, lucky #7.

**Jeffrey W. Kitchen**
**Moberly, Missouri**
**Special Operations**

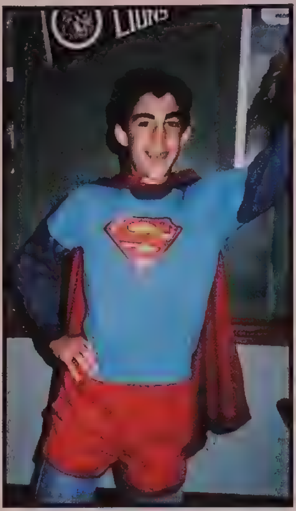
The Kitch-Meister, a.k.a Super Kitch, Cool Dude, and high school valedictorian, made his journey from the American Heartland some weeks ago, it seems. Amazing everyone with his initial cluelessness, the Boy quickly adjusted to his new surroundings, proving to be the best roommate and bud a human being could have. Late Plebe year he joined the 98% club with the rest of his classmates, a move foreshadowing the discovery of his Pride/Joy and bride-to-be, LG (and he said I was the lucky one). After spending plebe year nursing his belligerent roommate through the horrors of the Sandman, summer leave in MO proved what this candidate believed all along: women really DO line up for a turn with the Boy Wonder. Thanks for the good times, for putting up with me, and most of all, for saving my life. Dudes like you definitely do NOT grow on trees. ASB

**Gerald R. McMurray**
**Alexandria, Virginia**
**Naval Flight Officer**

HotRack ran into trouble on I-day when they couldn’t find a dixie cup to fit his swelled grape. He amazed his friends with dazzling feats of ratiness, earning himself a feed bag, and a chance to shoot sea-gulls while marching tours. The Terminator thrives on adrenaline; lacrosse didn’t quench his thirst for blood so he turned to boxing after a preliminary bout in College Park 2/C year. Spring Break 90, Mac came through. Silly-B and her idiosyncracies made it to Daytona and Key West, but Ice felt the need for a convertible 5.0, Twin Bazooka tubes, and a Batman mask. Not one to trust with your sister, G was beginning to sweat Ring Dance until his ex (the P’cola detailer) invited him. So much for the Date Matrix. Slider and his imaginary Hog will surely take P’cola by storm.” Good initiative, poor judgement.” SG, RP, CE, RG,SP. ps-mom says hi!

**Nathan G. Neblett**
**Little Rock, Arkansas**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Nathan came straight to USNA from Little Rock without even needing a green card. Undaunted by plebe year, he endured more abuse in the armpit of the country and left “leg”dom behind. With 3rd class year came selection into the elite ranks of the Aeros. 2nd class year saw special times of bonding in the study of the Word. Nathan took steps to become the “King of the Swingers”. He seemed unable to decide if women were good for him or the root of all evil. By the end of 2nd class year, Nate was elevated? to a leadership position and found the answer to the woman question. During 1st class year came more long talks, waltz parties, the recon that flopped, drives to WSS, gold wings, crew, a room on 3-0, Aero projects, snowballs on Warden and big plans for later. Now as we plan for RMH, TBS, and P-cola, I can only thank the Lord for the blessing you have been. Eccl. 4:9-12. CPB



**Hwan-Kyu Park**
**Edmond, Oklahoma**
**Marine Corps**

Tank came to the Naval Academy well prepared after two years at prep schools. Somehow, academics still got the best of our hero, but he made his mark at USNA in other fields. After a year of football with the big boys, and a season of powerlifting, Koko spent 2/c year beating up on 150 lb. football players. By 1/C year his belly, I mean muscles, had grown too large for him to make weight, so he took up coaching. You can wear those Bike shorts when you own/coach the Indy Colts. The Academy has made its mark on Hank as well. Youngster cruise left him with a blue and gold memory that will last forever, and a desire to go USMC. First class year Hank had it all- a girlfriend on 5-1, the Jaguar (Fi-Fi), me as a roommate my phone, and plenty of time to rack and lift (400 lbs?) Have a euphoric time in the Corps, Huge One, you're a great friend. Until we meet again...SGP

**Kent C. Pfluger**
**Indianapolis, Indiana**
**Marine Corps**

K.C. hails from (we think) Mars, although other planets have not been ruled out. Catching on quickly to the Earth custom of Football, K.C. showed genuine determination on the gridiron, but alas, injuries and grades took their toll, and the Team lost a true asset. Surviving three Ax-boards, Flaccid became the Co. expert, providing free coaching to other victims. Board #2 changed his teetotaling ways, as his own personalized hat hook at Middleton's will attest. Sometimes joining us firstie year ("Sorry, Mrs. P, he's out again") he transformed our abode into the Romper Room. His righteous chow packages helped fatten all, and his bizarre view of life on the third stone from the sun helped brighten everyone's day. Finding his niche with The World's Finest, K.C. will prove to be the Green Amphibian Mon-ster we all know he is deep inside. ASB JWK

**Stephen G. Pichaske**
**Peoria, Illinois**
**Surface Warfare**

He's known as CHUNKY. Does the word "CHUNKY" rhyme with endowment-well, obviously not. You've had a good career here at ole USNA: Plebe Year; Democrat and the cough - "Have you always had that cough, Pichaske?" "Sir, no sir, just since I got here sir!" The tennis team and the word of the week - orgasmic, euphoric, etc...The legendary ledge walking - a perfect 10 from Charlene. Youngster; Still tennis, rack, no women, and still coughing. 2/c; No tennis, more rack, no women, and still coughing. A massive build up from depriving the real chunkster his pleasures of life began to show (Note the white spot on his head!) Kearney!!! The ring dance and Occidental Upstairs. Firstie; Writing pro-quizzes, no rack, no women- going a little crazy, and still coughing. 2 big plates by graduation. Nuke or Corps, Nuke or Corps, OK...SWO!! Yaarch, haze grey and underway. See Ya in a few years PRES. HKP

**Clayton D. Pierse**
**Edinburgh, Indiana**
**Naval Flight Officer**

"Go Ticonderoga, sir" echoed in the hallways plebe summer as Clay joined us here on Severn's shores. Youngster year found him having numerous 'run-ins' with the first class. Second class year was a fresh start for "Bones" (you know what I mean) and an infamous tour as sub-squad Nazi. His zeal to flame was no doubt inspired, so it was decided that he was, in fact, the second coming of Walt Scott. For one brief shining moment, Clay even thought that Marine green was his natural calling, but six weeks of the USNA Appreciation Course at Quntico, VA and living with two future aviators inspired a change of heart. Ever the political scientist, with a will forged in "Steele," he displayed his disdain for Far Eastern politics with the ultimate Ring Dance "dis." But not before jumping on the grenade at the Valentine's Dance and ducking those flying champagne glasses. Good luck! Fly Navy! STH

**Richard W. Prest**
**Wynnewood, Pennsylvania**
**Navy Pilot**

Rich, the man with more best friends than most have friends, joined our ranks with the vast military experience gained from NAPS. He quickly assumed the role of Company Commander which also bought him time on the wailing wall. Youngster year Rich struggled with his academics, having pounded his head to the loudest stereo in 8th wing. Second Class year came Rich's "new" car, Silly-B-II, which still sits off Rt.95 where it was abandoned Spring Break 91 (ENGINE KILLA'). After a few misadventures in town, Rich focused his attention to those select females who roam the Halls, a habit he has not been able to kick. When Rich was not excelling on the intermural fields, he was bringing heavy metal to King Hall with the 'Scuds. Remember Myrtle Beach, "The Big House", Key West, and Daytona. Rock hard, Fly hard! RRG, SGG, GRM, AND CBE.

**Robert P. Smyles**
**Crofton, Maryland**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Rather than just driving down Rt. 50, Bob too decided to tour Newport on his way to USNA. After a few years on the diamond, he turned his many talents to the 150s but his natural massiveness would go along with it for only so long. This guy balanced consistently heavy academic loads with an even tougher social schedule like a champion. By 2/C year, Casanova had established himself as probably the most comprehensive sports fan in the brigade - Terps, Redskins, and especially the O's. His and Cutty's college football picks this season...but he made up for it with his Plan B Super Bowl pick. New Years was always spent glued to the TV w/jars of Pace in hand-when he & KC weren't stuck between floors. Whether cashin'in, gettin'one in, tyin'one on, or preppin'for EE on the block, Herc did everything either first-class or at his price. Good Luk at P-cola buddy & thanx for the memories - DLC

**Christopher J. Stoddard**
**Brookfield, Connecticut**
**Marine Corps**

Stods came to us from Brookefield, CT on a J.V. basketball scholarship (well, sort of...it was actually only a one year deal). He had a short stint with crew, too, but decided that he liked his liberty better. He found his niche in company softball where he helped us to the brigade championship. I got to know him better on youngster cruise in San Diego where we had some good times and some times we'd rather forget (or so he wishes). Socially, life was uneventful for Chris after a mistake with a zoomie, but things turned around for him at Thanksgiving 2/C year (you could tell by his grin) and have been getting progressively better. Who could forget spring break and his story that is unfit to print? Bulldog was a unique pleasure that he thoroughly enjoyed. Semper Fi, Chris. PJF

**Jonathan R. Williams**
**Raleigh, North Carolina**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Who would have thought that an immigrant from Medina (pronounced ma-dE-na) Ohio could overcome pigeon-toed chopping and 8-4 back shaft. Your name all year was "Williams!!!" We could see that Youngster year was nothing more than the calm before the storm of Second Class year. The plebes spent more time with you than their second class. I think "Nazi" was the name. I appreciate the help you gave at the Howard Johnson's in the fall of '90. I would never have known why I was getting pounded. Was it that semester or second that your name changed yet again to "Striperdicus?" The car loan came just in time, that judging from my last ride in the Oldsmobile. It's been a great four years. I know that whatever lies in your future will undoubtedly be squared away. Good luck and keep reaching for the stars. Lea.

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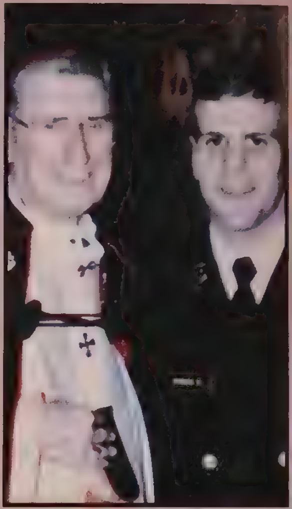
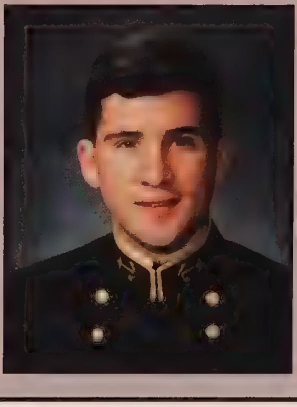




**Jeffrey Scott Bell**
**San Antonio, Texas**
**Marine Corps**

LT Scott Bell--Oops! Jeff could've gone to UOP, but opted for Eggman. The only plebe to take weekends! (M.O.?) After some abuse; M&M's in the nose, etc. he finally got his pro-book signed off. (Thanks, T.S.) While you're at it Joe, shave my head-I wasn't even there! How bout a mouse balloon? Playing for the mighty (feeble) Scho, he started at goal plebe year. He decided to stop the madness after setting a record. Spring Break love shack. Oh Chris-I mean Scott, you were great. Let's go to Fla. with Cat. Mind if I wear your wetsuit? How about those shoes on the 21st? Where'd those 6 G's go? Kay's on the phone for you. Proud member of the I-s-h-h-t-l-b-club. With academic prowess, he rode the rocket but decided to fail dynamics instead. You're a Corps man now. Hang tough, Yolk. Later -- WHITE SHELL

**William Paul Coffin**
**Silver Spring, Maryland**
**Marine Corps**

Littlem'n came to us from NAPS w/ the phrase, "I'm confident it can be learned in one night." And survived 4 yrs. at the boat school, "together by the bay." Pull your socks up, for the long walk ON Dahlgren. Create a youngster. Herdon police escort. Relax, Catterson's driving. An interesting stay at the Blue Parrot. Became an Eggman. El Cajon, the 119 lb. boxer-Hey can you wake him up so we can see his heart beat? So I've got a broken leg, there's only 5 miles left. Spike the hermit crab dies at the hands of Gallowinium. My horse doesn't work! The Barber of Seville. I'll wake up early and do it. 2 yrs. of turmoil are up--see ya Sara. Feeblem'n drink! Spooning. Just give me a milkshake--I can't swallow. Hey you w/o the sight! What's that noise--oh its the front end of my car. How did I get here? You're supposed to be a pilot. Later -- YOLK WHITE

**Thomas Charles Francis Crimmins**
**Long Island, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

"Yabba, Dabba, Doo Sir!" A product of Chaminade High School, Tom came to the academy, sports page in hand. TC is more than from New York, he is New York. Tom can tell you who played in every World Series,along with the highlights. Too bad Tom's legendary memory didn't carry over into his technical classes... but he still survived all of the onslaughts of Rickover, Chauvenet, and Michelson, commission in hand. Anyone who has tried to find Il Duce can tell you, if he's not in his rack, he's not in his room. He's off running the Catholic Mid Club, at Mass, meeting the padres at the Ram's Head in town (IHA), or otherwise ensuring the praevalebit part of Magna est Veritas et praevalebit. One thing is for sure about Tom. He always comes through, and no favor is too big when it comes to helping his friends. You can always count on him to get things done, effectively, but in his own fashion. God Bless, Thomas. TYBerHol. JIT

**Paul K. Ewing**
**Compton, New York**
**Marine Corps**

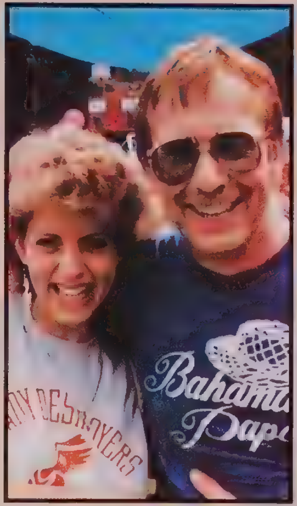
"THIS GUY!" (WITH TWO THUMBS UP) P.K. is a retread hailing from the City of Brotherly- The U. of D. certainly lost a hooligan. Weekends with the girlfriend made OZ a lonely soul. Fond memories of 6th Batt. office restriction musters helped integrate him into the D.B. squad! Believing his fantasies of David and Goliath, P.K. found it quite easy opening windows. His magazines and lifestyle were an inspiration to all, although his fetish for twinkies made some of us wonder how he got so large. P.K. was never one to turn down females (even if it meant sacrificing his scrupulous standards.) On the racetrack, P.K. impressed and amazed on his "white knuckle express" We count ourselves lucky to have had you with us, we love you P.K. and Ubi O ubi est mea sub ubi?
RLO JIT TR JRG TCC

**John Patrick Fitzgerald**
**Fort Calhoun, Nebraska**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Zoinks! Wake up Dana. John came to us from Nebraska after a one year stopover at NAPS. He sailed through plebe year while distinguishing himself in academics, basketball and being a good ol' boy all-around. During 3/C year, Fitz made several journeys - a ride on the Rocket (He passed!) and an awesome spring break road/ski trip with the Nav's to the Colorado Rockies. 2/C year brought John to 5th Co. and took him on more expeditions - Urbana '90 and spring break at the Holmbergs in Florida. Although a Narc and highly SWOtivated, Fitzmeister had a change of heart and decided on NFO. 1/C year (as in all the other years), he showed his heart for people and ministry. John will really give of himself so others might come to know Christ. We're sure he will take this altruistic attitude into the fleet. You've been an inspiration to us all, thanks Fitz. PHIL 3:8
JIT MAM LLL TCC

**Jon Robert Galloway**
**Escondido, California**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

The Duckman came to the Naval Academy all the way from San Diego, hoping to prove his virility in this forum of things nautical. Might we begin with plebe year when his unique style of chopping caught everyone's attention. Then came more stress with Leroy. "How's life in your little world there, buddy?" The rabbi. Putting up with Yutz. Dead Physicists Society. Exams by candlelight. Who shot Santa Claus?! The Scrounge log. Skull lovin'. Brewster the human alarm clock. The master-debater. Kiehl, "What's in that box?" "I knew that was him (Video)" Life with the 'slime. MODEM PORT!!!! Squad table romance rumor--who started that? (Hint: my legs are tired.) John Travolta reappears at Quigly's. $23 million. Scoping Red Beach. Dieter dancing on the Riviera. Admin weenie. Stars and stripes yet PE typo = subsquad. To the 5th company valedictorian/comedian. We'll soon forget you. JRG, MCPON, ZIP



**Stacey Lynn Haythorn**
**Dunellen, New Jersey**
**Surface Warfare (Ocean Option)**

Stacey hailed from Exit 10 (NJ, that is). She waited 7 years to get here (WOW!). Plebe year - JMU and McD's on the the way to Richmond. You guys drank it?? After the cruise 3/c summer, the fun really began. 2/c summer came and WHAMO! Between meters, gin & tonics, eucher, (card playing gurus) and reading Cosmo through Soviet policy classes, we had a blast- up until the end when she went down for the count. 1/c year brought us the UVa trip of justice (where did you go for a 1/2 hour? Scopin' huh?), T-Day in the city, and Mr. Sensei (hoo yah!) 1st sem. she was the "Watch Woman" but 2nd sem. she hit the coast button. With Davis' nachos, no homework, computer solitaire, and insomnia till 3 AM, what else is there? Good luck you SWO mama! It's haze gray and underway! I'll see you in the O-club, dude. Special thanks to Mom and Daddy for all the support. K le D!

**Vanessa Babette Henderson**
**Irvine, California**
**Civil Engineer Corps**

Sorry folks, no story here. I can't, I have a male companion. It was a hairy gorilla! JMU-I'm not drinking tonite! The trip to N.Y. that never was. Steve Miller road trips. In thru the out door-R.E.M. Goonie goo goo! Where's my o-coat? Mm, lookin' mighty fine in them jeans! STEAMING hot coffee! UVA-are we walking funny? definAtely! Resolve dirtbag. NATS telecomming 'till we're zapped! No! I'm not from N.Y. Friend's tables. Me smoke? Never! Philly-6secs left-pork rinds? A/N lipstick war. I met her in da willage. Captain M! What do American women love? You get the stripes, I get the phone. Reserve commissions? Where's V? on the phone again. Twoplease! Balloon Man. I get a "G" for the w/e. V's been hookin' up with the toon! This is the case of NWA vs... Goin' to CA with an achin' in my heart. Mr. Day's, Harry Brown's, Griffin's, Little Ditty's, G-man--El Capitan! There's no place like home.RJ HK AP

**Donna Lynne C. Huber**
**St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands**
**Surface Warfare**

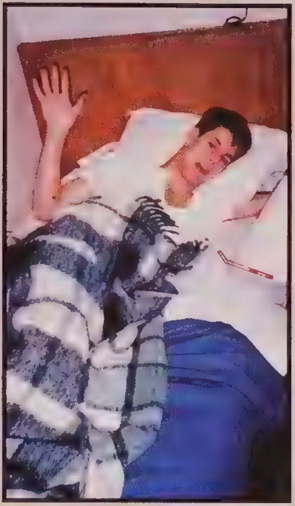
WELCOME TO DE ISLAND, MON! Where's your tan? Go Swo? See ya on the beaches of the world. This 'chica' has been the honorary roommate of Gramps and the Vinman since she came to Canoe U. In that time we have seen her through many a boy-friend and roommate alike. Maybe they were scared away with her vast knowledge of martial arts and love for Chinese food? She will always be remembered as the Amway Queen, about the only thing they don't sell is height. Good thing they had boxes for the pictures at Ring Dance or we would have missed her completely. Next time find a date under 6 1/2 feet! Youngster summer was filled with more twists and turns than we would all care to remember. Boat school was a lot more fun with shorty, but next time, hold on to your reef-points. Never would have made it without you, Teri. Thank God for Wednesdays. Anyone want to go horseback riding? VGR SAR RJJ

**Rachel Elizabeth Jacomet**
**Falls Church, Virginia**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Here's the story...there is none! Sir, I'm having a party at my house... One bullet - hurry, she'll be back any minute! McD's, mom's mustang, and four delinquents in Richmond...JMU-'92 and '89 don't mix! Honestly, it was AFTER Herndon! You, me, Cali, and being blunt. Packing for youngster cruise, what's in my bag? Where's Rach? On a permanent M.O.! Yut Yut! Nice WHITE shoes, girls! Dancing with myself at the Dome. What, me study? NEVER. I'll have the T-BONE! UVA it's a little cold down there..You guys have the SHAKES! Resolve dirt-bag. A/N-we'll just sleep on the floor..Got any laundry? Who's been sleepin' in my bed? Who's been yakin' in my bed? Sleepin on the ledge. Not this w/e, Nick is COMING! Where's my MUG? I got the stripes FOR the phone..Get some for us! Where's Charlene's ID/money card? When mountains crumble to the sea, there will still be you and me... VH HK SH

**Christian Thomas Jennings**
**Garden City, New York**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Coming from the 'nad. He sported a 1.28 plebe yr. I sure look silly w/o hair..where's Cheese? How 'bout 15 ft. of jerky? Sockboots. Rm. triangle. Message sent to Lt. Scott Bell. I've got it let's fly to N.Y. again. Enter Renee. I'll be in the parking lot. Bugahead. Enter financial difficulties. Running w/ a piano, Otis still passes. Attention on deck--Sorry CDR. How many..16 cavities! I'll have at least a 3.0. Wall punching. Anyone for a block of cheese? Get in the back seat..No son, my car. I didn't know these had air in them..DIS. Did I say Camry, I meant BMW. Remained faithful, even when pursued by the troll. Used the force to get to McD's and back. I thought you hid the keys? Now what's wrong with your blood? Skier gets choice shore duty in warm climate. What gives? Computer Systems Analyst? Ma__iage.
YOLK SHELL



**Matthew P. Jensen**
**Salt Lake City, Utah**
**Navy Pilot**

Matt came back to the Boat School after a two year "vacation." He claimed to be doing some religious thing, but we know better. A one time member of the class of '90, Matt wised up and joined the group of '92 from the former thirty-few giving us a total of 22. Matt the mastermind (he actually understands EE, no kidding!!) was always a source of academic knowledge and he could always be found, just check his blue monster. 2/c Spring Break found us on the Colorado ski slopes, just long enough to get tired of watching Matt burn the snow (and for him to get tired of waiting for us). Once a truly dedicated wanna-be submariner (although pseudo NPQ), Matt came to his senses the night before his Nuke interview and decided not to work for a living (Fly Navy). It's probably best though, he didn't have an answer to that dreaded VGEP question anyway; "Well, you see Admiral I..." RDP

**Adam W. Masten**
**Ontario, California**
**Nuclear Power -Submarines**

Marty,Marsten,Conservation,the librarian. Gramps came from NUC school w/a TED attitude. Plebe Year,Marty's bulletin boards were 32's pride. He often got an early jump on things (showering before 4/C qtrs),could B Alzheimer's or was it your roomies resetting your clock? 3/C year Marty attempted to cross the line, but found no takers. Aspiring to continue his NUC education, Marty chose to be an ESP. Finding classes easy, Martin unwillingly became Spanky's private tutor and carried Jody through. 2/C year, Marty gave Lukens his gift back. Sitting through classes in a coma, Martin mastered the osmosis study method. On the soccer field, Adam was known as the swiss cheese goalie, starting more fights than a hockey player. 1/C Year, Marty ran into smarter Marty in the classroom. It looked like he was heading back to LAX,but the waiver came through$$. GoodLuck! How about that vette? HAV JIT

**Bruce A. Naley**
**Edison, New Jersey**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Butcholupogous came to the Boat School from the armpit of the nation (Exit 12? or 13?). He is capable of smelling more cubic yards of air than any six mids combined (check out that schnoz). Butch enjoyed plebe year. He was often the center of attention due to his reputation as the sports guru. Bruce never lacked for food. Ever the height of fashion (nice flannel), Butch always could be found flipping through one of his GQ mags during one of those infamous Casio weekends (how many HP weekends would that be?) Let's not forget that Ring Dance one year early (what was her extension?) Butch was always the first to sign the weekend list, thereby making sure that those weekend formations would not interrupt his weekend academic pursuits. He took a study break once, just long enough to erect the Naley wall of death. His love of plebes helped lead to the demise of plebe indoc. RDP, MPJ

**Dana Andrew Nelson**
**Clinton, Connecticut**
**Nuclear Power Submarines**

A young Spaz Nelson arrived a little boy, already sweating. After surviving Ventoso's feet and life with BHP, he moved up to become a 2 year veteran of the Crumb. His major accomplishment youngster year was his record setting 99.8% in the Rack-a-thon. Fletch idolizer. I'll be at Villanova...I think I love her. Mistake, scratch that. I didn't do well, I only got a 98. Master of the obvious. Annoying man. Can we please go to formation now? "Don't mince your words, give it to me straight, don't leave me hanging by a thread, Johnny." Listen to this great song by Neil Young. Hey, look guys! I've got a piece of gum on my leg. He met Joan and bells started ringing? The steps of McGarvey's will never be the same. And neither will he, thanks to the Eggmen. Later--CTJ WPC JSB

**Robert Louis Osvold**
**San Diego, California**
**Marine Corps**

I am Oz, the great and powerful! "Lemme know if you need some party favors, okay guys? By the way, would you take my sister out?" "But sir, I was out in the parking lot!" Late nights at Cignel after parties with the Johnnies? Hey, neat c.d.! "Hey Mike, you're not using your car this weekend. Thanks." 5th company botched inquisitions; the yellow brick road to (Mess Night) freedom! Sorry Cat, wish you'd made it. I think I'm gonna swim this year--NOT! Thanks for the times, Javelin--good, bad, whatever! I think he dated every waitress in town at least once--at the same time! I left my Visa card in Miramar--or was it Harry Browns--or Griffins? C'mon Bob, we're leaving--Wait, I'll take the red one! (Bobster!) No REALLY--why'd you shave your head? How'd all these miles get on my car? And I didn't get all these parking tickets! Thanks for the times, ma nappy __! Ooh Rah? CTJ TLR JIT PKE

**Ronald Dale Poe**
**Lamar, Missouri**
**Marine Corps**

RD,BHP,(suppo O)came to USNA straight from civ college (Y?) cuz he longed to see uniforms on a daily basis. Plebe year was fun under the tutelage of TCS, Newt,& Feducrack. RD persevered though and shed his weak link sign. After earning dolphins 3/C cruise,RD sadly left the slime & Marty to room witha brownie who he convinced 2 B a ESP (Nice bilge)! Freed from pleebage, RD flamed harder than the 2/C and was a terror army week (BANG). 2/C year brought late nights,gold wings, Marty Nelson & his red pen, a Mormon, & RD's fav subj EE. 1/C brought EE364 to reinforce what he missed playing SMACK bingo, Maureen, a phone,the Corps(not Nuclear), & a double major in ESP & ATU. Besides his great studying habits-getting up early (NOT!), Ron supplied the eggmen and Spaz with EVERYTHING. RD I know you'll do well, you are an outstanding person & friend thanks 4 all esp the memories. Where's my cookies? HAV JIT

**Thomas L. Rosario**
**Severn, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

A man of credentials, Thom was another member of the create-a-civilian bunch. Surprise upperclass visits ended his plebe stereo stint. The Troll became a terror on the lacrosse fields, known for hitting rather than stickwork. Reconstructive knee surgery forced him to develop other methods of relieving stress and tension. Unfortunately for Thom, the conduct system wasn't very tolerant of the avenues he decided to explore. Why did that young lady just insult the company officer? Unfortunately, Thom had plenty of time to let his knee heal. Daily room inspections w/ Cat and late night eca's in B-more were typical. Charge it--drinks were on him and Dibbon 2/C summer. A surprise depantsing & 2 day Smoke Hall visit before R.D. welcomed him to 5. Surprise package 7Mar-91? Sleep? Not Thom. No more parties at my mom's house y'all! Good luck Tiny, my b----. "Sammy B"

**Daniel James Sander**
**Cincinnati, Ohio**
**Surface Warfare**

Dan, aka slick arrived with the impression that Cincy's Reds and Bengals rule the sports world. Well, the Reds maybe. Come - arounds with Demel, Black 'n Decker, "dude what are you doing!?!" "What's the menu for this desk?" Kiehl's four horsemen. Rooming with Catman. "Hey, sport, why don't you get off your lazy butt and get it yourself? Is that too tough, ace?" "Ball cap?! You mean cammy cover, right!" After the Petra Concert. The Prelude, ahh hmm. Kules look alike. The sombrero and half of Casey's stereo. Donna; see no evil, hear no evil. Firstie mate-o-deck. Tickets, tickets. The MCPON as he was affectionately known was the master of work efficiency, minimum work in minumum time. Also a connoisseur of fine racking, he and his roommates lived by the creed "well rested, well rested". To a great friend, all the best of luck. See ya in LA. SMZ, Duck

**Jon Isaac Thiessen, Jr.**
**Littleton, Colorado**
**Surface Warfare**

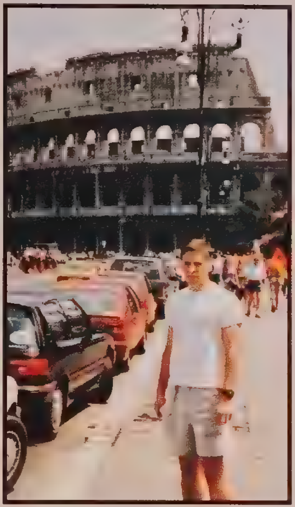
Thieslime came to us from the icy peaks of Colorado and the Mile high city (he never would have made it if it were a mile and a half). Actually, one never knew exactly where the nomadic Thieslime clan was from. They migrated from Denver, to Phoenix to Minneapolis while Jonny was a midshipman. Home being so far, Jon had some of his best weekends at the Burkhart's (the B's) house, and at Greenwich Village bars and comedy clubs (where he spent $92), but nothing transcended his love of skiing. During his stay, Jon has watched 6 roommates leave (among the 17 lost since I-day). His room was always Grand Central Station because either TC was by to debate some point of faith or everybody else was by to use the comp sci major's apple, on which Jon would type his classmates papers (just a small example of his generous nature). Jon asked for a foreign port, and he got one;Jersey. God speed. TCC

**Harold A. Viado**
**Charleston, South Carolina**
**Surface Warfare**

HAV, Spanky, V, Video, Hank came to the Boat School from Charleston, although some would argue that he never left. After NAPS, Hank hit plebe year head on and even became plebe company commander. Youngster cruise found Hank in Charleston (what a shock), where he learned exactly what the word "tender" means in destroyer tender. Youngster year brought further academic challenges, and the constant need to write/call that confusing one-time X known to most of us as LD. Second class year found Hank walking the engineering tightrope, but he survived relatively unscathed (just a few weekends missed). First class year academics put serious demands on Hank's time, but he always found time for his following in town. Thanks for everything. You've been a great friend. You got that ship you always wanted, which is only fair after having to live with me for the last three years. RDP

**Samuel E. Walker, Jr.**
**Hampton, Virginia**
**Marine Corps**

Straight Outta Hampton! "Hey man, can I tape an album?" Plebe year was colorful with create-a-civilians, listening to Guns and Roses through the shower speaker and playing every defensive position on the 150's team! It was then that Sammy B was adopted by his new-found (psychopathic) sponsor. (Yipe!) Sea Legs then went sailing (with Ralph and Earl) and off to P.I. (Remember her?) After two years with the family, (Hey Thom, do you know a girl named Kelly?) he moved on to Bulldog where they decided that he should go to Gitmo! "Hey Mister--Wanna buy a diamond?" When 8 p.m. rolled around, B.B. was sweating bullets thinking that the Corps billets would be gone-- Hey chicken legs, do something about those calloused feet, wouldja? If the cat and the dog are on the couch, where is the cat? "Uhhmmmm, I uh, I dunno." Stay pumped, Mr. Big Stuff--Semper Fi, and good luck to you in the future! TLR



**Steven Martin Zip**
**Perry, Florida**
**Surface Warfare**

Z-I-P in full effect! To know Steve is to know his rack. Steve operated on the principle that if you sleep 12 hours a day, you get your degree in two years. Zip just wants to have fun. I'm testing my lungs for bowtie pasta salad. It just doesn't matter. Milli Vanilli rules. D&B goes the way of the Dodo. Kiehl-haul inspections. Picking a major was easier the second time - riding the bull! Some Frenchman's got your wallet. Strawberry Swirl. Life with Yutz. The Guidomobile. Vanilla Ice. Daytona Beach ragdoll. Busting a move at Quigley's. Bean headaches. Stealth Firstie; out at Phyllis'. Babyface?? Keith Stench??? Live and die with the Seminoles. We're going back to Cali, my friend. Swo-daddies till the end. You're the best friend a guy could have. Good luck in the fleet--but of course, we won't need it. MCPON, Duck

# VI COMPANY

**Michael Christopher Averna**
**McLean, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

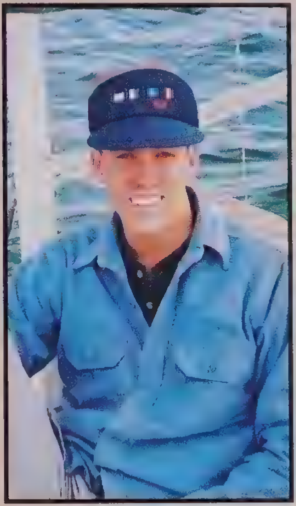
Nothing compares to showing up at this hallowed institution with huge footsteps to follow. But Mike soon realized that he could make his own trail of footsteps, a more interesting trail. Only a nut would wildman, knowing that a come around with the B.C. would soon follow. At least Mikey can honestly say that he had a real plebe year, a little more "real" than most. With plebe year over, Vern moved on to develop himself as a "midshipman." He met the girl that he would spend his life with... and dumped her! He coined the everlasting line, "have you ever..." Mike finally completed his 4 years of training here, during which he learned that buckets of water could have a MAJOR EFFECT. Vern has learned a lot (who says that negative leadership doesn't work?) and he'll go far in the fleet. Remember, there had better be a chapter entitled, BONEHEAD

**Craig Philip Barnett**
**Phoenix, Arizona**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

I searched a Betty Crocker book without success to find a certain dish, and said,"I wish, that I could find the recipe to make the perfect friend. I'll try my own and wait and see what comes out in the end." A pinch of salt a dash of red, a little touch of paisley; nothing too plain, and none too dull, but just a little crazy. I threw in parts of Africa and then some Arizona; some scuba stuff, a do-rag and a little grey Toyota. The best of Bible verses had come down from off the shelf: Eccl. chapter 4, verses 9 to 12. The entire body had been formed with hardly any spill; it couldn't sing, but it could dance and man could this thing drill. A scholar athlete dressed to kill, extremely debonair. Not a thing of style he lacked, except, of course, his hair. From God I'm sure this friend has come, none like him anywhere, and last of all, on the 4th, he chose Marine Corps Air.

**Ferdinand B. Beredo**
**Orlando, Florida**
**Supply Corps**

Fred came to the Naval Academy from NAPS. During Plebe Summer, Fred, from time to time, would take one another name, Harris. Early in his first major, Fred decided that building ships would not make him the Tycoon type. Thus Fred became an Econ-Ranger. In his final semester at USNA, Fred moved to the front of the company after eating dust for years in drill. Fred would find his way into the skies only to find his way down by silk. As a sports enthusiast, Fred tried many sports, but his favorite was explaining how blackshoes made a football team. Fred enjoyed going to sea. In fact, he liked it so much, he went supply. In the future, with his ability to make a quick deal and motto "pull for America!", Fred will make a fine Naval officer. Good luck Fred.-JAL



**Parrish Muscoe Boulware**
**Tavares, Florida**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

P-Parnishimo,Boulwarian,Piranha-always had the best luck- totals car in rainy Fla (surfboards unscratched)-killed the Mercedes-USMC(Buckley/Rich)-Ocean E(not!) Oceano-writing entire papers after midnight- always the party animal-3/c dining-in, Ring Dance and impromptu date-Katie(SB at Todd's)-2 women at the tailgater-Never afraid to hit a hole in one on the golf course- Credit? No Problem! Nice guys finish last til 1st Sem. 1/c Yr. and Suzanne-Care packages til graduation-always a little short on funds-but managed to make ends meet-never one to hesitate on a decision-Serv. Sel.,weekend plans,what to wear,where to go-We will never forget the 3-man-Stereo control amendments-immaculate room standards-cooking with P-Your luck can only get better. SURF HARD and good luck. Parnish,"Your order's ready" Keep searching for the perfect wave--it's out there. Bone and Dutch

**William J. Dey**
**Avon, New Jersey**
**Navy Pilot**

Bill came to us via exit 8. He lived w/ a crazed Texan and a babblin' Cajun. Bly vanished Plb Yr. w/ a soccer ball in hand. Sighted at a Buckley PT, he returned to 8-1 via 3/c stairs; he would no longer be inviso-Plb. 3/C yr,Bly helped found the Tri- Slamdas. "Prude" describes BROs ties before 1/C yr. He futilely pursued the ghost and then a gorgeous Towson girl. Her check list was too much for CAPT Bly's low morals. She did bring out the puppy-dog in him --from awkward goodbyes to rushing back from O.C., Bill was never so intimidated. Across T-Court he found the right girl. She mastered the puppy and brought out the Big Dog. The Jeep will age on trips to N.O.--or Tucson BWB was a lover and a fighter (sparring w/his 3 best friends and the Guadala's DJ).We understand Mr. Dey; it runs in the family. For the good times we had and the ones yet to share, we wish you the best of luck--D,Mill,G

**Michael D. Doherty**
**Glastonbury, Connecticut**
**Navy Pilot**

Stocky Dogs came from G-bury to the Bay area to sample some crabs... w/ his temp watch and b-ball glove in hand, a crying girlfriend in tow... soon, all three didn't matter. He then suckered in friends through his sponsors fridge. A man whose day-to-day life is made of lists, this one's for you D:
* Get closer with CO: CH, JT, SU
* Refine eye-gouge technique
* Entertain Debbie downtown
* Install toilet in bedroom
* Let go the anchor with Kathi
* Drink beer from bottle w/out arousing friends
* Workout with Smitty on restr
* Compliment Wendy on shampoo
* See girlfriend's roommate
* Buy razor - visit MaryAnne
* Go SNA - Nuc option axed
- Stay in touch with us
Mike, the USNA list is almost complete; we can count on you to finish it. We've shared many good times... glad we could be there for the worst. We always will be -- GT, Mill, Bly

**Peter Stuart Egeli**
**Drayden, Maryland**
**Navy Pilot**

Stu came to USNA from a boys boarding school, USMC, and finally NAPS; thus, he became one of the most overqualified plebe Co. Cdr's that has ever entered Bancroft (it didn't hurt that he knew the Big Cheeses). Despite becoming a PolSci. stud 3/c year, he continued achieving on the Dingy Team, and became permanent Co. Honor Rep. for his classmates. Most would have settled for these achievements alone. But Stu worked hard and earned BC for his class 2/c year, when he met "her" on that summer's cruise. His whole outlook changed, and he settled for 1st Batt. Cdr. his 1/c year instead of BC again. Stu finally got Navy air for service selection and tied the knot with his best RIO. He will best be remembered for his "Keg & Hot Tub" bashes chez Egeli, his ability to get along with anyone, and his fun, even-keeled approach to life. --VERN

**Timothy E. Flecker**
**Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**
**Navy Pilot**

Fleck.Flecker. Get it? In an hour! Back! Dice. Iron City. Body by Tim. Shari. Nothin' like a nice...! John Carroll & gang. Shotgun. Chicken Ruths. Chill Clarke. Steelers. Buckwheat. Trouble in Paradise. Late from Europe. Hey let's make a Cellar Run! Mary-Land. Oh, hello. Barposition. Moneyscammin'. Dat's my beer! You Dummy!! Pirates. Live Entertainment Virgin.Where am I? Brillo. Huff at Ocean City. Jules. Catholic & 6th. Kitty's. Times. Sprinkler at Mr. Egan's. Colorado. Maggies. Bananas. Camcorders and Beer Postulates. Officer, I don't know where are my shoes?Boston.Texas. Penquins. Assateague / Radisson. Oceania. Menz. Oh-Lym-Pia! Da-da. Da-da. Stu's. Don't throw things out the window! 2x4000.T-giving USNA style. Bullet? Harry's. Flipp's. 4yrs of Wierdo. Pitt.Damn X. Hi, Crosley or is it McNeil? Concussion at Xmas.I wanna be a pilot! Well, did you study to be a pilot? Fly or Die! EJ&Weird.

**John Francis Goodpaster III**
**Hutchinson, Kansas**
**Intelligence**

This farmboy had a strong attraction early in his career that gave a new use for Honor Guard. What an idiot. He thought about dropping the whole thing, but now he can't wait for June. He just wishes that he would not be woken up or interrupted during movie time. But he loves his maid service, and the cooking is superb. Those camping trips are just too long without a shower and all. It was ok when he had no hair, but now that he can't go Marines, his hair is back and he's getting chubby. And what about that nasty scar thanks to the Muckmonster!? And we can't forget our wonderful dog and faithful friend, now only a bubble eyed Bubba. After that knee surgery due to wrestling, his PT isn't up to par. But he is such an intramural stud -- he has so many talents. Don't forget about the Ring Dance and the fun romp in Baltimore. And when he met Patty, he became a better man. Patty

**Stacia Niles Johnson**
**Gainesville, Florida**
**Supply Corps**

Stacia 'Cha-Cha' Johnson came to USNA from Gatorland via Peddie. "Does it look like I went to a military prep school?" Were Sanders and Gardogs efforts fruitful? Time will tell. Neil Armstrong, a wrestler,sir! 3/c yr Stacia found a new beverage,no drinking problem-Russia is BIG! Road trip, Mitch scared those burglars! You thought Liz's Beau had a big nose, well you found your match! Stacia left her mark on the walls of Lejuene and all other pools as NCAA 3m Champ, Bancroft too, holding the record for being the biggest fry magnet fried even when she wasn't doing anything wrong! We did take adv of being varsity athletes, Coach how's off campus housing for the divers coming? Stacia made the only natural choice with Supply, Is this processsed cheese? Fmids we know our candy machines-I like this whole row! You have always been able to lift my spirits and drag a laugh, You are special to me! MMM

**Jennifer Lynne Lasswell**
**Vienna, Virginia**
**Naval Flight Officer**

J.L. came to us from Vienna hoping to take USNA by storm.She rowed her way thru 4 years here and earned her letter 3/c year. The rest of 3/c year was out of control-pink lemonade parties, a funnel and a dip with a side of spaghetti, the "6-packs" last hurrah with SC-we could go on forever!Then HE came into your life to liven up your bus rides and the rest of the year. On the down side, even Jen's diplomatic skills failed 2/c year when her name showed up in her(?) journal.UGH! We wonder how she'll manage at flight school? FLIGHT SCHOOL? You don't even like to fly on commercial planes! But at least you'll be getting that extra pay to support your previously suppressed(just ask Visa/MC/AMEX)champagne tastes. How ironic that soon you too will feel the need to say "Heads up!" We GURL's on the ground will be praying for you! We love you, bossie! NM & JMT

**James A. Lewis**
**New Orleans, Louisiana**
**Surface Warfare**

After playing offensive line at Naps, the Lurch came to 31 with a positive attitude. Football was not everything. After all, he was the state spelling bee champion. Just by noticing his profile, one could tell he is pretty strong. He was so strong that he impressed everyone during sword practice. This intimidating fellow, known to anyone who plays fieldball, is as friendly as anyone can be. By looking at his library collection, one could assume that his knowledge of women is unsurpassed. He loves sunbathing on Red Beach but for him there is nothing more satisfying than a snicker's bar. He will make a fine officer some day, even though he likes to wear his classmate's underwear. A true sailor of the Atlantic, he will go on to sail the seven seas and become a legend in his own time.

**Todd Alan Masters**
**Boca Raton, Florida**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

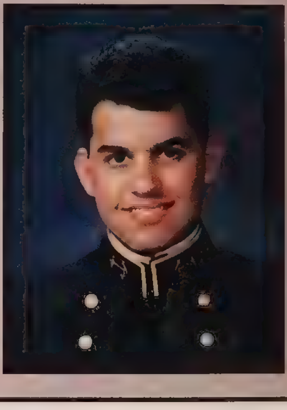
It's Howdy-Doody time, but we must figure out is Jill his girlfriend or sis. We think the latter, because he became thoroughly whipped by a woman named Katie. Shmoo left us in the final sem. and headed for bigger, or so he told the Adm. Departing every WE for CUA in the UAV (Corsica), Toad can be summed up in 3 words-Kitties, Smiths, Gap. Bly found out how alive Todd was, after their disagreement over cheesecake. Dutch opened his house to us over spring b., and disco did we. The youngn of the Co. continued to claim celibacy, we think not by choice. Todd was a secret winner w/ the ladies-night in the Bay, Nikki-nowords, bar propositions; it has to be the do. Even as the great politician, Todd is going on to be a fine eng. in the Nuke navy. We'll miss the surfer from Fla., hair and all. P.B. & J.M.

**Kyle Alden Menzel**
**Milwaukee, Wisconsin**
**Medical Corps**

Kyle, a.k.a. Lemonhead, was transplanted in Annapolis from the great state (according to him) of Wisconsin. Plebe Summer was a busy one, whether he was creating new basic responses (Give me a minute, sir, it'll come to me), or racing Chill. Although track took up valuable Plebe Year time, Kyle was always able to clean his con. locker before room formals. Life as a youngster was much less stressful; Kyle could even use all of Bancroft's ladders. Although the Buckster accused him of being a a little weird, Kyle proved to be a true ladies man, scoring at the Special Olympics. After a short affair 2/C year (uhh..watchout ..oops!), Kyle finally met the love of his life, thanks to his mom (the ring is coming, I can feel it!). 1/C summer, Kyle made quite an impact on the aviation community at Oceana, even though he doesn't remember why. Medical Corps was the right choice; see you at Bethesda, Doc. SEP & TAM

**Scott M. Miller**
**Mesa, Arizona**
**Surface Warfare**

Traveling 400,000 mi from Mesa, Scott arrived at USNA naive and innocent; a mama's boy with a hometown girl. After the departure of his dearest friend, Nathan, he became intimately aware of sports and geography w/ help from Chill and Timmy. Herndon was not quite as important as winning the Miller Olympics, but recall the celebration --3 shots=1beer. Gained stripe-lost innocence (6000,Calc IIIx2, 4AcBds) Prior to Ring Dance, Mill met his "Last-Call-Love", she always kept the avg up. No AcBrd #5 and CalcIII only once more. B-Days & Holidays brought the best out:a tough guy (beating up rmmate, smashing bottles, getting kicked out of Harrys, Middletons), Mr. Sentimental (singing teddy bear), & Poet (verses to Jess, K.B., Alicia & Bill). 3-sip Miller - through all of the tough times, you were able to keep our spirits high and times enjoyable. We wish you the best on the KC. -G, Bly, & D



**Jerod Lee Morris**
**Wells, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

Jed.. That's your first name?!? Jed!?! -Childs ... Sound off Morris! "I'll get you, you sckwewee wabbit!" -Nyland ... Such was his Plebe year. He came to USNA from Wells, Texas and blessed his upperclass with hours of amusement at squad tables with his "good-ole-boy" accent. But his perseverance ("stubborn as a mule" comes to mind) helped him through many a tough time. Youngster year saw 3/c Bone enjoying his new membership in the Bancroft Hall SIX PACK. With the other sex. Harris described him as the "little Wells casanova": Daryl, Bets... With his OcEng major, Jedly proudly sponsored Folgers and US Tobacco. To pass time, he began self-induced fiddling lessons 1/c year. If you've ever met him, you know your dealing with a true Texan. See ya in the fleet... GO SWO! --VERN

**Xuan Duyet Muck**
**Chula Vista, California**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

On a dark summer day, Maryland was taken by storm. A Tasmanian devil blew in from the land of fruits and nuts and he fit in both categories. Joey was the loudest plebe with a messed up smile. He survived Chill, a backwards name, and two crazy roommates. While relaxing youngster year, he received a knock that he will never forget. It was a wonderful time when we partied, it's too bad that we can't remember much of it. Then came second class year and a steady girl at American. She was some catch; too bad you can't remember ring dance either. Try to not jump on beds or skip down Baltimore. It's finally time that the lightweight got his sweater. Now the lonely boy has sold his soul for a few lousy dollars. I will always remember our last year together - the rumbles in the room and the crazy drive back from the Red-Light district, but don't try this again. jfg

**Nicole Myslinski**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Nothing's been easy for Nicole here at this paradise on the bay. Failing to get into USNA, the first time she was crazy enough to try again after a year at UMCP. That extra year was enough to provide her with the best leadership examples ever to come out of USNA. After a summer of living on the Cape Crud and streaking the sides of her YP, Nicole enjoyed 3/C year too much and had to do some fast talking on 4-1 to avoid an extended vacation. After that severe dose of reality, Nicole redefined the words 'sweat' and 'model midn.' 2/C year brought a trip to Europe, a new company, an "interesting roomate," and an end to crew. Finally 1/C year arrived, but instead of relaxing, Nicole was busy shining her new diamond, brainwashing her fiance's parents, and avoiding senioritis. Seriously, Nicole is a fantastic person, and I will never leave her side. Congrats Nicole. You did it!-DJH

**Cory R. Ondrejka**
**Milwaukee, Wisconsin**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Cory Critter Ondrejka -Double Major-Computer Guru-Friend. Roommates:EJ, Sloth, Paddy, Barns, Vern, Nikki, Jen, mostly Sloth. 4/c: Out of Order Sign, Digital Sound System, X rated E-mail. 3/c: Dolphins and Boomer pin on the Laughalot, Cooking with Pam, Stump Ball, E-mail matchmaker, Comp Sci all nighters, Party at Visco's, "Nothing Compares to You" at the Econolodge, Scamming Meg and Amy with Slammer. 2/c: Mono, Living with Meg, Retire Scirocco, Hello CRX, CRX meets tree, Safety message and supplies from Mom, Ledge and Roof parties, Hello Nikki, Sexy 6000, No Spring Break or Easter, Vern says "He's mentally unstable!" 1/c: $1500 to live with Nik, NSGA and PAX, Hello and Thanks Jen, Nik on the Rocks, Goodbye Nik, Hello Nik, Goodbye Nik...SAGA,
High Rise and Wet 5000 with EJ Weird Vern Fleck, Cellular Phone, Go NUKE!, "Dad, I'll pay you later!" Beej

**Sean Edmond Parker**
**Asheville, North Carolina**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Giraffe came to us from the booming metropolis of Asheville, which boasts more schools than Miami, FL-not! Sean loved it here! Drinking with 1/c & calling them by first name-"You know what you did Parker." According to Sean, he was a purebread stud & all the ladies loved him. But even with his fresh new A/N cut, plebe year brought him no success. With goober in hand & a few new moves from the Hammer, no girl stood a chance 3/c year. Whoa-almost lost you young Skywalker! Now he makes his weekly hadj to Hood to see his true love-"My love is a rock...I wuv you!" He even took her on a romantic sailboat ride where the moon could be seen over the bow. Who will ever forget Howdy Doody time, "get the goatskin Willie", the octopus, people pillows, milk & rice, and a fun-filled A/N bus ride. And no Sean, white works is not the uniform of the day! You've been a good friend good luck in the future. KAM

**Robert William Patrick, Jr.**
**Wakefield, Massachusetts**
**Naval Flight Officer**

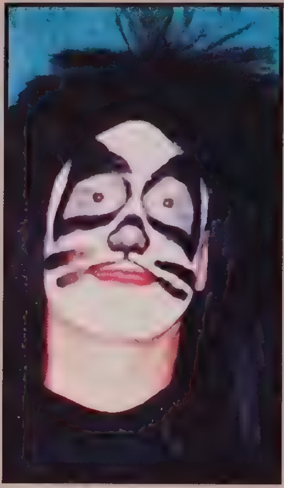
Phillips to plebe summer, Mountain Dew incident, permagrin. 4/c: "I don't want to live with Mr. Sloth", letters, central sound, Squash plebe. Bellview via convertible-put up the top, interns, parties, bathtubs and our B-word. Gungy summer, Nassau, Marines, jump-school. 3/c: survived Russia-no PT, missed day of infamy and plane to T'giv, got out of lab went to history, Army week fun, Rent-A-Cops? NOT! Brig and hangin' out till 24th, 2nd sem: roomed with Hammer, went to N.O. for break, scrodgeparty, Garce's and Book-it. 2/c: back with J. on 3-4, ledge parties, parties at Slam's. 2nd sem: Ring Dance with the boys, on the boat, some SC, ice in the AF and incredible women - we did good! He summered in France, nice beard, then to Ike. 1/c: 3 stripes for squash! Lost JSH. Rob became best man for our best man. 2nd sem: Dream realized. Fly high Rob - SDS

**Jose Luis Porrata**
**Tampa, Florida**
**Surface Warfare**

Pepe joined us at USNA from Florida after a stop in Newport. We quickly realized he had a clue and continually looked to him for guidance. As the gang began to spread out, Pepe was always in the thick of it. He joined us at all the fine establishments such as Catholic, Loyola, the Scrodge Lodge, and Stu's many bashes. He will be remembered for having a bad case of "the snake" which turned out to be very profitable (UVA Karen, Lori, etc.) He will also be known as the man who needs his sleep and taking long, long elevator rides after tailgaters. He was rewarded for his responsibility with a few stripes. He has also been our link to the Burrows, our home away from home. Pepe heads to San Diego for the only reason that matters. We wish him luck in the future. -RWP

**Edward F. Rapp**
**St. Louis, Missouri**
**Navy Pilot**

Edweird Filer Rack.Future Sec. of Treasury-first, balance your checkbook. A true sailor a girl in every port.JMAM. Liberal music, conservative underwear. Chasin' afta that Cancun crush. Industrial strength. Random. Imagination running wild. Time is money. St. Johns-Ladder accidents. Cellar runs-busted eardrum to U2. Do you have your ID? Common Sense factor 0. Why study when I'll get an 'A' anyway? Tardiness and waterfalls. How was your T-giving? Randomwoman in Boston. How fast did you go on the Autobahn? Attacked by Nicole's dog. Stuffing roommates cat-.Kare&Loyola. Turning on scam mode-Gettysburg. Drink much? NOT! Moto.Homecoming BP. Judo. Gators. The Tomb-Wake Forest chicks. Oh-lym-pia! Da-da,da-da.Met w/John Cocktoson. It's great. PAIN!! Shutup Ed - Never send the same Valentines to all of your girlfriends and tell them. Fly or die!EJ/Fleck



**Mark Alan Sexton**
**Newberry, South Carolina**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

The clueless wonder, came to USNA as quite a pilot wanna-be. Mark-Mark was always the Philosopher. His beliefs were often quite beyond us. He became a politician, but is an aero.eng. at heart. Sexton, had been guided by his Cajun roomy plebe year, who frequented the closet & shower, until Kracht took over the reins. Mark was unguided in the ways of the world, as his roomies taught him to shave. His mom laid out his clothes, till USNA took over and he learned about waist sizes and washing clothes. We thought airborne was just a stage, but he found his place in the Corps. Pot always aspired to better & higher, so a pilot he will be. Neg. leadership does work, he'll no longer have to sue his legs for lack of support. Mark never give up your philosophy, you will profit in the end. Once a Marine always a Marine. P.B. & J.M.

**Gardner T. Smith**
**Canandaigua, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

GT, a scrawny kid from Canasomething, faced an uphill battle from the start-being an outcast in his room Plebe Summer. For his donut eating finger, ET made his mark even as invisopleb He made another as Brigade lover boy-by his standards, a kiss, he has gone out with many--Cheryl, CNN poll, mom, schwartz...His ladies were of both extremes: a stay at C.U's last resort, a H20 skiing island adventure, the ghost thats still pure and G-burg saint is “d---straight” Being a casanova GT knows how to make a girl's B-day special. Also an academic stud, finally over 2.0 and 6 bouts w/Ac-Bds things started to smooth out-Steve's hallway is clean, anchor man is not a reality and Sustacal is working wonders. We are betting on Money, no last second loss to Army. Mt. Whitney better beware, He ain't afraid. The four yrs together were the best. We can't wait to start the party all over again- Dogs, Mill & Bly

**Samuel Douglas Snow**
**Manassas, Virginia**
**Marine Corps**

Slammer graced us with his dancing moves after a brief stop in Marion, Alabama. After an eventful plebe year (Chick and Ruth's, the sink?), commissioning week (toothpaste on his neck?), Slammer had an enjoyable time at the Miramar O-Club (in the parking lot.) When our resident yachtsman decided that he liked liberty more than Bancroft, he dumped his computer for history books. He then engrossed himself in the many necessary parties at the Scrodge, Stu's, and 6-1. Snow, Do you know where your roommates are?- Capt. B. He bounced back to Spring Break in Colorado where he found the bonus plan: a ring dance date and a future wife. For Ring Dance, Slammer stood watch at the con, in the f.f. and the a.f. Slammer cruised through 1/c year with a sweet car and a phone attached to his ear. We will miss the Slam man but the Marine Corps will get a great banker.-RWP

**Erik J. Stohlmann**
**Ft. Worth, Texas**
**Naval Flight Officer**

EJ, E, Stool-e-man, from the backward state of Texas. Gave up the Olympics to play Navy Soccer. Inviso. Are you in this company?3/CFri nights at Cellar. USCGA demerits record. Rugby. Civies at A/N game. Scammin' roomies - Lizard lips, Mel, Covergirl, CUA- Kitty's & Times, Jen W,Namesake+A,Tailor? Road trip to Boston. Breckinridge, Maggies-lawyer,spinnin' Jones on shoulder, SoupDrags, HollyHobby, Rude! Psycho-from ..! Too Many Passing the cube.Noel, H.S.love? Cliff-hanging w/ slammer in Waco. 1/C cruise in Norway-99 Luftballoon ski resort manager. 1/C year brings restriction monsters, Quater Nites at the Cellar, Jimmy for Supra, Hari's happy hours. Barmaid & WV-friends? Get Some! Mysterious camping weekends & good times at A/N. Musical roomies at Loyola-Len.Negative! Never forget-a stagnant beer is my beer! Oh-Lym-Pia!Da-Da,Da-Da. Fly or Die - Weirdo and Fleck

**Bernard Joseph Strouth**
**Plankington, South Dakota**
**Interservice Transfer**

Plebedom: Via NAPS and big $$//then Chill hit//Patti and Critter// Sloth dodging all-calls and dumping the illiterate one//Sloth pause and chow calls in the head//Year dragged 'till cradle robbing, stereo sound, digital library, and x-rated NATS//Charleston 6 days underway. 3/C:Morning PT// Stereo too loud, stump ball and full-contact B-Ball//CS Allnighters//4am meaning of life arguments//2nd semester with Critter, Vern, Prof Chi, and redecorating Scrodge parking lot//Sorry 'bout the shoulder and off to 2/c summer with Al Glinney (JH)//Surviving the cellar//How far are the YPs? 2/c:Critter taxi 'till CRX remodeling//Pushing academic envelope//Xtra roommates//Scandals// Selling your sole and Ring Dance //Summer validation and Oceana-College Park commute.

1/c:Land speed records//Cellar trips//Early to O-Club//Air Farce?! Kick Mule in the Wild Blue! Your friend, Critter

**Jennifer Marie Traum**
**Clearwater, Florida**
**General Unrestricted Line**

J.T. came to the Academy after a 12 month vacation at U.Miami. She quickly turned USNA into Hotel Bancroft inviting special guests from her old stomping grounds. In her quest for the ultimate man, she raged hard thru Herndon. After piping down the watch & civilian clothes, who could top commissioning week 89? Jen sailed & trampolined her way through youngster year. After a brief stop on 50 back from a trip to the cellar, she travelled with the rest of the gang to S.C. How did you make YOUR plane at Thanksgiving? In a new company, Jen got c.c. and a few stripes for her efforts. She then ran around D.C. one Sunday with 2 fellow crazies. So many changes...tossing and turning(She's still got the light on?)...Melissa Etheridge..."I like my freedom!" She's a WHAT? (Hardee's will miss her, not I)...X-mas 92', new surprises. We love you, Trauma. Smiles to those we'll meet in Jamaica! JLL & RWP

**John Howard Adair II**
**Baltimore, Maryland**
**Naval Flight Officer**

You have been the person that has had the greatest impact on me during my time here at the Academy. Through the last four years, all of the ups and downs, the marching tours, the friends that didn't make it, and the seemingly endless hours of labor spent in order to reach graduation, you have always proved to be a true friend. You could always be counted on to help me when I was in trouble and have always brought out humor during the most frustrating times. I'll skip the normal format of these messages by simply saying thankyou. I am a better person having known you, and you are missed already. P.S. Your feet are still pootinky. Good Luck BOZ

**George Richard Arnold II**
**Enterprise, Alabama**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

"Ran into a chum with a bottle of rum and we wound up drinking all night. " Rich is the best friend a guy could ever have-even when life became a little interesting. We climbed a mountain for a girl in North Carolina. Then cam ERF and LEI. What a wall!! Next came San Antonio and our good friends Jose and Pepe. Charades were great! Florida came and brought new friends- particulary H. Beach--What a guy!! You were always good for a laugh-even when you're driving. Next time I'm bringing a helmet!! The three of us made life great. Fair Winds and Following Seas. DHR

**David Eugene Baker**
**Milwuakie, Oregon**
**Marine Corps**

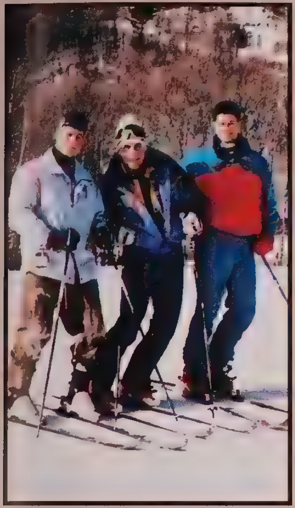
Bakes came to USNA from Milwaukie, Oregon (that's near Portland--the best city west of Chicago). During Plebe year, Bakes distinguished himself behind the scenes by taking care of his roommates: 2 screens and a baggit. He found time to get us through weekly room formals and still found time to be a spearchucker on the track team. During the next two years he tried just about every ECA here and still never managed to start homework before midnight--sometimes never at all. He finally settled in as High Power Rifle President--he really liked weapons (a fact that would make his life a bit difficult). And for a man who loves Ferraris more than life, it is amazing how many assorted vehicles he owned. Bakes, never forget burning Bookie's feet, arguing about nothing until 0430, throwing Skates' rack out the window, taking his lightbulbs, calling Janet sir, and big Brother J. Semper Fi, dude. SRH.

**Joseph R. Baldwin**
**Mobile, Alabama**
**Navy Pilot**

Joe came to USNA not yet wise to the ways of yankees, but quickly adapted. Dubbed "stealth plebe," his elusive presence could be traced by a trail of Bear Claw wrappers. 3/c year brought canoeing, beer, and the "ultimate hat." Joe quickly bloomed into an Honor guru, but still could not be trusted with mom's chocolate chip cookies. 2/C year brought another River Run and "I'm thirsty!" Later, noble Noah was seen sounding out an acting career. Spring break saw snow on the AT, and the razing of a forest to build a campfire. Joe went to Canada. "Can you drive a stick?" "Sure." Alpine stereo, but only one CD. 1/C year meant 4 Honor stripes and a VGEP parking sticker to give the "stealth firstie" a smooth ride into May and some Wings of Gold.

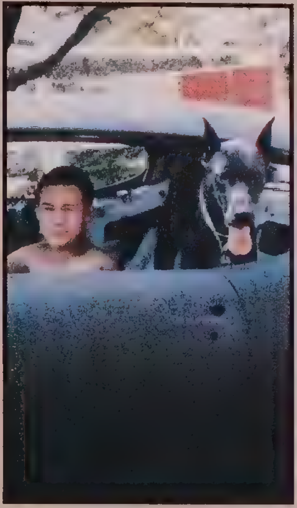
**William Acken Bloszinsky**
**Allentown, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

Leaving his Dutchie friends, Bill enrolled in Navy's Newport FB camp, where he was christened "BOZ" by a bunny eating BAMF. After Black Tuesday, Boz went South where his football career abruptly ended. This plebe had more tours than most rock bands have in their career. His CQPR & BAC hovered somewhere around 1.8. Here's to Baldy. Playgrounds, graveyards and noodles were the hobbies of this youngster. The junior found a new love - Bessie. She never had a chance between his generosity and that dump truck. While most were into G-n-R Boz was into guns and beers with BK. It was only a matter of time before the coconut-blood-clot shot the sheriff and left the land of OZ. As a firstie he had to ruffle the Bird's feathers. Good Luck. THE JOZMAN



**George Peter Botoulas**
**Lake Placid, New York**
**Marine Corps**

Hailing from Lake Placid, New York, where his father is the mayor, Yanos brought entertainment to all of us here at USNA. A legend for EOOW watches, Rotunda bathroom inspections, and a cover filled with various stickers, George went both ways - in 25, he was a conduct case, in 7, the Second class company commander. A true athlete, “Boats,” as some call him, weathered the Z-force an unprecedented two times. Youngster year, he survived a room that got nothing done except at 0200, while balancing lax, academics, beating-on Rich, Max-me, Olson, and fully stocked Restriction parties. “______, Man!” became famous throughout the company as the DARK-skinned Greek’s battle cry. Famous for opening lockers, Yanos will obviously crush in the Corps.; the definition of persistence, George can hang with the best professionally, academically, at the bar and as a friend. WBG

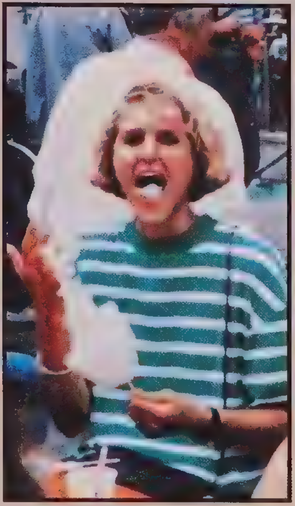


**Clinton James Chlebowski**
**Bridgeport, Connecticut**
**Marine Corps**

Dupa came to the Naval Academy, and brought with him a girlfriend named Boss and a car that will never move. He is famous for sayings such as “I become more aware when I’m asleep”,”I am the great one”,”All hail Dale,” and his favorite pickup line “what’s my name!” When not in class or in the ring,Clint can be found in front of the mirror or in the rack.He has modeled his performance as 7th Company Commander & Co. CMEO rep after his greatest heros Arnold Schwarzenegger, Clint Eastwood, and Mike Tyson. When asked about his last fight his comment was “all I saw was a face and a glove, face and a glove,face and a glove, canvas.” His goal in life is to use his Mech. Eng.degree, which he loved every minute of, by being either a race car mechanic or a mobster.His only comment on the world situation is to Free Poland. P.S. Look out for the cockaroach. We’ll all miss having such a good sport.FGS VES

**William Boardman Graves**
**Milwaukee, Wisconsin**
**Surface Warfare**

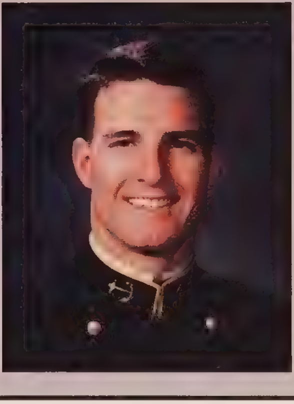
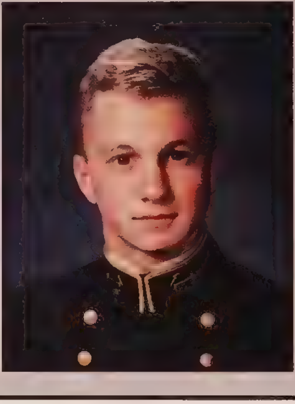
The “Master of Pumping Wind” hails from Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Will or “Swill” as he is affectionately known, is a 2-time All American in inter-collegiate sailing at the academy. He has won as more regattas than he has crews, some of which he may have known too well, but we will forever know Swill as an indominatable spirit in the world of sailing and LSD-’s. The world of the Naval Academy has been a breeze for this 21-year old with one of the fastest mass produced cars; Unfortunately, Will has been unable to enjoy this simple pleasure due to the number of BLACK “N’s” he has required over the years. This was simply another obstacle that was encountered and overcome by this future Surface Warfare Officer who, I know will do great as such and have lots of fun in the meanwhile. “Let’s shred, Dude!” GPB



**Kimberly Raquel Hall**
**Mogadore, Ohio**
**Intelligence**

After N.O., P-Cola etc, there was Virginia Beach- and Shenandoah... some very good and humorous memories. You wanting to sleep in the grass, the hot tub, and don't forget the "Thing." The Jersey beach and picnic weekend. It was fun, and I know you'll have fun anywhere you go. Good luck in the future. -vej

ELVIS
TOUR '88

**Scott Richard Heisler**
**La Crosse, Wisconsin**
**Surface Warfare**

Scott travelled to Annapolis from the Great Sailing State of Wisconsin and the mecca of fine drinking, the town of La Crosse. After overcoming a few minor problems during the beginning of plebe year, Scott settled into his comfort zone with the Offshore Sailing Team. This became the one constant during Scott's four years at the Academy--cars, women, and classes came and went, but sailing always occupied a place in his life. A seasoned SWO seemingly from birth, Scott could often be spied wearing a Salty Dog hat (like his YPRON-10 one) and with an oh-so-stained coffee mug in his hand. His taste in almost all things tended towards the classic--Chuck Taylor's were his shoe of choice and a flat-top was his "do" of choice. New Yorkers may not be prepared for his future exploits on the Island, and the Surface Navy had better be ready to hit warp speed. Good luck with the shares, the ship, your choice, and that wonderful Rolls Royce. Peace, love, and soul...TTW

**Peyton Bradford Hutton**
**Leesburg, Virginia**
**Marine Corps**

Peyton, remember these: Sweating like a water buffalo; B.K. feeding cows; making LOTS of noise before morning crew; crew victories; the incredible foot-eating four wheeler; those disco moves and pre-lunch jams; the blinking joe light; youngster year in the deer-slayer; JB's first drink; the duct tape incident; "all we need is a piece of aluminum"; JW and BK in Cally; Richard the clean comes to town; Shakespeare in Canada with Queen on the way; panic at the toll booth; "I blew it's head clean off"; "you boys want want anymore food?"; Bullfrog Victory; Fieldball defeat/victory; metaphysical discussions past taps; temporary insanity; Company CO. It was a long haul and most of the time a major pain, but you gave us a standard of excellence---even when we were smirking, we were respecting. Take care, future Commandant, We Love You. JRB, WVK, GBR.
P.S. Don't lose touch because of the Green Machine.

**William Vincent Krug Jr.**
**Mentor, Ohio**
**Surface Warfare**

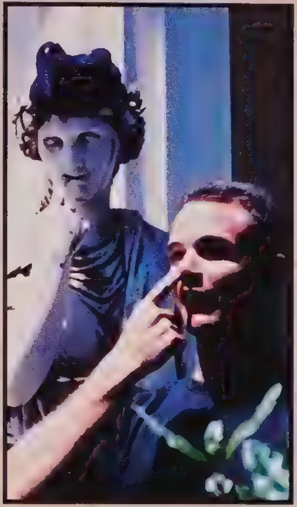
Bill came to heaven on the Severn from the much underrated town of Cleveland, with an innate suspicion of anyone who didn't wear Levi's and flannel shirts, and listen to Led Zeppelin. He soon realized that the Navy was just a stepping stone to bigger and better things, namely being the greatest guitar star in the history of rock and roll. Big Chan brought Bill and I together as roommates in the greatest youngster haven of all, 6-1. Remember the stick ball games, the 12 man cheeses, and Sully? And who could forget the run-in with Officer Friendly while making our first trek to Baltimore. Speaking of Baltimore, what a night with Cheeseburger and Troy. Youngster year also brought the first River Raft and Beer Festival, as well as RODEO in Georgetown. Yanos brought us all fun. Bill's moments of glory include being Condom Man at the Green Turtle, his 21st birthday party (what's that on the tree?), and a kiss at Ring Dance. He's returning to SWO, but not the Mighty Mo. Don't worry, BUDS won't be far away. Anyway, we'll both be garbagemen sooner or later. Thanks for the all the laughs and fun. I think you need to keep drinking John Courage. But, I don't know, sir...GBR

**Christine Ann MacDonald**
**Barrington, Rhode Island**
**Marine Corps**

The experience = the unknown, uncertainty, indecisiveness, no focus, no purpose, confusion, struggles, battles, vulnerable, lessons, up/downs, exposure, opportunities, confidence, purpose, focus... (To 07th, 1992): We came different, Became one, Grew as one, Remained one, Always and Forever...Gained the tools - Now's the time to use them. Who would have guessed USMC? There's no end to the opportunities, Life has not yet begun...So much to experience... At the beginning of the rest... Thank you Mom and Dad for all your Love and Support! You gave me the strength... Thank you all of 07th Company 1992... The Best of the Best! We made it together! "Two paths diverged...that made all the difference."

**Kimberly Anne McIntosh**
**Salisbury, North Carolina**
**Interservice Transfer**

Kim came to USNA from Podunk, NC. "Hi, my name is Kimbo."- Nice accent. Jen, why can't you make your bed? FN broke my nose, Sir. Fountain Flex, Moonshine, A/N Week, Polarbearing, F-2 so much for 6-stripes. Red- No Blonde- No Red. Popcorn Diet, Airborne, wasn't that important. HO's, Sleepless night in P-cola, 7th Co., SD--just friends, huh. Nice bruises! Piles of mail, Inspection?--no swim MO! What lects? NIS--- What TV? B the G. Divorce--- Please settle out of court. My phone (not Jen's), C&D--- no pictures please! A/N?--- Score? SIR- no TFT, T-giving--- I thought roommates don't keep secrets, FIRE!, EE overload, Car takes trip to AZ without you. 199--- go eat a lb., X-mas with MH--- do tell! K an A--- You are Right! My roomie's a Zoomie! 2LT's in 5017, X talks. You are the best sis I could ever ask for. Love Ya! JEN

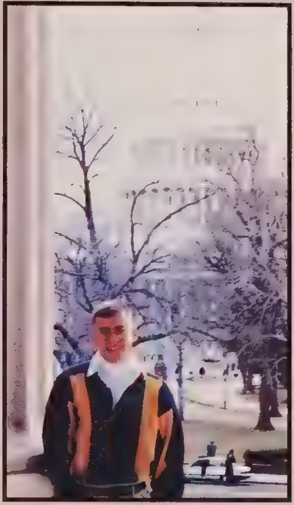


**Sean Erik Naylor**
**Phoenix, Arizona**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

the most gifted underachiever and professional conduct case in the room, u raced from the 100s to 700s+ & grabbed 3 5ks along the way. u gave us a taste for music, and a decadent lifestyle: wine women and song...and beer. u were the true sportsman, from jv pistol mngr to baseball (x2). u rarely studied, but when u did it was something unusual. why live up to your potential when u could sleep or go out; weekends started by weds, even when taping off. your favorite game had to be silly johnson gags. u've had many friends, from shauna, to dissin'jackie and that nice homey who tried to intro u to ben johnson, and wasted time living at her house. we'll hold the memory of your "hair-piece" face dear. u shook the system for all it was worth, and proved u are the best bulldogger around. sorry about burning your hand with blue flame. to the shoulder of the group. MDS BCS. p.s. oog-oog-a-mooshka

**Dudley S. Nichols**
**Starkville, Mississippi**
**Navy Pilot**

In July, 1988, it was off to the Naval Academy for this small town boy. Everyone knows Plebe Year is full of fabulous experiences (a 10m plunge, uniform races, and Black Sunday), not to mention a chance to exchange ideas with America's best and brightest (read Lovejoy, Schrecker, and Brune). Youngster year offered the chance to drift asleep to the lullaby of the B-52's ever popular song. Second class year elicits memories of flying pens, the fine arts, and "THE BILGE". After a few weeks in the penal colony, Steve was ready for the good things in life: money, the ring, and an RX-7. As a first class, Steve came to know the true meaning of life: Bag when you can; No wordperfect, and What happens on Westpac, stays on Westpac. As Steve hits the fleet in all his splendor and glory (NOT!), he is ever watchful of nannies and family trucksters. He can never forget the prison credos: self, self, self and Semper F.I. P.S. SO! Infinity!



**Kristopher E. Perry**
**Frankfort, Kentucky**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Kris arrived at the academy fresh out of high school with a big mouth (and an ego to match) and thoughts of glory which came to a sudden stop with the immortal words "Second squad, plebe hoooo!!" Academic year introduced new obstacles such as academics, food fights, and broken windows. Youngster year brings back memories of blackouts, loud music, and intellectual wardroom conversations. Kris is reminded of second class year by station one, Sheena Easton, and Thanksgiving turkey. He will never forget first class cruise where he met the love of his life (again). However, this one proved to be true and was sealed with a ring. First class year also offered this cheerleader-to-be more liberty, shoulder straps, trench warfare, and a leather jacket. Kris, you have a great future and a friend for life. Never blow out your match, it gets lonely in the dark.

**George Ball Rowell IV**
**Orange, California**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Q.-Stripes, Supe's list, Top Performer? A.-I don't know, but it's not George. Wait, yes it is. Beneath that laid back, care-free exterior is a person of competence and reliability. The first time George saw USNA was after leaving the sun and girls of SoCal, and he has been longing for UCLA ever since. After surviving plebe year with a broken leg and C. Coe, we graduated to 6-1 and survived nightly cheeses and early morning moosh ball. Without breaking too many laws, we actually managed to have a good time. 2/c year was one of changes, namely trying to appear professional and the welcome addition of Yanos to the group. By this time, George's desire to fly for the Marine's had solidified, and despite our best arguments, he went to Bulldog to start that career. As for 1/c year, well, there's nothing left to do but smile, smile, smile. After 4 years, there's nobody I'd rather have around. Always remember: River runs with Brad & Joe; Buechners (5 Fingers!); Greene Turtle & Troy's BMW; 1/c Birthday; And of course: Where is Mr. Griswald's car? Peace, paisan. - WVK

Islamorada 9
Layton 16
Key West 92
NAVY

**Eric Allen Saddler**
**Lancaster, Ohio**
**Navy Pilot**

Eric made his pilgrimage to the Academy from lovely "Lank-ster", Ohio, with one goal in mind--NAVY AIR. After the trials and tribulations plebe year his goals changed slightly; they included getting some rest, doing some hurdling, and NAVY AIR. At the conclusion of a youngster year full of rack and running, Eric ditched track and decided to get down to serious business. All that really mattered was finding the right lady, breaking a few computer game records, the Moonies, and NAVY AIR. During first class year, Eric became interested in getting more involved in the community, enjoying the stretch run, getting "out and about" a little more often (IHA), and...(all together now) NAVY AIR. A dreamer, a doer, a leader, a learner--these are the many facets of the concerned Catholic named Eric Allen Saddler. However, the one who we will always remember the most is Eric THE FRIEND INDEED. May God always be your copilot. Peace, love, and soul...TTW

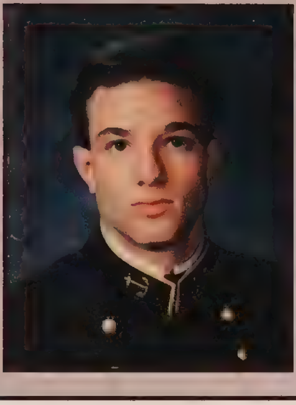
NAVY
64
NAVY
13
NAVY
53
NAVY
67

**Frederick George Schenk**
**Cedarburg, Wisconsin**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Derf(Fred) hails from God's North Forty(Cheeseburg). Our little scientist devoted his Academy life to the pursuit of academic excellence(it helps to be buds with the Profs.). Captain, my captain led his little hogs to weekly victories and a tie. Skipper seems a little heavier now! "Dere Hey" is the only midshipman with more chest trinkets than the Sgt. Mjr. Fred could have been Regimental CDR Plebe Summer, but he bowed to "peer pressure." He ended up a lowly tree(three) striper, 150's team captain,Trident Scholar, Burke scholarship winner,Supt's all-"star" list,national power lifter,spelling B champ-NOT!, and a Who in Who's who? Fred followed the self,self,self philosophy by giving his roommie the best rack & desk in the room.Some of our best trips were to Va Beach, Bud 500, and Gus' Getaway lounge, but whatever happened to the 50 mi drives to D.C.? We are gonna miss the Aryan redneck. CJC VES

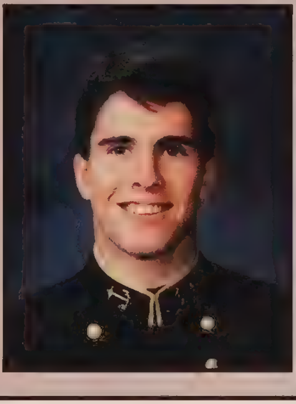
**Jennifer Ellen Shaar**
**Indianapolis, Indiana**
**Marine Corps**

Jen Shaar, the girl who thundered down the hall and over our beloved Brune...hence 'Tank.' You took the blame for the fountain, and in general raised a lot of hell. (Plebe year!) I wasn't quite sure what to think of you at first... we were opposite sides of the coin. Over time I've found that you are the most patient, understanding, caring, and logical girl I have ever known and that the exact opposite is true during 'that time.' Now for a little stream of conscience: Oompa-Loompa, "89!" turtlenecks are best if they're your own, insomnia in P-cola, Long Island Iced Tea, "Do you see a ring on my hand?" I can wait until you taper (you spaz), USMC Marathon, more flowers, a carat in your champagne, my battery is dead again, EE again, and Life's Little Instruction Book... KAM



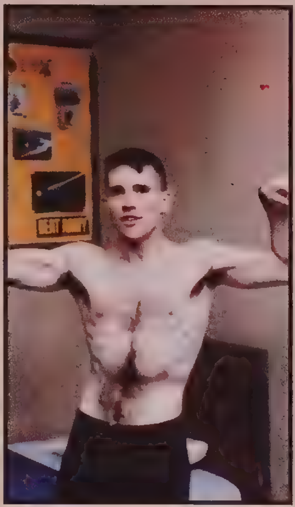
**Mark Delmar Smith**
**Holt, Michigan**
**Marine Corps**

How we did it I don't know, but we managed to cram more in four years, good and bad, legal and illegal, than Reagan & we just might graduate on time. From the time that ratey pledge did pull-ups during a wiz quiz to the wiz quiz in Pete's place, we just about covered every letter in the Good Book. Though short-lived, Tau Sig lived in our hearts. It was a way of life: you scratch mine, I'll scratch yours. You've joined and lived to tell about it (more than we can say), & you've finally found a good one. When you weren't winning EIWA's, you were supporting social habits that made you the life of the party, namely those on the mall and after ring dance. Whether sailing to the Frying Pan, or driving to Vegas, we have traveled together, and what a long strange trip it has been. From the grommet and nayls, to the arm of the group, SEN BCS. p.s. Long live the marlboro man.



**Brian C. Stanton**
**New Smyrna Beach, Florida**
**Surface Warfare**

From the time that Ohmstede lifted his spirits to the disappointment of service selection we have shared it all with the eternal optimist. We never got a chance to see all that "spuds" covered up, but we trust that it will serve him well. Not a day, or a nap, ever went by that we didn't hear about some crazy dream twice. He was the glue that kept us together, and sometimes made things sticky. We'll always remember that it is important to leave no evidence behind, esp. if her roommate might find it. So if you see him in the near future, be sure to wash you hands and rinse your mouth with listerine (we don'twant to get the boy in the bubble sick). His determination was inspiring to all. He is the best friend to all, esp. his two amigos. From the only ones who think he's funny, to the mother of the group & the groin of the group, SEN MDS. p.s. Long live sucking toes, & spinning Jenny.



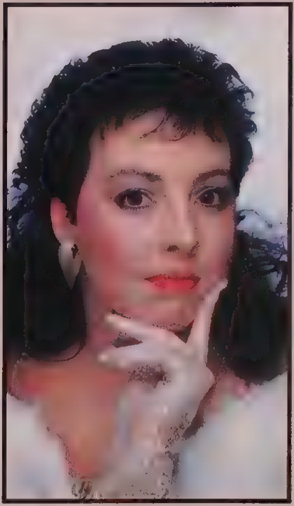
**Vance Edward Stone**
**Clearfield, Pennsylvania**
**Marine Corps**

"The Chit Master" came here via Newport, RI. and continued his academic excellence throughout his stay by the Bay. He is the only midshipman to have been unsat for three years and still taken every three day weekend. However, his driving skills have left something to be desired. He has even recently been recruited by Dodge to be a crash dummy. Vance is the only person here who has participated in every sport at the Naval Academy, and finally earned a varsity letter on the 200lb, I mean the 150lb football team. As a first class he has rightfully earned the title of PE officer by dutifully displaying the proper uniform when not asleep in his cave. When needed he is either in the wardroom or on the phones, but never found within 500ft of Nimitz. And Vance, when you are filling out that weekly tracking sheet, read the back of the door. We'll miss the demented humor. See you in Quantico. FGS CJC

**Troy Tademy White**
**Washington, D.C.**
**Surface Warfare**

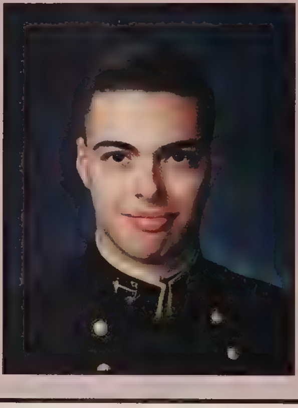
Sierra October....bad back, 1500 Watt space heater, SWO beverage of choice--hot chocolate, one small (CIRCLED) plant per person, YOU picked Aero, cruise to Key West, wake me up in an hour so I can do homework, now you say "Amen," Arrrgh! Overhead lights! nice socks, DeLaSoul came TWICE during X-week! Get high on LSD (not drugs), x4563...six months later, Ye Olde Seventh Heaven Tavern, the party town with the party mayor, Who DOESN'T he know in the Brigade...the country...the world? Coconut blood clot, Raaaasta Boy, Hey blood! Delegation? Training!! It gives everybody in the Chain a warm fuzzy feeling. What's today's Apocalypse? People think I'm an English major. Master of Navalese, victim of the abhorent T-Scale, Mood lighting, Hanging bead curtains, Frosted Flakes (a whole case), Scott and Troy's wardroom milk, Where are we going to put the coffee table? Hamburgers & cookies. Peace, love, and soul. SRH,EAS

# VIII COMPANY



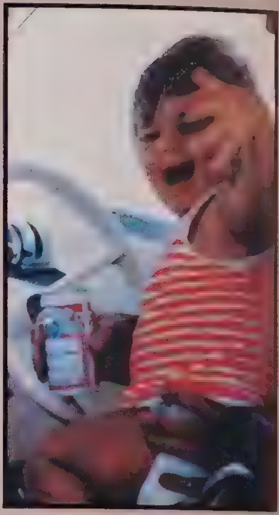
**Joseph S. Zurzolo**
**Kent, Ohio**
**Civil Engineer Corps**

Here longer than any of us Z came from MAR BKS. What is Kent known for? "We shoot college students." "Z How do you untie the Gordian Knot?" "With a chainsaw, the direct approach." Your favorite. Favored sport? Full-Contact Fencing. Manny and a half dozen broken sabers. BC 2killya 3/c: San Jacinto and the Iron Curtain shuffle, the Emerald from Istanbul for Karen. Sub League Writer: the enlisted marine wins the nuke guys prize not once, twice! "Wild" Bill for Dynes: an F & a wise friend. Fair enough for Z. 2/c: Quantico Validator, New Orleans- Pat O's, Hurricanes, & Jackson Square. "I like this bar!" 1/c: IKE, Caribean sunsets & rum. Drill O and 1 1/c on the field for the last march-on. Your friend CMB. My Thanks to Sgt. Wingett, Sgt Waddington, Sgt Coleman, Maj. O'Brien, Aunt Grace & Uncle Bruce, the Family, but most of all Karen, the only reason I came in the first place. JSZ



**Armando Acosta Jr.**
**Union City, New Jersey**
**Marine Corps**

Armandito came to us from North Joisey...God's country. After losing his love handles in plebe crew and World-Federation-Knapp- Wrestling, he was ready to take on plebe year. Academics, though, proved to be a saltier (and more pungent) enemy than Darryl. Youngster year, he mastered his grades (he was sat.) and overpowered the ominous Sloth. After crushing Army at the Meadowlands, he invited all his pals (youse guys) a su casa para comer frijoles negros...Coño! Second class jeer, he got de new CHevy Camaro, and cruised Annapolis High. His love for youthful women has influenced his life greatly ...until Sharon came along. "So, how's Becky doing, Mando? Uhhhh..Hi Sharon!" After a wonderful Fun-in-the-sun summer (Bulldog and Airborne melted his brain), Mando went Corps (YARCH-!!). Here's to the first Cuban Commandant of the Marine Corps. Semper Fidelis! EPB DMI MJR



**Ronald Anthony Barrett Jr.**
**Metairie, Louisiana**
**Naval Flight Officer**

The man whose shoes hated him hails from a suburb of New Orleans. The only person to read Ships and Aircraft after taps during Plebe Summer, just for fun! Plebe year meant the Barn, the Hell Room (thanks Hoof!), sailing, sailing parties, and phone calls to A. Youngster year and the Odd Couple-Oscar to an extreme. Skate Eight was a much needed change. "Hey Jas, I found some new sponsors!" Capt. C created Bobin, and in one night Ronnie went from a diehard submariner to an NFO. "Let's do shooters!" "Can we borrow Thunder?" The Skipper of the Castaways runs aground in the Boca-Boheeka Channel. SW in the aft cabin. Summer sailing and parades in NY. As an overqualified DAPA, Ronnie set the example. Tulane weekend- So how far is it from P-cola to your house? One of AT&T's most valued customers. "Can we borrow Thunder, again?" Look out world, we've only just begun. JF

**Erik Paul Bethel**
**Coral Gables, Florida**
**Naval Flight Officer**

After 18 years of putting the devil to shame in Fork Union, NAPS, and other sordid institutions, Erik found his niche at USNA with a little help from J.C. He spent plebe year as the 4th class company commander, under the TQL of Red-Dog. Seeking some good R&R, Erik embarked on the Ewok adventure (youngster cruise) on the beautiful coast of Jersey. Youngster year, he proved his physical prowess by going mano-a-mano with his locker. To add to his frustration, his latin macho blood was embroiled by no less than 5 femme-fatales...at one time. True to his fickle nature, he changed his service selection as many times as he changed his women; from SWO to Nuke to Marine to SEAL to NFO. As First Class, 2nd Batt. Commander, he was forced to limit himself to one service selection (NFO) and one woman (Rhonda!). To a real "NEAT" guy, we wish you fair winds and following seas. DMI JGO AA

**Kevin Wayne Billings**
**Three Rivers, Texas**
**Naval Flight Officer**

BILL hails from the smallest town in the biggest state in the Union. "HEY! We have 2 stoplights and we're gettin' a McDonalds." 4/C year he did his job, kept quiet, and when asked a rate no one could really understand what he said anyway. Except for M and K's late night talks, "Hey, where did Bill go?" it became evident 3/c Year that it would become increasingly difficult to distinguish between Bill and his Rack. Hands off my Oreos, A new Luce Dog record, and two evening meals a night. Bill is the bottomless pit. Army/ Navy 1/C Year Bill discovered how alcohol can impair judgement, "Keys need keyholes, Bill." Welcome to the world of love Bill, "God, Mike, do you know how much a rose costs?" Jim Morrison and the Doors - "this is not the end." Whoever is fortunate enough to have Bill flying in the back seat is in good hands. "Hey! Check your mumble ... mumble!" MJR KGM

**Heather Lee Chaundy**
**Camp Hill, Pennsylvania**
**Supply Corps**

Bancroft has never been the same since Heather. Slated for '91, she took a fall and ended up at NMH in the mountains of Massachusetts for the year- strengthening the knee, playing guitar, and singing to the butterflies. When the Doc told her no more basketball, she hung up her high tops, grabbed an oar, and became Captain Crunchy, NWC. Crew was definitely where she found her true love! She'll never forget her plebe year jaunt in G-town with the Captain, the talent show, squad mommy, Taiwan, service selection mardi gras, or the time they raced China and Cambridge in Seattle. Ask her about the time she went to captain's mast... maybe she'll tell you. But her fondest memories will always be of Pete and Pam, for they gave her more than she she could ever ask for...BPE ETS

**Jason Fournier**
**North Dartmouth, Massachusetts**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Eeeaeeeh! "To crush the enemy, see them driven before you and hear the lamentations... sire." "Pass the maaargerine." Jarrett loved him, esp. after offering the dole sticker in front of CPT Sitler. "You can kick a turkey and it just won't move." "I just need your social security number and five dollars." From quoting movies to directing them (with assistance from New) what else does he do? Is he or isn't he Frenchie? He's said it all but we know little of what he does. The art of the scam-Fournier style. Watch out for I.D. Bill you don't have Harvey to protect you. Another member of the castaways; the only one faithful to the 99¢ breakfasts. Nice hat, Pat O' Brien's will never be the same. "You don't have to use all the lines." The Godfather reigns over the wardroom. Dick Vitale and John Madden move over, you don't know color commentary. RAB DAN GEB TOM KEV

**Michael Paul Gebhardt**
**Atlanta, Georgia**
**Navy Pilot**

Plebe year was very difficult for Mike, esp. when Mama Cass made him hold up a finger. We had barn warfare, creative uses for chocolate syrup and lotion, "Mike, Jim Carroll's coming, I'll turn on the lights!", fun with Haller time, notecards for everything, and monster clock. 3/C year brought midnight chats with KGM sans Bill. Mike and DFG had a great trip to DC, obtaining a Roy Rogers tray, a traffic cone, and a love for Foster's. Spring Break - "Mike, that mile marker won't fit in the Sunbird!" 2/C year living with Nick and Norm -a SEAL, a gorilla, a ferret. He found out about minoxidil this year as well. He was a member of the castaways, "just five dollars each!" Mike was always fond of foods, esp. Certs, bananas, and radishes. His sobriety in CO was commendable, "This grade school teacher likes me." Remember, for $70,000 and a 300ZX you too can have a Lotus! DAN TOM KEV

**Scott Allen Genard**
**Irwinville, Georgia**
**Naval Flight Officer**

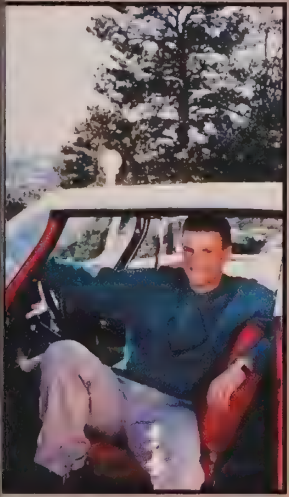
Scott(Grandpa) came to USNA a salty man who knew what he wanted...Fly or Die. In the meantime, his mission was to keep all corners of the computer cover down and to alpha code and sterilize everything he owned. His loves were spread far and wide, but criticism was avoided thanks to Mando. He continued to be the Father Figure until he met true love with Ginger. She'll have to compete with his other loves of chicken, ice cream, and of course The Truck. She'll also have to deal with his sleeping disorders, and "OOOOH there's alot of'em!" Always willing to walk on the edge, the rebel in him directed him to purchase a "bicycle". Good thing he's got those huge legs to pedal. Even with The Truck, he will be making the bucks, oops I mean the D-O-U-G-H, upon graduation. We have one question though: How many washes does it take to get to the primer on a Toyota? JMH DAV

**Daniel Francis Goodwin**
**Houston, Texas**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

"Virginia?! My fiancee is from Virginia!" "You know what really chaps my ..." Undoubtedly, Dan has a way with words. Plebe year Dan was initiated into TB, and pursued the art of barn warfare. Razzles-3 strikes and you're out again. Always considerate, he left refreshments for his sponsors (Dan, the bush didn't have any leaves!) 3/c year Dan had wheels, if he could find them. 3/c Army-Navy, what was that girl's name? "Who stepped on that duck?" Great burgers...more lighter fluid, it won't explode! 2/c year found him with a girlfriend with a house...party time (how did that grill get put out?) Friday night - "To the Head!" Shipwrecked in the Keys, how did you ever survive? "Help me, I'm stuck and I can't get back!" 1/c year Striper Dan rolled the Explorer of Death, "I'm not tired!" Rockin in the Rockies...the ultimate male bonding experience. I guess you and Kathy should put Brandy out to pasture! Tom Kev Geb

**John Michael Haller**
**Evansville, Indiana**
**Surface Warfare Officer**

Little Abner entered plebe summer slightly plump. Being the fitness warrior that he is, he found a friend in Coach Lenz. Morning PEP became his obsession, and six weeks later *POOF* "Hey guys, look how skinny I am!" Plebe year meant harsh discipline and strict adherence to regulations for John. However, that special "aromatic flower" convinced him otherwise. Then plebe year meant: parties, dates, D.C., civies, and driving. Using his natural "3rd Power", this straight shooter from Hoosier country really had an "eye" for the ladies! They were always in his line-of-fire. 2/c year found his Naval aspirations fluctuating with the weekly pro-topics. His desire for the ultimate computer was finally satisfied with The Gateway 2000. 1/c year he managed to interface with a new piece of software, Amy. With that new set of keys, he'll soon be knocking on heaven's doors. SAG DAV



**David Mark Ivezic**
**Chicago, Illinois**
**Navy Pilot**

Already experienced in the ways of College, the "crustacean" came to us from the urban sprawl of Chicago by way of Boulder. Always the placid, even tempered sort, Dave made it through plebe year without a single complaint or gripe. His good relationship with L. never even ended in an argument. Ever the steadfast navigator on Spitfire, Dave tossed his cookies with the best of us. "Boy, I could sure go for a ham sandwich." Youngster year was a cause for celebration. Why not buy a luxurious Volkswagen Bug? And spend all of your weekend time fixing it? Second class summer, Dave met his match. A. showed that she could out-PT him and outsmart him. This eventually caused him to buy one ring and scratch the name off another. 2/C year, he was the paragon of positive leadership as company commander. He showed his true spirit 1/C year by selecting Navy Air. We wish the very best. EPB AA MJR

**Harlan J. Kickhoefer**
**Plano, Texas**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

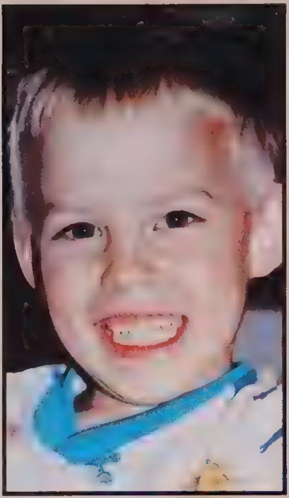
Once he could finally keep his food down and face out of the sink, he turned out to be a good plebe and friend. Unfortunately, he was a trash can taller than Pat which made it difficult to throw away trash. During youngster year, Harlan decided that he liked the hall better than leaving on weekend by choosing EE as his major. His second choice of English probably would have saved him from a lot of stress. Then came second class year and EE for everyone else. His major temporarily switched to EI. Most memorable, though was his paper on the composition of the military which smiling Bret just loved. Throughout the years, Harlan has been a true friend of everyone in the company. He will be missed by us all. It's a good thing that his penchant for tossing his cookies on anything that floats did not disqualify him medically. Best of luck and God speed.

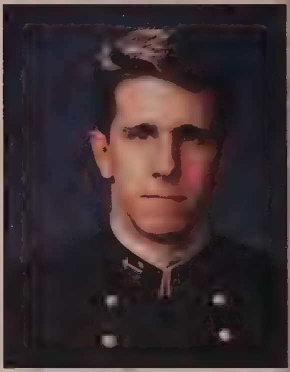
**Edward James Landrith**
**Rancho Cordova, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Sssta-POW!!!....It's FAST EDDIE! What's in a name? Well, if you could ask him, he would tell you. But, since you can't then let us tell you a tale: A tale of a man who was recruited for ATHLETICS (yes, that's every sport), a man who boasts of an unmatched "40 in. vertical leap", a man with a supernatural ability to meet women and send them running before you can say "ICE, ICE, BABY!" A man of endless financial genius. His first sound purchase of a "road-worthy" vehicle proved only to be a minor setback. After many spontaneous trips to Kentucky and Oklahoma with Dave, this Audiovox driven love chariot was cast aside for a MEGABUCK dual-quad, fully automatic Alpine stereo sytem with laser sighting, which came fully equipped with a Dodge Ram-50. Seriously though, he's a great friend, and a wonderful guy to party with. Get HO! DAV SAG JEP

**John Shyong Lin**
**Mt. Morris, Michigan**
**Naval Flight Officer**

"The man" who claims to be from God's country but can't decide if he's from Mt. Morris, Genesee, or Flint...We all definitely know he's from Mich. as we had to live with b-to-b from the Pistons and NCAA from Mich.-thank God Detroit didn't 3-peat. He came as Mr. Leisure..."Mr. Owens, sir, You have an I.P. on your uniform" or "We've got 30 sec."...but leaves with the gift of anxiety from his rmmt...A girl in 5 states,Jennifer's,the fan,nuc. holocaust,Jim and relativity,bible study,3on3,walking the links,late nights(you in the rack, me under the lamp), Erasure,"my" alarm clock, snoring(yes you),in hack by rmmt.,Cheers and sprints down O-row-Thanks for countless memories and for putting up w/EE and my handwriting-Stay true to your faith and continue to grow in Him-let people see God through you just as I have. Thanks most of all for your friendship. Matt 5:16 HJK





**Peter Marten Lundblad**
**Monticello, Minnesota**
**Medical Corps**

It started with Mum Neidermier, what land acquisition! Are you going to need that sponge In Georgetown? Not to forget Andrew Michelle and Lori. Three Amigos! Lost per diem, no more formations, take one a day and call me when my first class starts. You ran and ran and it wasn't until the end that you stopped to smell the roses, Rudy's and bars of the unaware. Too bad Matt and Brad couldn't do the same. We spent our last Spring Break in Maine. So you like it cold? Perhaps this explains Anne. Annie Hall was pretty cool too, I'd have never known. This was his finest hour! "I was hoping you would come". The Doctor is in, then out and on the deck. That was "the night the lights went out in Georgia". For a man who felt unsure about women: "good golly miss Molly" is that "long tall Sally". My, what's that in the gutter! As a doctor you will have to transition to a good bed side manner. JCS

**Kevin George Manley**
**Macungie, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

Macungie! Is there a cure for that? Hi, Kevin! "Hi!, what a wonderful word." Kevin was our locked-on plebe chopmaster all year. The Upperclass thought he was the robo-plebe, but we knew better. From USMC stickers on his blotter to selecting the DD-976, what a metamorphosis! 3/C year brought us SCHMANLEY who often found himself in strange environments, e.g. The Green Parrot. SCHMANLEY also introduced us to a new philosophy, i.e. Goober is life. 2/C summer witnessed the events of the "Hawk" and the beginning of Kevin's interest in things Irish, e.g. Maguire's, Guinness and his Filipino-Irish woman. Spring Break found Kev as a valued member of the castaways aboard the Coibai. 1/C year ridded Kevin of his vices, especially the Irish ones. Skiing in the CO rockies was a male-bonding experience we'll never forget. So, HERE WE ARE NOW, ENTERTAIN US!! DAN TOM GEB OPP

**Jason Gerard Ockwood**
**San Antonio, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

Coming from Nuke (geek) school, Jason had no problems academically plebe year. Militarily, however, he proved to be the epitome of common sense. Hey, why don't you knock Bradbury's glass off his face. And where's Batman? 3/C year, J. took on more than he thought by trying to organize the unorganizeable. Felix and Oscar. "Don't sit on my rack and don't get your dirt on my side of the room!" Between spasms of stress, he juggled crew, grades and, of course, S. And between breaking up and getting back together (I never want to see her again, but we have a date this weekend), he made it to second class year with his sanity. 2/C year was a year for grades, plebes and the "big question." He must have done something right, because they gave him Honor Stripes (an excuse to sleep through morning quarters formation and not be accountable for taps). Have a blast on the Moose! We wish you FWFS. RAB EPB

**Robert Nicholas Olivier**
**Dallas, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

Snick. The Snake. Nick has always impressed those who did not know him as a man of principles and manners. SIR for all of plebe summer? Often mischievous, Nick always had a scheme in the works. "Ma'am, it was the only first name I knew!" How many people were victims of falling pies, produce, water balloons, and fireworks? How many days does a window in 4th wing cost? We didn't know anyone had PE 5 days a week, or that morning quarters were optional. 3/C year brought us "Booger", the gator, and some new aromas from Norm AND our guest. 2/C year saw the change from a defender of the faith to a man lost in the dark. Miramar taught Snick about snails and smells. "We take Ray-Bans." Judge Wapner's advice, "Don't take the law into your own hands, or your car to Maaco." You finally beat Army, no thanks to Fat Lew. Haze Gray and Underway, for a few years at least until SpecWar comes through. TOM GEB DAN KEV

**James E. Parker**
**Dallas, Texas**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Genius - he has risen to the heights of Trident Scholar and developed new theorems to irritate future Physics students and sunk to the low of being caged like an animal (see above picture). And yet, endowed with the common sense to enjoy life and go NFO. Who but Jim would get signatures by announcing that all 2/C must sign a list on the mates' desk? To his credit also goes being personally reponsible for a number of conduct offenses pertaining to NATS. 2/C Spring Break saw spontaneity when he went swimming with the dolphins and with the rescue of Harvey. During 2/C year he proved that he parties like a champ (or like a chimp - he did wind up behind bars). Good luck at P-Cola. I'm sure it will see more of the party side of him. Does anyone know what his Trident Scholar Project really did? KGW

**Michael Jay Roth**
**Hicksville, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

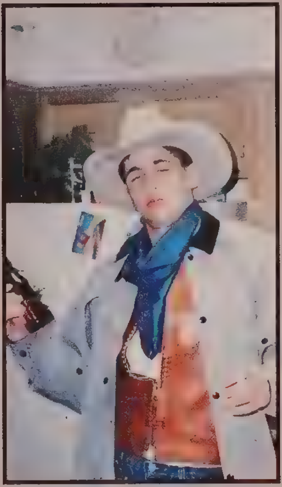
This typical islander upheld the highest standards of uniform appearance and discipline set by the lax team during his plebe year. Plebe summer proved his unquenchable thirst, his singing ability, and his crash-worthiness. This oceaneasy major was still highly stressed 4/c year even with the outstanding support of his roommate, Steve the movie star. Spring break proved interesting because of his gungy do. 3/c year the Sloth dance was perfected. 2/c year was the year of social development. From parties at his sponsor's to serving on the crew of the ill-fated Coibai, Mike proved he could party with the best, if he could find the party and his way back. After many long hours, he made Supe's 1/c year. This decorated mid, with his ESWS and jump wings, received the ultimate BOHICA award and was given the privilege to go SWO. We wish him fair winds, following seas, and plenty of "Sunshine". KWB AA

**Elizabeth T. Santillan**
**Tucson, Arizona**
**Supply Corps**

Liz hails from the high, dry west, land of tacos and tumbleweeds. 4/C year she was our little Sandinista, and a sand-blower extraordinaire. Trying to keep Suk in line kept her very busy, as well as running for a living. 2nd semester weekends were spent with Megadeath, and the class of '90. She was an avid supporter of Navy athletics, esp. those football players with big schnozzes. Long distance relationships with former firsties fell by the wayside. Many 2/C nights were spent with Pookie the bear and friends. By first class year, 8th company was down to two of the original five girls as attrition took its toll. It also brought times with Uni-Brow. She chose supply by a flip of the coin, scaring her roommate, but all was well. Good luck with the Greek gods in Athens!! DFG TES DAV HLC JF

**Jason Christopher Schuette**
**Bemidji, Minnesota**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Turtle River??? The Great White North sent us Jason via the U of M. The Real Navy, and NAPS. FINALLY a plebe, this salty dog (or devil dog?) helped guide us all with his wisdom. You were Marine Air from the start. 3/c year brought us a life and...women! Yeah, right. You were never quite the same..."What grade are you in?"... CC and Al didn't cut it so you did what all Minnesotans do, Hockey! Dedication and ah, those morning practices. At least you went to yours...zzzzz. 2/c summer we met Goofy, got goofy, and we knew, "We got 'em!" J and M paid us a visit and you were a happy "camper". Alas, you weighed anchor and fished other waters. A gunge pup to the core (corps?), you ran two MC Marathons and then Boston. Why Boston? 1/c year brought much company bonding, "easy" runs, and a well deserved three stripes. You're a true friend with wings of gold. PML



**Thomas Emil Schutte**
**Casper, Wyoming**
**Surface Warfare**

Dutch is a product of the wild west, and likes to ride on the wild side. Emil was the quiet one, except when he tried to keep Geb from crushing Haller. "Hey, Crazy, you wanna go?" Fla. was a great time. You make a great octopus and we had fun with the 2/C, except for the night you stayed at home. 3/C year brought Tom and Matt together to meet many exciting new people. Never let blind people drive to Fla. at night, "Where's that exit sign?" Can we travel cheap or what? How about 2/C summer at Mako's in Philly? "Excuse me, can you clean that up?" Dutch likes the gray areas, "You can talk the talk, but you still haven't been behind Dahlgren." PLEASE DO NOT EXIT THE VEHICLE UNTIL CAPT DAN HAS COME TO A COMPLETE STOP. Keep 3 points of contact at all times. Hunting wild turkey in Colorado, what a combo. DAN GEB KEV

**Jason Alan Smith**
**Far Rockaway, New York**
**Marine Corps**

A bulky 140lbs, Smeether-God's gift to the Corps. Who else learns how to drive, gets their license and buys a brand new car- all during their senior year in college? The street-wise kid who never sleeps, and cruises his room in his birthday suit at all hours. It's good news that he sleeps in his skivies on account of all the ladies and parents who have walked in on his rugged physique. Highlights of his USNA military career:Wes' feet, Pistol Detail, Bulldog, "How to get away with murder," and domestic life in the fast-lane with "Sssta-Pow!" (We all know it wasn't you playing "Ice-Ice Baby.") Why is NY worse than CA? Where is "The Block" anyway? Twice under the Axe you came away to select higher than me, and you still went Corps. Your loss their gain. Don't kill anyone you don't have to. Someday you too may own a stick. Stay off of the highways, and we'll see Ya on the other side - Fast E., DAV, ETS

**Norman Randall Stapleton**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Stormin Norman. The Gorilla. Always quick with political commentary and admiration for Dick Clothier, Norm never turned down a good argument, or a shipmates box ("C is for cookie and that's good enough for me") As the erg color man, Norm proved that girth was indeed more important than height. Always a fan of engineering, Norm liked EE so much he took it twice. (Is this why group III majors are allowed in this place?) Embracing the ideals of ship, ship's food, self, Norm volunteered to take a Christmas cruise, and was consequently all too excited to pack his cruise box. Let's hope your cabinmate doesn't snore. (When you sleep over at Dan's, don't forget your toothbrush) Seriously, though, this man is the definition of persistence and determination. The letter was worth the wait. All the best. Nick & TB

**David Aaron Varner**
**El Reno, Oklahoma**
**Navy Pilot**

Dave came to us an undernourished boy, but quickly became the epitome of hugeness. His skill with money and his love for Ellen helped him to achieve the title of The Financial Wizard. He will always be remembered for his grace in sports and his uncanny ability to never get injured through four years of intramurals. His charm with the ladies and love for Mexican things was unmatched, but he always remained Mr Faithful. Plebe year brought a trip to Spain, and a strange accident that left scratches all over his back. 2/c year brought out the flamer in him, and crying plebers were a common sight. Ring Dance was great, despite his date. 1/c year brought news of Navy Air and plans for engagement. E always brought out the best in him, especially in the late night phone battles and 24 hour straight drives to OK. Fly Navy! JMH SAG

# IX COMPANY

**Kevin George Williams**
**Seminole, Florida**
**Naval Flight Officer**

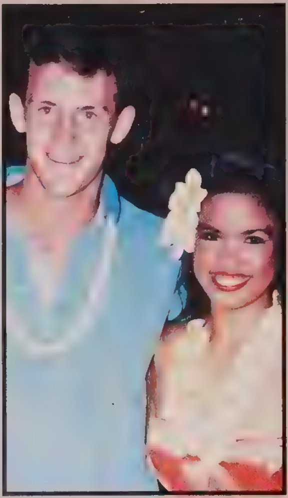
Monique, Unique, Little Hitler, Mr. Duty, Batt Recycling Nazi, mandatory briefs, uniform discrepancies, and room standards [I'll bet you thought I'd never clean the room] Coming from sunny FL & related to 1/2 of New Jersey [talk about BIG Catholic families], Kevin didn't take long to establish himself in 9th. Plebe CO CDR, quite impressive...but ease off of the dictator role. 3/C year--after a brief showdown with a very jealous Ensign, you won the heart of Miss Garcia and entered eternal darkness. A short talk with Lt. W. and oops 8th co. bound. Who are these people? It took you a year to figure it out, but our formations have never been the same. What I'd like to know is who appointed you recycling rep? You raised that billet to new heights. Thank God you choose Navy Air, I'd hate to see you waste away on a Sub. See you in Pensacola, and keep up the racquetball game. JEP

**Thomas Patrick Adissi**
**Queens, New York City**
**Marine Corps**

Yo Adissi! (whistle) ***** Bar! Via Queens and NAPS. Baseball player, golfer, star of Midnight Run. Slowest growing hair in the Brigade. Pledges in 27. 6-0 window for quick exits. Whaley, Thompson...yikes! Youngsters on 6-1. Out o' sight. Bacon in your back pocket. Silver bullets? You were the Lone Ranger! Pure mockery. In love..Adissi? Stop arguing with Herweyer. Summer school kid. 2/C...still not fried. Class rank slowly descending. When was the last time you had a chest x-ray? Deniro. Goodnight. That's your bed, this is mine. You are one money grubbing...No, Marty. Sarah...a very good career move. Pop that blister! Let's get this straight... Service Selection radio show. WTOM. 1035. You made it. Welcome to the Corps. 4 unforgettable years. You made it fun and bearable for this old man. See you in TBS. Peace. Love. Semper Fi. MJM.

**Scott Robert Coughlin**
**Ridgewood, New Jersey**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Dislike is to mild a term to describe how Scott and I felt about each other when we arrived plebe summer. Somehow we overcame this small problem to become best friends and roommates for the rest of our time here. It started plebe year with Scott validating so many classes you wouldn't believe he came here straight out of high school. Then came marathon pro-reports, the Ba-na-ma-na Lamoid, and his withdrawal from the 2% club. Youngster year he was a tough competitor in the weekly rack diving competition despite the mellowing effect of our liberal roommates music. Second class year brought hard work and printer music. This is also the time Bonnie stepped into his life. Then came firstie year and the big stripes dilemma when Scott chose to give up D&B for his company and a lot of headaches. Never forget the good times and the calzones. Good luck for now and always. GAL



**Samuel Allan Davey Jr.**
**Blue Bell, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

Slam'n Sammy brought a little brotherly love wherever he went. He was never one to be denied a good brew, a long nap and a little companionship. Plebe year-he'll tell ya about that killer squad & Arleigh Burke. We sweated, sprinted, won and lost on the lax field. We both loved to play the sport, it's the management we hated. At least Delaware knows of us-mostly you, how long was that streak anyway? Still not sure what we haven't done/gotten away with yet. Who ever said you have to study to pass? This place isn't so tough! Roomies never got away with so much! Most are still wondering which one of us is which. Some day maybe they'll figure out that our hands-off, eyes-closed training is the best way to go. With the rest aside, I still think you're a career guy. You're a walking wonder and I don't think anyone could ever deserve better in a friend. Best of Luck!

**Michael C. Dewalt**
**Fairfax, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

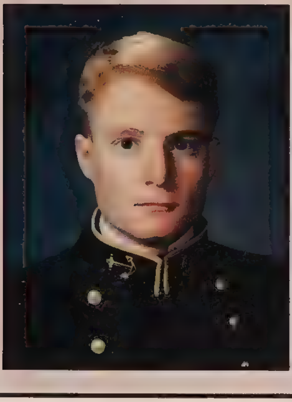
That we have been roommates for 4 years is amazing. Plebe year was just a blur: getting caught eating Big Macs on day 8, that nervous sweaty upper lip, fast trips for a cold one at the Dewalt house, and Walkmans all year long. 3/c year found Mike studying with 3 lamps to keep his eyes good while working on comp. sci. (he still can't explain why he picked that). After jumping out of a few planes and throwing up in others, Mike started 2nd class year. I don't think the new company ever knew Mike was here, but he made it through with few complaints... O.K., a lot of complaints. After scuba, Mike hit firstie cruise year. Little school work, working out, drinking marathons, and a killer car stereo left Mike at the bottom of the pilot's list... right where he wanted to be. Through it all, Mike didn't try to let anyone know that he was a great guy, but he was the best roommate I could have had.

**Christopher Allen Eckerle**
**Suttons Bay, Michigan**
**Navy Pilot**

Chris came to USNA from a small cherry farm in northern Mich where Annapolis sounds like a foreign country. But he came armed with the right tools for the job: hard work, common sense and a stubborn midwestern spirit. Plebe year he was cursed with an overbearing, overzealous, overweight squad whose short fuses made for an explosive year. He found relief running with the cross country team, a brief escape filled with highspeed memories and friends. 3/c year brought changes: Larry and I moved in, Al moved in, then on, but never really left. He quickly learned the Systems. 2/c year boat shoes replaced track spikes but he never got far from land. With graduation in sight, he spread his wings and took flight. His toolbox and positive attitude, he'll soar higher and faster than most. Thanks for lessons, friendship, sarcasm. Always fight the good fight, you'll win. JMR

**Monique M. Garcia**
**La Canada, California**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Monique-(Mo-Mo): CALI GIRL You had a rough start at Camp Tecumseh. Even though your mind said "stay," your body thought of every possible way to get you in medical trouble. But, you pulled through and you're on your way to Hawaii. I'm jealous!! You definitely got one over on me this time. You'll never fail to amaze me in the way you can write those computer programs in only one night. Better you than I. Not to mention your love for Navy football that took us four years to perfect. With a little liberty before the game your spirit was the best so far. And don't forget the gang: B.K., B.J., Chris and that good ole Jagermeister. What a guy! We always had fun but somehow found trouble (The Dying Bug). Decisions, decisions, tailgaters, SHOPPING, "moods," prize pleabettes, Nikolai, care packages from my mom, the M and M room, and of course, the "guys." I wonder if we'll ever make up our minds?! Good luck roomie. Mike says to keep doing the Milli Vanilli! M.M.G.(H.)



**John Brian Garry**
**Tampa, Florida**
**Surface Warfare**

The big man gave up the socially restricting Tampa-life for the night-life of Annapolis. He showed up with a full wallet, a cheerful mind, and some unnecessary baggage which he lost quickly along the way. Mecca pushed through plebe year and left it far behind but made sure to make a quick stop at Moondog's and ADC's sink. Visits to the Big Apple and Philly soon saw John dancing on high and letting loose from his strenuous political science curriculum. Boxing tough and studying hard earned the stars and the respect of those close to John and we'll miss watching your third man in the ring at the championships. Spring break in the Keys, filling the shoes in 27-the ghost of Whaley returns, Lollapalooza, the Marine Corps marathon, and of course 2 for 1 head calls every night. The little sworrior will be missed. Fair winds and following seas to the best roommate and a close pal for life.

**Gregory Worth Gilland**
**San Antonio, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

"Hey guys let's rack!" Sleep you tri-lingual taco! Greg was the butt of many a jest. Drafted in the last round, his military bearing saved his roommates Plebe year. Unfortunately, autistic by nature he went three for three with summer school. His link with Teeg was the battle for anchorman of the Corps. Teeg won, bowing to Greg's prowess in the end. Poly-Sci, QPR high! (Can I have my walkman back now?) Eres el hermano cultural del cuarto. Gracias por estos anos. For Shannon, his analogies helped him through tough times. Greg can blow more sunshine than the earth has ever known, especially with the ladies. To Hunt, he was the alarm clock, 30 min. to shower, shave, plus Drakkar! Gregman, "How many carriers are in the Indian Navy?" He found just the lady to tame this Don Juan of style. You will always hold a special place in the hearts of the Corps. Love The 6004 Corps! TJL MSW JHW

**Michelle Marie Grulkowski**
**Wausau, Wisconsin**
**Supply Corps**

Michelle came to us from the "killer Smurfs" in Newport, though her Wisconsin upbringing was always right behind (along with good Wisconsin cheese!) It took us 2 years & 4 roommies to find each other, but it was worth it-along with our 2 other roommies(M/K). She was destined to be a Gunge Pup, but she finally saw the light and went into the Real Corps. Though EE, Ada, Acoustics & Philosophy of Science weren't her forte, running was(Rain or Shine). Remember the best... N*team (BK, BJ, Chris, JagerM), Sunbathing on green beaches, Mr. Bear, SHOPPING "But it's on SALE!!", tailgaters, all the guys & the wonderful trouble..."Hey Mich! Where's your Mich?" Take care, Keep dancing, I'll miss you. And Happiness to you & Mike! Mo:)

**Bryon K. Johnson**
**Manchester, Connecticut**
**Surface Warfare**

B.K. arrived at USNA via that college by the bay in Newport, RI. After a stealthy plebe year B.K. established himself as a candidate for the varsity squad, formalized as a firstie. Never someone to say never to anything, B.K. always was on the go or planning some way to get there. Unfortunately satness kept him off the go usually at the most inopportune times. Supporting international relations, B.K. gladly showed his Canadian counterparts how to have a good time. When good times were planned, we relied heavily on Kimbo and company for the cheer and atmosphere for bigger and better things. Where are we going? Baltimore took a special liking to Bryon and his Italian playtoy, truly a night to remember. B.K. was to choose NFO, but in the end he took SWO - look out NJ!!(again) We wish him the best of times - we have shared many of those here. GO SWO!! WJS, CMS

**Franklin Pierce Kolbe**
**Perkasie, Pennsylvania**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

High school glory days at Pennridge High melted into the dog days of plebe summer as Kolbe's sweat instilled Wolfie with a much needed sense of urgency. Plebe year brought a change of pace with Eck's 0530 wake-up calls; Yell 'til you burst Willis, thank God for the N-room. One stripe and late nights as the young engineer payed his dues to the tune of Buffett. "Floridays" over the summer "I Have Found Me A Home" in 9th co. for the year. The Marine Corps marathon and roundtrips to Goucher were rudely interrupted by a JAN of R & more R. Of course he "hard-charged" through Bulldog then awakened the ghosts of 27th hangin' high and dry. Firstie year, the "Stories We Could Tell." "Where's the ADJ?" Remember the tailgaters, karaokes in town and Safari trips! It's time for "Changes In Latitude" as Chip ventures ahead a Marine in the Kolbe tradition, this Sworrior's treasured friend always.

**Anthony John Linardi III**
**San Diego, California**
**Surface Warfare**

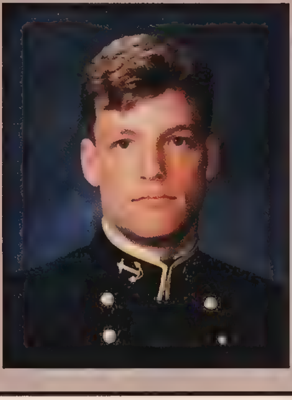
This surfer-dude from Cally was the definition of cockiness. Yo, check this *@! out! I wasn't laughin'...SIR!? From Seal to SWO, T-Bird was always committed. Teege dominated the Quote Book like no other, from the Red Onion to Nemo. TJ had some rough times, but some blessings as well--the best is named Julia. To Shannon, he is a blood-brother; Thanksgiving youngster year. You and I were the boys. Countless ladies, dances, and a Caribbean Cruise. New Orleans, with what restraint you reached legendary status! TJ would go to the ends of the earth for Pancho (or lend him his Walkman). Miramar and Southern Cal with MO-Dee, how could anyone forget Mr. Oakley and Mr. Law-Order-Justice? Just one thing to say, Contestant #3! Where did that motorcycle go, before Yp's? Bird-Dog always went the distance for MO. We love you, The 6004 Corps. MSW GWG JHW

**Greg Anthony Lopez**
**Plattekill, New York**
**Navy Pilot**

"If I sleep 12 hours a day, everyday, I will really only have to spend two years here." With a lofty goal like that, Greg couldn't help but succeed. He truly was a gentleman of liberal education, refined manners, punctilious courtesy, and the nicest sense of personal honor. Plebe summer, with us hating each other blurred into a plebe year living with the Ninja Master. Youngster year brought a more Liberal influence along with better grades and the blue monster. Second Class year flew by with days of longing for cars, rings, and 1/c weekends. Firstie stripes finally brought a parking place and the dreamt of road trips home every weekend. We survived the missed P-Rade, a break-up, a dining-out, 12 mi for Navy, a touch football season, my sense of duty, and FREE 92. Fair Winds, and following Seas, my friend. May Tanya and you have the most wonderful family together. SRC

**Michael David Mehls**
**Cleveland, Ohio**
**Surface Warfare**

When we first met Mike, we could not believe that such a well-mannered, courteous young man could come from Cleveland. Later we discovered that he had the opportunity to refine his rough Midwestern manner at the fine Southern institution in Harlingen, Texas. At MMA, Mike developed the fine leadership skills that made him such a success during Plebe Summer. For instance, when he decided that our uniforms simply could not make an adequate fashion statement, he instituted the famous "Whiteworks Mehls." Before long, all the plebes of 27th Platoon were following his courageous example. Thanks, Mike! The key to Mike's success has been his overachieving attitude. Though his hard work has been a source of many guilt trips for us, we appreciate his positive influence. Thanks for everything. Good luck and Godspeed, Mikey! CW,KM



**Kevin Andrew Melody**
**Egg Harbor City, New Jersey**
**Surface Warfare**

Initially, he came here with his eyes in the sky, but on service selection night could not resist the call of coffee and doughnuts. Kev was the guy that never had to study, because everything came easy. Kev proudly earned the title of mole, because of his love for dark spaces. Even though he earned more rack time than a hibernating bear in the winter, our Evel Knevil could not retain consciousness long enough to avoid the truck on Route 76. Despite this setback, he did get the opportunity to develop his automotive repair skills. We hope that he will be able to survive the rough weather of Pearl, though it probably won't help his hockey career very much. As a roommate, he has been very good to us, often returning from weekends with assorted baked goods in tow. For this and all that he does, we thank him from the bottoms of our hearts (and stomachs). Good luck, Music Man. Love, MM,CW.

**Michael Joseph Mooney**
**Federalsburg, Maryland**
**Marine Corps**

Lcpl Mooney, moondog came from Gaeta to NAPS where his first roll was Batt. Cmdr. He came to USNA and found his first roommates to be Garry and Plodinec in which shooting himself in the foot was not out of the question. But he found his true love,me, and we stayed for the duration. 4/c year Mooney lost a woman, but gained a roommate. Whaley, Thompson, 6-0 window for close calls and 4000 thanks to Lower. 3/c Haas, Monty, Hectors car and dribbling. Nice plumbing Hec. 6-1 out of sight, mind, and company. Lax 24 with 18 Had socks older then that, thank god for ice. 2/c 9th CO. still no woman and no money. Supt's list what a mockery 2/c summer want to take a ride? stolen! what? Get your hands on the windshield palms up. 1/c 100mi to Switz. and I don't want anybody getting lost. We ain't got no booze. No woman, no money nice radio show, nice head and last but not least Semper Fi. Love you kid. A.D.C.

**Brendan James Murphy**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**Navy Pilot**

The Irish local boy came to USNA small in size (135lbs) but big at heart. He brought with him 3 specific goals: to play lacrosse, graduate, and become a Navy pilot. Hard as it may seem, he is now well on his way to being 3 for 3. Beardslee somehow got Murph through plebe summer & Mehls and Williams got him to youngster year - a year that brought about rough times for Murph as his ever so serious girlfriend enrolled at U of Del (a whole hour away!) Things came together for Brendan 2/c year when he got me for a roommate. He started putting things in perspective. Lacrosse, beer and his girlfriend came first as his studies dropped to a distant fourth. Murph's only fear as a firstie was service selection as he was temporarily NPQ'd for pilot. Whatever may lie on Brendan's horizon, its a safe bet to say he'll come out on top because he is not only a great guy but a winner.

**Dung T. Pham**
**Wichita, Kansas**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

"Request permission for classmate to take seat" OK, which one gets to sit? Matt arrived fresh out of the heartland of America after a few years of foreign service in Saigon. Beat Army Sir! thump thump thump BOOM! Quick to learn anything, those days of Matt's indoctrination are long gone. From never having had a pb&j sandwich to long weekends in "D.C.", PHM quickly adapts to his surroundings. Other famous quotes include "What is impedance of speaker?" Matt, the RX7, and Laurie's car; "I don't drink." An engineer to the end, Matt's world-famous can crusher is soon to be in all the markets - and every sub. After earning his enlisted dolphins third class summer, and doing a ballistic missile deployment, we were all sure he was done with the notion of going back under the water. NOT! He will soon be in the realm of the dolphins he so proudly wears. Nothing but luck from us all. WJS, BKJ, CMS

**Pamela L. Plyler**
**Sunset Beach, North Carolina**
**Navy Pilot**

Pam came to us from a small, small town in North Carolina. An antisocial cross between a tomboy and a Southern belle, Pam managed to survive plebe year, the pistol team, 27th company, and glee club tours with flying colors. The keyboard plebe year didn't hurt though. From Nikki the mouse to Koko the visiting ferret, I thought we lived in the Wild Kingdom. Second class year we moved up to the penthouse of fifth wing and life got fun. She joined the Trident and became a PAO and journalist. By the end of second class year she realized the single life was where it was at, and has been bouncing off the walls ever since. Christmas in Washington turned into Pammy in Washington as she took center stage with Vince Gill her firstie year. She even came all the way to Michigan to learn how to downhill ski. All I have to say, Pam is that is was worth the wait for a flight school date. Together for three more years. Fly Navy! AMS

**John Mark Reimann**
**Cottage Grove, Minnesota**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

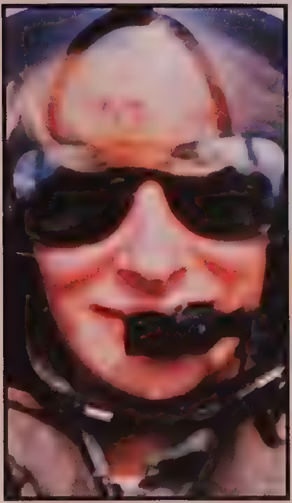
The underwater calling of the Reimann family brought John to Annapolis, along with his infamous Cannon AE-1. Disillusioned that he couldn't take composition courses at St John's, JM assumed EE geekdom and took the chair as writer-in-res. of Bancroft Hall. Ashamed of being a Yankee and always obsessed with God's Country, JM became a die-hard Southern wanna be. This obsession led us many places. Fredricksburg, H. Ferry, Manassas, small town restaurants... A stellar mid, JM was never one for minor details--like rooms. His congenial personality, his distinctive chuckle, and his feeble attempts to speak Southern won him many friends in high places & Brig Ops 1/c year. JM always had a way with ladies--3 strikes, she's out--until JM set loftier goals than Supts stars--. PS, Julianna, darts, the chicken dance... Yes, amigo you won the 1st round, and you'll win many more. JD/ "CD"

**Benjamin Glenn Reynolds**
**Jones, Oklahoma**
**Navy Pilot**

Ben came to us from a very small town in Oklahoma. He had a few problems plebe year: walkmans, flaming second class & a hernia. As a youngster, the year was just a dream. As a second class mega flamer things started to pick up, or so it seemed. First semester he was a battalion mega striper on top of the world, but second semester he found himself in the depths of Smoke Hall for 30 straight. As an Economics major, Ben never had the pleasure of filling out academic tracking sheets, but he did put his car loan to good use on the stock market. He finally got a "stylish" 1966 Ford Galaxy that hardly ever moved - what a classic! As a firstie, he learned that trying to lose 50 pounds in two weeks for 150's, running the company, keeping his side of the room clean and being nice to people didn't last long. But in the end, we wish him the best in the future.

**William J. Schneider**
**Wyckoff, New Jersey**
**Navy Pilot**

In two years at U of T. BJ found that sports and medicine don't mix. He went on to Great Lakes, Millington and Bermuda in the Aviation community with two things in mind: The Academy and getting back into aviation. He would have no problem if his "pretty eyes" (that don't see red light) could hold out. Joe helped him to forget plebe year for a week but BJ won't forget Mon Chi-chi's boots. On many occasions Schneids tried to forget other days at Canoe U which led to grave encounters in foreign languages at Lax games. One not to be inconvenienced by studies he joined the team bringing vast experience and simultaneously earned a 3.0 and an N-star. While influenced by the likes of OD, KIMBO and Chief he maintains the pride and professionalism which will make him an outstanding Aviator. BJ, my best friend, good luck to you and Laurie in Florabama. --CMS



**Amy Marie Seurynck**
**Sturgis, Michigan**
**Navy Pilot**

After meeting Amy I-Day I thought I might be facing a very emotionally unstable plebe summer roommate. But she found a way to cope and went back to do two more plebe summers. The fencing team died after plebe year and Amy became the Drill Team's Woman in Black after passing the blush test and giving in to the power a few times on the way. Somehow she finally got through all those mile and a halves--maybe the flutter kicks helped, eh? She eventually trained me to be a good roommate and even waited 121 people for Service Selection so we could get the same flight school date--what a pal! She braved beach trips and ski trips and managed to survive some wild cruises. Next year she will take on 9th Wing and the English Department. She's a Bad, Bad Mid! Fly Navy, Aim! PLP.

**Christopher M. Stopyra**
**Howell Township, New Jersey**
**Surface Warfare**

Stupidyra arrived plebe summer with a single mission in mind; graduating. A member of the original five in 1992, remains one of the few mids never to have changed his major. Plebe summer Chris had troubles with keeping his eye in the boat and rooming with Garland's friends. Ac year found him playing the game of sat-ness and losing a number of roommates (all four years). Many a good (?) night was spent in different states, and thanks to Chris, OD, and my brother, we may never be asked back. A charter member of the team, Chris remained devoted to certain ideologies and always was ready to go. Chris spent first class summer on Y-me's; that early command made his mind up that he had to go SWO. The SWO community is getting a fine officer and one of my best friends. I wish him a truly great career and nothing but smooth sailing and following seas! WJS

**Patrick William Valent**
**Slidell, Louisiana**
**Surface Warfare**

Pat came from Mardi-Gras town hoping to continue the eternal party. Little did he know what was in store for him. More studying than any of us could imagine. Youngster year came and went like a hurricane leaving Calc III to be studied during the summer. Being a Mech Engr wasn't such a great idea and Gen Engr looked more promising. 2/c year left EE312 for June studying. Definitely, Gen Engr was key to graduation. When he wasn't studying or seeing his new squeeze, Kristin, he found time to continue the Mardi-Gras tradition. A drink fest in New Orleans, JMU and a wild weekend at Marywood are a few memories. Being a firstie was good for Pat, but not for his credit cards. A new Honda, interior decorated from too much drinking, was put through its paces with a few long road trips. Through it all, Pat always came through with a smile on his face. We all wish him the best in the future.

**James Hunter Ware III**
**Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania**
**Navy Pilot**

To the southerner / Yankee / Mr Oakley.. Dude, make up your mind! On I-Day, spooning upperclass, "That's OK, you can call me Hunter." Remember "Sir you now have..Shove off, Mr. Ware, aye aye, sir", or "Hey Teeg, check this *@! out!" We tried to stay SAT; he breezed by. To TJ he was his first military idol, reacting under fire to Katuin. From all-night paper baseball to contestant #3, don't forget whipped cream and Miramar! Long nights & deep talk with Shan forged the silent mental link, and we were the only ones to ever see a live Mutant Ninja. His strength and reassurance brought Shan into Navy Air! To Greg, Hunt is the brother he never had; nights of exasperated tutoring in you-name-it, and yet Greg endured the powerful odor of his extremities. From London Pubs to Bourbon ST, Tovarish is Greg's Compadre for life. We love you dude! The 6004 corps! TJL MSW GWG

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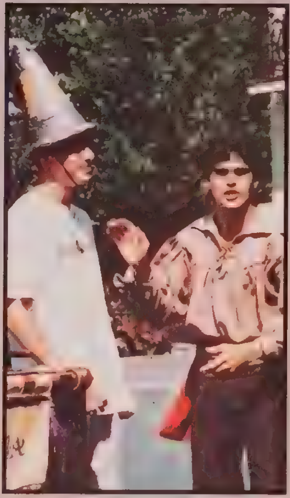


**Charles F. Warner III**
**Dunwoody, Georgia**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Coming all the way from a small town in Georgia, "in the corner Warner" encountered his first challenge, "biscuithead". Some of his favorite memories of plebe year are the endless Butterfinger wrappers and biscuithead's infamous question "Why am I never an instant winner?". After graduation, we sincerely hope that you keep track of all of your credit cards. Like many of us, Chip hasn't had it easy with women. It was an Okie that first fell in love with Chip, but a school teacher soon turned his head and that was it. The New Year brought H's cute smile, and Chip realized that he no longer wanted to fly. To our surprise, this liberal, who hated engineering, decided to pursue a career under the water as an engineer. RESTEZ EN OR, LE BOY DU PONEY Love MDM and KAM

**Michael Shannon Wohlford**
**Radford, Virginia**
**Naval Flight Officer**

To the bleach blonde Southern hick from the hills of Virginia, military discipline was as foreign and alien as the concept of a one woman man. 8 to 80, anything goes... and did! The eternally stealthy mid, from Deputy Dog to Co. Cdr. To Teeg he was the boy who taught him the proper way to live his life through the blood. The endless firstie summer, from Orleans to Stormtrooping across the Gulf. And Greg had never seen so many girls at the Grand Central Station! Taco learned to worship Wolfie's "Dances with Women". To the brother I earned, he taught me to be a Christian. To Hunt he was the boy he watched become a man. His first friend Plebe Summer, late night soul searching past Taps. From singing songs of the south to snaps to these occasional mind links, we shared life. And soon, he'll be makin' bucks, meetin' babes... makin' babes? We love you, the 6004 Corps! TJL GWG JHW

**Douglas P. Barber**
**Gresham, Oregon**
**Surface Warfare**

Douglas came to Annapolis with high aspirations in academics, and athletics. Little did he know where those aspirations would take him in four short years. From Hubbard Hall with the lightwieght rowers to the Commandant's list, Doug found excellence in areas that will prove invaluable in the future. As a "squad daddy" and class President, Doug learned leadership characteristics and how to deal with people in sometimes less than ideal situations. He also found the company of a gracious and sweet young lady who shares his devotion to Christ and really is his "better half!" These additions along with his determination, self discipline and faith in God will stand him in good stead as he attacks the Surface Warfare Community and ultimately the big, bad world outside the Navy. Good luck and God Bless you Brother! M.W.S.

**Geoff D. Broderick**
**Richmond, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Geoff (George?) came to USNA armed with Wahoo ROTC experience, Eric Clapton tapes, the Jetta, and his high school sweetheart. Roommates from day one, I couldn't have made it with anyone else! Earning back my Reef Points, FLEIIISH-ERRR! and after-taps chow packages kept us busy that first summer. Youngster year Brod came into his own. Generous with his car, we appreciated roadtrips to VA beach, sorority parties and skiing. Remember sponsor boat trips to the ship in the yard, caramel cremes (You buy, I'll fly!), weekend trips to Bucknell, and teaching me to like the Eagles. 2/c year Geoff went easy on plebes but didn't mind hunting down the Filipino Bandit. Dukers on the throne, your complicated filing system, engagement rings cost how much? Firstie summer Brod developed an international taste: Swedish meatballs, Italian pasta, French bread, and English tea. Will the letters ever stop coming in? Funny, loyal, and true, the West Coast SWOs are getting one of the best. Trust in yourself and always remember these 4 years together by the Bay. CSC & KAS

**Curtis C. Carroll**
**Sterling, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

Where to start? Prather's squad. Plebe year on 6-3, what a scam, up after taps, rumbling w/ youngsters, radio headphones & diskmans, firecrackers down the plebe vator, D.C. @ 2am, new high & tights every 5 days- Oh, how we wanted to be Marines. We were a great team plebe year except for 12 weeks w/ Funk & D.J. It only got better, skateboarding, your stereo, parking on the yard, Billy Joel, Dice Clay, a case of rocks on 6-4, "it's 11:30 I won't live till lunch", Medical chits, White Works, Ocean City(which trip?), 2/c Summer (203lbs!-which way to P.C.B.?), Key West (Curt, help! my Moped won't start!), Easter parties, Oceana, New Years Eve in Time Square (Better call & tell them we're coming), St. Patty's Day(I missed that one step), beer pong @ K&J's, tailgating w/ the Lillys, A/N games, my B-day(I think it was fun), motorcycles, free falling, century club #?, pitchers @ Davis',frosty beer mugs. "Mike, I want to be the last person in this bar." You are one of a kind- thank god. You can knock on my door anytime. As only you would say it, Good Times. Hasta my brother. M.B.S.

**Clay S. Chilson**
**Millersburg, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

Chill, Chili dog, Clayson came to USNA from the Bubble of central PA, only after turning down MIT. Plebe year and computer-calc treated Clay well. He developed his game face, but we had fun knocking covers off. Thanks for the "A" in room appearance. Remember youngster year balcony stogies. "Watch your finger." Don't let your cheeks get too numb (A/N)! 2/c year Clay's organizational abilities earned him his nickname AJ squared away. Where's your cover? I think you put it with your glasses. Smoke Hall restriction musters. Mech E late night/early morning study habits. Hey Dirk, wanna go to Daytona, cheap hotels. Hi, I'm Harry. Happy 21st, our waitress is hot-think she'll kiss me. Blue cheese, see ya trash can. You're the two most straight up Joes. Don't ever forget late night CSBS watches staring at Constellations from LTM's rack. I'll see you at ski Saw Mill. Make me a matrix. Stay away from the PI! Thanks for being a great friend and a great roommate. Good luck on your SpruCan. Smooth sailing and following seas. Your buddies - GDB & KAS.

**Damien Robert Christopher**
**Chicago, Illinois**
**Navy Pilot**

Homo, Dames, Demon, Busdriver, or any obscenity-time to get ready. 5 minutes is enought time for another dream. Cardiac kid-even waited till the last second to get through the gate. Like the ole banana on the pillow trick? I know you got sick of morning songs. "And when I go away..." I know my "horse" score will stay better than yours (yeah, that was the name of it) Maybe Leif shouldn't have kids. Maybe you really didn't wipe enough. "what you got there..." is a stupid cop who couldn't find shore patrol. Bet you could beat Ditka at the Indy with the love van (if it's all downhill). Weekend debriefings of G-Town mentioned different places, names, means of transportation, but 2 things never changed-the type of beer and time spent with Sarah. You guys make a good team. You came out with more than a GI degree, straight nose, sexy way of marching, and bad singing voice ("La"). You're leaving with the mems, friends, and our respect-you'll always be the "commander". I'll see you at the surface sometime. I know you won't wait till the last five minutes before getting ready for graduation. You've been ready for a long time-Jazz

**Michael J. Dowling**
**Garden City, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

Urah! Want to be like Stretch, pinned head fire team leader, oh mommy cook me some turkey soon, Annapolis Motel the taste of tours, Youngster SCUM , sitting in P-lot toking the P-ball, 9 months of waiting exploded in a Delta, hitch hiking back to prison on a ferris wheel, bought thicker goggles to shave those extra pounds, CM, TW, and I go round two, Lt Lott (Tau Beta), still I go Tri-Century and crown myself DAPA, if I could find the Montreal dollar I could pay the NY cab, Buffaloing in Davis', the moon was out in Eastport, broke the Spring in SD, out-numbered cut my chin wearing my beaters and boxers, Limoing with Sabe, found the -side of the moon in Hawaii, wearing my sock in Naples, lights ON! What's up! Most awesome bachelor cartoons, Who's the Boy, roomies do roomies, hands off the cousins, I took the DAME out of NOTRE and found a werewolf, Led Zeppelin, Who's under the Jeep?     Love Los & Lilly.

**Brian Matthew Fleisher**
**West Bloomfield, Michigan**
**Navy Pilot**

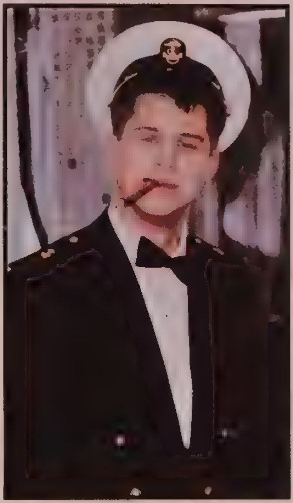
Brian TD Fleisher came to us from the Motor City with a lot of desire to fly but short on morals. He had a little trouble with his first conquest plebe year and decided to abort. 3/C year found us in the 2/C wardroom on Fri. nites drinking a lot of Orange Slice. At a DB party Bri showed how crude he could be by keeping everyone awake with his imitation of the worm. To top off the year he doubled his pleasure at Easter Party II. 2/C year Bri tried to further his studies at Catholic U. Then there were the great times at Brad's Bar and Grill. Especially after the Holyfield fight when we spent 6 wks on restriction. The highlight of the year was our ring dance in Ocean City- dipping our rings in the "Seven Seas" and the girls from Philly. Had a little academic trouble when he took finals in a not so sound state of mind. It's been a great 4 yrs by the Bay. Maybe after you get your wings you can work for me on the Exxon Valdez. SW

**Arnold E. Galit**
**Ann Arbor, Michigan**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Arnold came to the Academy with a beach blanket in one hand and a volley ball in the other. Plebe year Arnold roomed with TD Fleish where he narrowly escaped being charged with a felony, but not the drinking offense. 3/c year Arnie entertained himself and the rest of 28th by playing jokes on his CompSci roommate. 2/c summer came, and he knew he was bound for FOdoom and the warm, sandy beaches of P-Cola. Then the overbearing stresses of being a CompSci and the long hours and late nights studying EE sometimes prevented him from turning on his computer for months. Arnie finally learned to appreciate USNA on his ardous trip to France. Here, he spent long, tortous hours educating the French girls on the INTERNATIONAL language, beach etiquette, and the perils of being a volleyball stud. Never forget: Earthday, Daytona, Trojan Man, the green blind date(s), $5 Jackets the blues, VH, Connells, guitar lessons, the Jeep -finally!,Key Largo, Video Cams, Co football, skiing, stress, gas, power lifting, Frat parties, and all the good times. It's been great- take care and don't ever change -- ---- Chris & Sean.

**Keith H. Gordon**
**Somerset, New Jersey**
**Navy Pilot**

Gordo, Gordona-Ducca, Flash, Zorro, Jiggins, Gorgeous: A gift from Exit 9, N.J., Keith got skating Kramps from plebe year & became the ultimate youngster, missing 28 classes in one semester & managing to get a full-night's sleep during the day. Fastidious but relaxed, Gordo left the losers in the loft (Varsity 'N' and out) & took full advantage of roommate loyalty by snagging Wags' sister. Remember..."Courageous" attempts to sail to Bermuda, Blue Magnet Trouble-sleeping, youngster wardroom, Fri. night radio show & dance E.I. w/Humpty, Hall hockey, CA Spring Break (pass the paper bag, please?), abusing Sam, gummy things, Mack-trucking (B-Day fry), Ron-Jon odyssey, N.C. 4X4, Intellivision skiing (textbook style), Days groupies, Vangelis war heroes, surf poser, P-Cola; Beach or O-course? OTW, What are we doing on Batt Staff?, Caius... Martius.... Frost E.I., Ow!...Wanna dance?, the Horse You Rode in On, Want some Tang? I make a great rack! Keith, you always have been & will always be able to make us smile. We know you'll be a "Sierra Hotel" pilot! Stay Gold, Gordo. LEM & TRW



**Sean W. Horton**
**St. Albans, Vermont**
**Navy Pilot**

Sean comes to us from St. Albans, a small lakeside village in Vermont, after briefly considering a life in the Australian outback. SWO never seemed challenged during Plebe year, overcoming setbacks such as a broken finger on the O-Course, a big boxing partner, and a sloppy local roommate. Youngster year found him with a third roommate to complete the triad, a stealth room on 6-3, and a sporty TR-6 to take him to UVA and other parties. Well prepared by those who had gone before him, he never let the severe stresses of second class year affect him. After jaw surgery, an apartment out in town, a new Honda, and endless hoards of cash, Sean performed his first class duties from a distance. It's been great, never forget: flag recons, penny wars, late night fumagations, Friday pizza and cards, Syracuse, Montreal, Army-Navy, Plebe Detail tennis matches, quiet neighbors, guitars, firstie kitchens. Good luck, SWO. -- Chris & Arnold

**David Gilbert Jasso**
**Albuquerque, New Mexico**
**Naval Flight Officer**

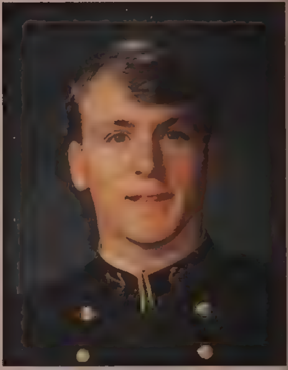
Gilbert came from Albuquerque talking him like a real man. After crashing a YP, knockabout, and Yawl into the sea-wall, Gilbert was dead set on becoming an NFO. Lookout Pensacola! Dave had an awesome memory 2/C year. Not only was he the first to know all the plebes' names in the company, but he somehow managed to learn the names of all the plebes? in the entire brigade. Dave was actually a very professional 2/C. In fact, one of his plebe summer plebes (C.M.) still has comearounds with him, two years later. Dave loves to drive. His unique sense of direction allows him to tour Baltimore on his way back to the Academy from D.C. If you ever see Dave laying out in the sun drinking and dipping, call a paramedic and ask him to do his funky chicken impersonation (in that order please). But don't let him drive your car! D.A.M

**David Brian Lilleforen**
**Virginia Beach, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Lilly-bird-pad-flo-p.o.d.-King of SABU took the 5 year plan via NAPS.(Wed. nights, chem labs-top drawer, football in the wind, Van Halen with S.W.) Where was he plebe summer(bloody Sun?"I got football). (hold on Curt, I know it).I need a major? Griz has Math gouge. Youngster summer: S.S. with L.B.& C.J., M.D.'s 19th B-day (sorry about the floor), & nice pics from Hawaii. Youngster year it all started in O.C.: Century Club (I will not puke!). Then #1 came along and the clock hit the floor, beginning his reign (what's the final count?). Champions (Lil, do you know that girl?), Embassy Suites, Club-A, Lewis at the seawall.& Taco Bell runs. 2/c Year-his first NCAA game & Dowls tried to celebrate by sleeping with him (what?) Homecoming-WOW! New Years Eve. Spring Break in SD-Jello shooters? Leave with Los in Naples- what flexibility! Back to SD that summer with Doz, Sean, & C.J. in the Limo with Sabe. 1/c Year: family tailgaters, Davis' Pub, Mr. Days, C-club-again!. Last but not least, Easter parties - enough said! Lil will never pass up a chance to dance or talk to you, and he'll never look bad at study hour. PALS Dowls, Los, & C.J.

**Christopher S. Long**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Chris comes to us from the far away land of Annapolis, USNA being closer to his house than his old high school. After sailing through his plebe year/ correspondence course, Long provided plenty of material for the rumor mill as the "Master" of Bucknell U. Chris' popularity spread throughout the colleges of Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Virginia, but only, of course, when he was not burdened with his heavy Mech course load which he reminded us of constantly. A Nuke from the start, he was destined to follow in his fathers footsteps, but changed his mind firstie year in favor of the hard working life of NFO. Could it have been spring break in Cozumel? The Connells concert? Earth Day? Van Halen? Getting arrested in Daytona? The Indy Talon? Good luck Chris, you can stay at our places anytime. Remember: room wrestling, the blues, Army-Navy, frat parties, UVA weekends, skiing, BattleAxe, flag recons, New Orleans, intense PT, beach dreams, head restrictee, food fights, Key Largo, Syracuse, SWO's gas, stress, Chris' coffeehouse, The Oppressed Brothers, Montreal. See you in the air. -- Arnold & Sean



**Patrick Joseph Long**
**Orchard Park, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

P.J. (aka Mr. J Crew) came to USNA with bow tie in hand. From the start you got the feeling Pat was just here scoping the place out-looking for examples of the military structure's oppressive violations of his fundamental civil liberties-so that he could make some changes when he became a hot shot Hill lobbyist. "I'm not gonna let this place change who I am", he would often say. Well, after 4 years PJ was able to get all he could out of this place without letting this place take anything from him. QUOTABLES: Dem bats is smart, they use radar; Rolling Rock; Not it; Last one up's a Clavin; In your wheelhouse; She's diggin' me; Best d--- party; Patsy Bottle; BMD, LYLLT Joe; I got a feeeeeling, Buffalo's goin to the Super Bowl; Ever been hoggin'?; JP-5; I GOT to go to law school (too late PJ). MEMORABLES: Losing Funk @ Denny's; Harlem Nights; My accident in Buffalo; Cozumel-Lola???; Pat, the skate rat; Davis'; The O's game that never was; Morrissey; Room rules; and so much more. You always make us laugh. Thanks. What a long strange trip it's been. Remember, A walk's as good as a hit. Ken & Funk

**Nicolas A. Marusich**
**Mission Viejo, California**
**Naval Flight Officer**

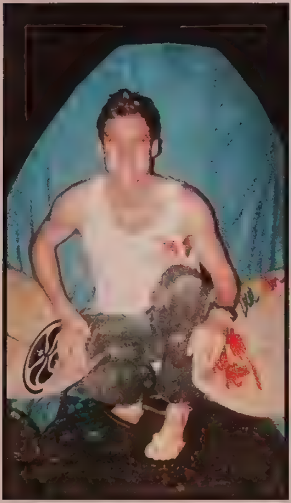
Funk hails from the raging metropolis of Mission Viejo. Nick's most notable characteristic, besides the fact that he can't dunk, is his size. At 6'9", The Franchise is largest surfer ever to leave Southern California. Nick makes a fashion statement everywhere he goes- "I don't care about fashion." Yet, his stint at the Naval Academy has convinced all that big men have big hearts (and a lot of hair). Nick is always able to see the bright side of every situation (Yes, P-3's have a rack in the back). He is a good friend and we will always want the Funk (If you don't like it, get the Funk out.) A true STUD. MEMORABLES: golf @ 25 cents a hole (you owe me about $2,000); Spuds The Beer Child; 10th Co. Bistro; guppy fishing in D.C.; rodeo dancing in VA beach; Cruex poster child; ring dipping in O.C.; fire extinguisher fights; Denny's; B-Fifty-Who's?; Room Rules (Never Obey!); New Orleans; Davis'; tripping over half-court lines; etc. QUOTABLES: Don't light a match inhere, the floor will catch on fire!; Fahrverg-NICKen; Feed the Buffalo!; Don't dribble and if you do, wipe your chin!; UGHHH!! Peace and Love, PJL/KEM

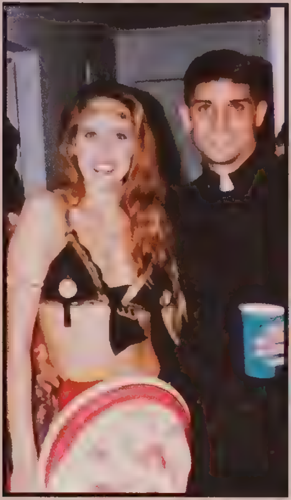
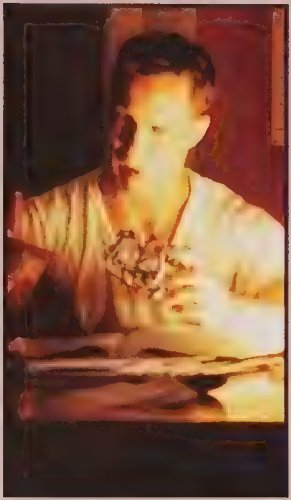
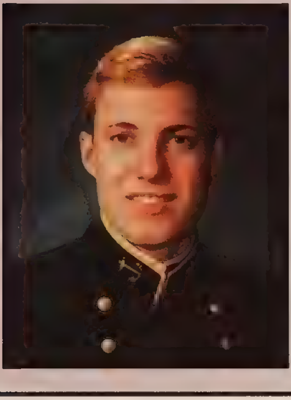
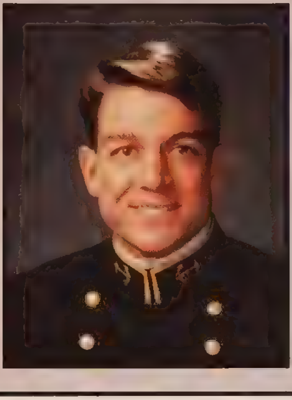
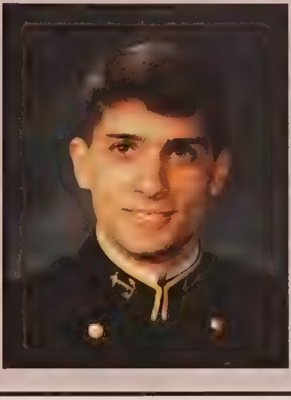
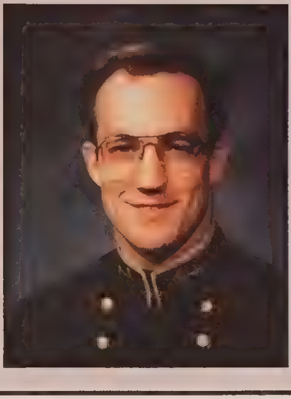
**Carlos Michael Mendez**
**(Naples) Miami, Florida**
**Surface Warfare**

Los came to us from the only place on earth--South Florida. It doesn't snow, it's flat, and Miami football is there(Navy's better). Los gained fame plebe summer when all you could hear was "Mendez, You're cocky and don't know --." Plebe year brought the Academy Motel and the infamous plebe/youngster party in which he was the ring leader(you're such a bad influence). At least we made it back for taps. Youngster year brought us closer together with the Ocean City weekend. That sums up the whole four years here. That year was filled with skate boarding, partying, and many tantrums over your easy major. Don't forget the dock! How many socks were you wearing in the morning? 2/c summer and Key West. Then came 2/c year and your famous Dice Man with the 10th Co players. Then life stopped! There she was! Swimming across the pool, and you said, "I gotta have that All American Swimmer. I bet no one ever thought of - that! Tailgaters, Easter Parties, Pep Rallies, Ski trip(YOU WERE THE SPIRIT OF 10). E.O.S. leave in Naples WOW! How was the back room? see you in SD --- PALS Dowls and Lilly.

**Kenneth Eugene Milano**
**Petaluma, California**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Ken arrived at USNA from Northern California with individual dreams. A bout with appendicitis and one company song later, the Golden Boy led the charge against the upper class. Always self-determined, Ken shows a great desire to suck on the pap of life. Ken has the unique ability to make a bad situation good and, more likely, a good situation bad. Ken has spent the past four years in dire search of the party that will live in the annals of history. Don't you fret, Ken! With your drive and abilities, life will reward you with eternal happiness. MEMORABLES: guppy, Davis'; Oct. 91 to Feb. 92; Oxford; The Players-Waist Size 50; Iowa corn; burnin' down the Hut; ring dippin' in O.C.; The Shebeen; Dean's List 8, Sup's List 0; Red Beach; Mrs. Chilson's chili; fire extinguisher wars; 21st B-day; Harlem Nights; O's game; QUOTABLES: OOOH! Candles; Good Buns!; Dem bats is smart, they use radar; Which Kim?; How old were they?; Now they're both up there!; Man, I gotta go! Ken, whatever you do, always remember that friends are never forgotten. You know who yours are.



**Kenneth Matthew Miller**
**Waimanalo, Hawaii**
**Surface Warfare**

Kiwi arrived I-day with sand between toes and the last lei that he would see for a while. He brought with him real Hawaiian food..."seaweed?" Stories of wild Hawaiian women..."which Malia?" and that ever hated Monday morning smile. Ken was a little up tight at first "Hey! you can't do that!" with lots of admiring upperclass "Miller...did you go to that party?" and "Miller you're a smack!" (followed by a mickey mouse chowcall, thanks Pete). Youngster year loosened him up though. Good grades and lots of sleep, during the day, Hooyah SEAL team 28. His SWO skills failed him though...in a canoe. Kiwi's summers were filled with sun, fun, southern women, and Summerschool? remember Harry, and Orange #5. Ac year a Butane flame burned Newton's hide. A personal meeting with the supe. Extra libs at the V's. Fahrvergnugen, yakima, kayaks, GP100, the Kiwi look, BBall tournies in the room. Famous quotes, Just one shot, Cisco, I wish I could do that, Be my friend, You'll finish last, Got to mop well, and You know the deal. Ken, there's no better friend or roomie. Ride the wave and keep that smile. BZ-TB Thanx, Oss

**Leif Eric Mollo**
**Rancho Palos Verdes, California**
**Special Warfare**

Leaf, "Roll-a-Mollo", Moles, Stinky: ...a creative mind from smoggy L.A. came to USNA with hopes of flying F-14s in unpolluted skies. Plebe pastimes included: guitar solos at taps, stop the music, bulletin board art, the new sponsor search. Moles, never forget: Ediebarshkie & family, growing UP at the Traffic Light Lounge, B's are better than A's in Hockey but not in OOM, Vangelis orange grenades, Port wine & the Humpty Dance, Taco Bell (drop the bag & the L.A. freeway!) Buck- DOWN BUCK! Mack-trucking, Xmas calls, LHA to Lebanon, PCR or Hockey? Candi's Love Connection (Tracy) Monster Truck Trader, CD fest & mid cards, faithful care-packages, Maartius...Martius, Days, "Don't take advantage of a relationship!", "Here, Sammy...I ain't gonna hurtcha,""The goat is old and..."! Leif, the sky was the limit, but you chose Lyme Disease with the SEALs. We support you 125% (air support, that is!) Drop down and face the surf, YOU! Go get wet and sandy! Bros for life- K.H.G. and T.R.W.

**David Alexander Morales**
**Vermillion, Ohio**
**Navy Pilot**

Dave, a.k.a. Daveed, moral-less, or Alejandro, came to us compliments of the BOOST program with his sights set on naval aviation. Most of the time, you could find Alejandro in front of the mirror gawking at himself in his "still smells like new flight jacket." If not, he was doing the "Morales strut" through the halls, teaching all of us how to talk us like real men. While roaming, he would always brag of his karate ability, an ability we all have yet to see. An ability we have seen is his gouge-collecting skills... live by it, die by it. And none of us will forget Bucknell ...can you say Heismann? Youngster year found us pulling all-nighter after all-nighter, but the effort didn't show in our grades. By youngster year we established that I'd do the sink, Alejandro does the floor. Finally, after wasting six weeks at Bulldog, firstie year rolled around. My temper with his bullheadedness were cause for a few disputes, but we usually settled them by the end of the week. And Geoff still has your goat. Good luck at flight school; I know you'll do well. Fly low, DGJ

**Eric James Ostler**
**Fort Calhoun, Nebraska**
**Surface Warfare**

Eric, better known to everyone and myself as "Just Oss, no last name", or Uncle Oss, came from the vast cornfields of Nebraska where two unnamed roads meet in an unknown town. He learned at an early age that survival of the fittest meant outrunning 2000lb. bulls. He brought this sense of survival with him to USNA, and along with his "flexible concept" of this place, survived toeing the "Prather line", academics, and everything else this place gave us. He worked his way to the bottom of the top with his C. CDR. billet. He kept us awake with his guttoral sounds in the halls and kept us alive with his vast supplies of food from his late night farming harvests. All he asked was for everyone to "be my friend" and of course no one could object to the 180lb wet noodle. Oss was late to bed and early to rise and never was one to say "I can't help you." he always had an open door pooring out jams of VH and DP. The bizarre pictures with Ginger and Candy, his indulgence of chocolate, his smile, and hugeness will not go unnoticed. Somehow this great farmboy won't finish last. Thanks roomie! Kiwi-co

**Martin Stephen Rusnak**
**Altoona, Pennsylvania**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Finding a roommate like Racer had to be an act of God. Who would believe two people could be so much alike-yet so different? Same car, major (for a while), Congressman, EE troubles, sleeping rules, taste in music(just change it every 1/2 hour - the Boss rules). Golden Oldies to Aerosmith-what a switch. What memories we share - the 6-4 General Store, the COMMLINK, pre-leave nuts & ale, late night girl and leadership talks, (trade a pizelle for a gob?), the Wheel, flying books, flying bodies, rumble partners any day, staring at each other across the hall at 0430 during Plebe Summer, any run over 40 yds. is too far, (how do you validate the 1 1/2), the gunshop, aqua boulders, "this sport sucks" talks, 6 varsity letters, 2 N-stars, and a team captain between us, your waxing greatness and my ineptitude. Thanks for teaching me to lose weight (you've got to have it to lose it, right?) We've done all right for a pair of funny-talking guys from Western PA, and I'm sure you'll make a great nuke. May my sub-chaser someday find your boat so we can share a few more laughs, gouge, and girl stories over a couple Sustacals. JFW

**Michael Brian Schoffman**
**Tulsa, Oklahoma**
**Navy Pilot**

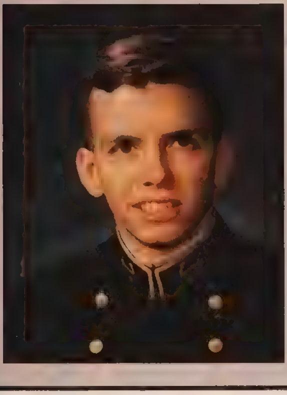
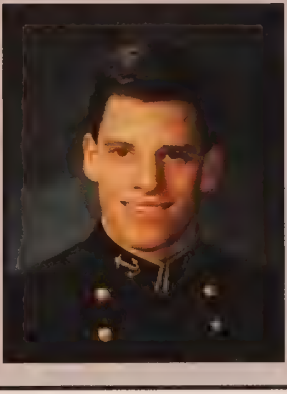
Shhhhhhh! I got "Stuff" to do...Plebe year was strange. That was the year you met your sponsors...Army week--wake me up when you get out of the shower (that happened). 3/c year came in with a bang. O.C. and "no way we can drink all this..coke. Along the way were the Caps/Flyers, Dice, and the man, Billy Joel. Let's not forget B Pong, Ruuuff (no picture proof though), and watch your step (You don't mind sleeping there do you?). But then came the summer.. "Yea these drinks are on the Mendez tab....Curt, help me start this moped... Hey, where's Carlos going...You don't want to see, it's really bloody...A for effort, F for vocabulary." (It's a hard language). Next came the move from 6-4 back to our roots at 5-2. However, things were different this time. We built the PALACE. Then came the big 21 B-day..."Blah, Blah, Blah..3547894302849.. Your Dad was happy when I called (yea right), ect...WOW! The next summer you became a Key West local. At least I'll know where to find you in 20 yrs. Unfortunately, there is nothing legal about 1/c year so...Peace my brother, and Mike, I love ya, Let's rock and roll.---C.C.C.

**Christopher Alan Scott**
**Burlington, Kansas**
**Navy Pilot**

Chris (the human music box) came to USNA from America's heartland with one goal in mind -- to fly jets. Chris wasn't gonna be completely happy unless he was up at 10,000 ft. with his hair on fire (let's just hope the flames don't move the hairline back any further). After a year rooming with DGJ, Homer piled in with me. Chris quickly started converting me to "good" music (if Lucifer's Pagan Love Machine Band put out an album, Chris was the first in line). Wherever there was a good time to be had you could find Chris....you usually had to look out by the keg, but you could find him. As near as I can tell, the Homer Philosophy of Life goes something like: Drive fast, Rock hard, Drink deep, and pray you don't get busted -- but accept the fact that you probably will. MEMORABLES: Ring dipping in O.C.; Vermont/Bucknell (taking out lift lines); Hammerjacks boxing lessons; Van Halen; South Padre; philosophyzing at UVA; the youngster wardroom; Easter bashes; red beach B.S. sessions w/Los; Spring Break pleasure cruise; etc. Thanks for putting up w/me for 3 years. You can borrow $3 any time. Friends (what else matters?). Ken

**Keith A. Scott**
**Lynchburg, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Keith, Keefer, Keithers is definitely the best thing to ever come out of Lynchburg! 2 of the 3 ever accepted from his H.S., he arrived on a dirt road from VA Tech to take the Academy by storm. Computer Science, Drum&Bugle, juggling, Broadway Musicals, or comic books: whatever you interests were, they consumed your very soul. Weekend D&B M.O.s got Keith through plebe year and the grace of God helped him survive Arnie's 30-second wake up calls. Hey Keith, where is your cover and why are your anchors upside down? 2nd semester 3/c year brought a safe haven on 6-3 and friendships for a lifetime. Late night/early morning talks, stogies on the balcony, skiing trips, basketball & raquetball, Les Miserables, 16 all-nighters, New Years 1992, double dates, "Let's be serious", Fi-Fi and Bunny just called. "Keith, not in Memorial Hall"-would they be surprised. Keith, you always had time to give to anyone who needed it. Your endless optimism and enthusiasm will be missed. No subs, but Pearl will do fine. Fair winds and following seas. CSC & GDB

**Mark William Stewart**
**Scottsdale, Arizona**
**Surface Warfare**

Commitment to excellence! Those words accurately characterize Mark's contributions. This was shone from precise instruction and organization as the Batt drill officer to significantly impacting people's lives through leadership in Navigator ministries. In addition, Mark's athletic prowess were always needed to fill every company team and he was never disappointing. With a giving spirit he wouldn't fail to help a friend in need, like his roommate, who often relied upon him heavily. After studying political science, along with a great deal more engineering then desired, and taking every opportunity to improve himself professionally he is ready and anxious to take on the fleet. Good luck and God Speed! D.P.B

**Jeffrey Edward Stim**
**Toland, Connecticut**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Now the intro goes something like this-LaDeDa LaDeDa Da Da. Jazzy, Stimulator-We saw the evolution of a knuckle-dragging character from "Revenge of the Nerds" to a knuckle-dragging clown-boxing, suave and debonair ladies man. This Connecticut loner went from using the mighty mouth, sending Jeff Jr. for flying lessons and getting lost behind the sailing center to the ball-qualled,high-flying gymnast mechanical engineer headed for nuc-power school guy that we now know as JAZZ. This pipe-smoking, booger-flicking, studyaholic somehow found time to learn how to handle a sizable amount of booze with which he engraciated us all with the eternal smile. With the agility of a monkey and the living habits of a salamander, we're not sure what this guy is, except this - you're a great roommate and an even better friend. Later One-eyed Jack Don't go peepin' into too many seafood stores - Dman & Molls

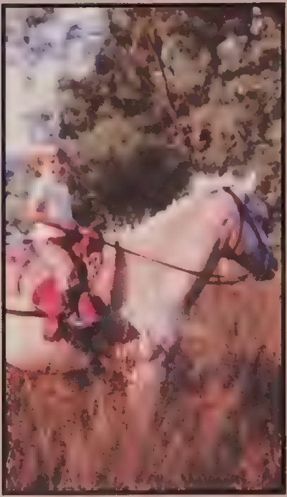
**Thomas Robert Wagener**
**Dubuque, Iowa**
**Navy Pilot**

To-mas, Wags, Professor Beans, Froggy...Tom came from the corn fields of Dubuque, one week after his only college application was approved. After validating the bulk of Plebe Year Tom continued to struggle academically and morally. Tom lived by the Halo effect & got an A in performance by using his Presidential pardon to erase his second drinking offense. Tom, never forget: Prather's squad, make me a matrix, Wendy & the straw, rifle team (I need fresh air), Airborne Buddy, Movies w/Bob, Youngster wardroom, drunk mack-trucking, Tom Dooley (Fri. Night Live), "One more toast to port!","Hi, my name is Hairy." P-Cola vice O-Course! Candi's Rules, "Just but it in the bathroom,""I bet I could & she wouldn't do a thing." marathon man, CA Spring Break, Batt Tennis scam, the wall (Baltimore), letters from Rone, phone bills to Spain, Georgia, Venezuala...Jabba the Bet. Tom, we wish you a cat-shot into success and a trap on the #3 wire. Best Buds forever- KHG and LEM.

**Steven Wayne West**
**St. Louis, Missouri**
**Surface Warfare**

Steve 'the good ol boy' came to the Navy from St. Louis, Mizzou. He started at Nuke school-boy someone screwed up- then made his way to NAPS. 4/C year he managed to fool a lot of people; he also got some aggressive hot tub therapy as he skated through God's Country. 3/C year his true colors came through as he racked up many days of restriction yet got no demerits thanks to a dog. There were many delta beta parties where he showed his talent as master of the Annapolis Zoo. Spring break saw the Battle Wagon go and hitching a ride in the back of a semi w/ a ferris wheel. I'll never forget the night my faithful roommate took an extended round during a fire & security watch. And don't forget him & Dowls running thru Eastport-full moon. 2/C year saw alot of time at Brad's B/G including 1 Holyfield fight which netted 6 weeks of restriction. Steve managed to become 2X in-laws before being bitten by a blonde love bug I introduced him to OOPS. Ring Dance was classic at Ocean City 'who needs girls' we had the seven beer dunking ceremony. It's been interesting, good luck on the floating gas station. Your friend forever B-TD-F

# XI COMPANY



**James Franklin Weyant II**
**New Paris, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

Who'd ever think that you would come to USNA and room with a guy who lives 35 mins. from you. It's been a great 4 yrs. for WhyNot and Comrade. Our shaft plebe year(the 6-4 Midstore). Never a morning man, but once awake you were a great guy and a great friend. Remember the recon YOU PLANNED & the choice words you uttered when I tried to wake you. PSU youngster year-sorry you had that headache from "cheering" too much. 2/C- the COMLINK cdr had a rough 1st semester, but Generally speaking, 2nd semester was much better-did you enjoy those stars? Then stripes-3 of them for The Captain, along with undefeated season & league champs! Luckily we both weren't losing weight at the same time. Yeah 150's, Eat like a... I'm glad that I'm good with a trash can. "Well Jimbo, we made it through another day." You are a great friend and one of the best leaders I've ever met. Thanks for everything. I've learned a lot from a man from Bedford. Fair winds and following seas. MSR

**Edan Barrett Antoine**
**East Brunswick, New Jersey**
**Surface Warfare**

We Are Seniors..."A" tumbled his way down the turnpike to grace USNA's gymnastics mats and bars. This man has separated, broken and bruised (icing w/ Molsons) more extremities than I have memories of Feb 4.(and I'll never forget it- 5K-what a board!!) From flying jets in TJ, "Goose"? to Chemistry-collaboration?- Nah! "Crash" has been there. And Rod: Whats a "loofa" for? High fives- thanks Mom, fence impaling. What about the culture guide to Ms. (Si) Houston (those phone calls got our "attention") Fantasy:"I was inverted" in a hand-stand. Want some broccoli pizza? What are you doing in there? (I and II) Bonding with the Captain. Thanks for being there to wipe the yoke off my nose when I needed it. "E" is for...(always buddy). See you at McShaedan's (We got four "boards" covered) Yaamp!! Skol, GFS ...Life Is Good!

**Timothy Edward Barrick**
**Modesto, California**
**Marine Corps**

The gentle Jarhead, too nice a guy to be a yutch-pup (or even just a mid). Rough plebe year, rougher roomies; Yukon after the Screws final, caps of Jack youngster year! Camping adventure, Bangladesh, High Sierras, Judy Springs cliff hanger, the "manic" missionary. "Tim forgot the towels again." Remember that Bronco? Forget the minor in Chinese. Firstie year found Tim living out on town, seldom visiting Navy. "I'm the CDO?" Zero-dark-thirty PT, cheesing the roommates, smacking the lightbulbs (what did they do to you?) Those years of long-distance love really paid off. Danika couldn't be luckier and you couldn't be happier. You taught us a lot, brother. Have a great commission, active 'til retirement! We really love ya, buddy - you're the best. Go hard or go hard! LLL, GOK, TUT

**Shauna M. Batty**
**Gloversville, New York**
**Naval Flight Officer**

From the small-town glove capitol of the world, Shu reported with a smile that never dimmed, believing everything. Her fun-loving spirit and pink pen led to the affectionate name, DingBatty. She was only going to be at USNA for 30 days, but she gave it a shot for a while, four memorable years with: V-ball and gymnastics lessons in the room, St. Pat's Day with green beer, Easter bunny on roller blades, army week water raids (did they ever know it was us?), watching Herndon on crutches after going airborne and SERE during a recon, Christmas cruise, a room full of Daves, divorces, other men--Do they exist?, sanitation management on YP cruise, and of course New Years in NY. Despite numerous attempts by Keith and Wasson to make her a grunt, the aerobics queen now wears her own brown leather jacket. Laughing at everything, I mean everything... Everyone can thank her for undying support.(SHUT2)-TAT

**Charles Alec Broomfield**
**Heidelberg, Germany**
**Navy Pilot**

Chuck came to us as Charles Alec. 4/c year-flexing in mirrors (Huuuge!) and "talking" with '90.Taped to the chair in the 'vater. Too bad about your German girl-good work on the letter, JAV. But that break-up was good-enter Sandra. The bear spent most of 3/c year in his cave. Figured he might have had to work in CHEM(a C-you're breaking my heart) so he went Poli-Sci.Had to pull some "late" nights (2230) two or three times. 2/c year-Broomhorn, 2 for 7, ring shopping for you-know-who,fight during PCR,EE E.I. U.MD. frat party-of course we're in this frat! I've fallen... Almost lost CGN-38. Fluent German-free beer on FGS Emden.1/c year-stripes almost killed him, but the real Chuck prevailed. Only guy to make money HAVING FUN with the Danes. Aviator w/SWO body and Marine haircut. Stay honest! You're a great guy and a true friend. My best for you and Sandra. GOK

**Jeffrey Michael Cochran**
**Burnt Hills, New York**
**Marine Corps Naval Flight Officer**

Mickey's dual majors: Sports Pages and Mech E, kept him busy..."Hey, where's the sports page?" I have a test tomorrow, I'll study after b-fast. Plebe year: Girls, one in particular, threw him for a "loop"... who needs 'em anyway? "I'll give carry-on if you speckle..." Aye aye Sir. JM put in some hard studying, at least 5 hrs... a semester, you always managed to pull it out. "Gazer". 2/c year: ROADTRIPS (Kentucky, Lehigh) "Chello Breakfast", fall'n in the blowpit. Who can forget Spring Break? "O Capt, my Capt" Box Man and Mickey sharing the lawn chair by the "palm" tree. Chilling lika...papaya. Got a li'l more than a letter from Jo Anne. 1/c Summer: "Yarch, light weight, gas operated... Marine killing tool" 150's or was that 190's. All league, can I wear your sweater? The Island was bouncing. ServSel: That window was no match for a Marine. Semper Fly, C-ya. -Mooch

**Roderick Longworth Coward**
**Burke, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Winner of the Dep-Dant look- alike contest! Plebe year "wasted" second semester, 3 months mono, West Virginia youngster Easter - who invited Pepe? Class campout, party at your house, beers at Brad's, remember France:"That's a dude!" 2/c Big Bad Wolf, no wonder EE ... - how could we remember what we studied?(another "wasted" second semester) 9000 without a day nor demerit, "As far as you know...", 2 for 7 - "Hey Mom and Dad, nice new furniture!","My car will look GOOD in Hawaii!" Buffett, Harry Brown's, 30 minute shower, no breakfast, what's that ring on your back pocket? Gotta love that d-d-double bromski! Be careful about reading books in bed. We love you, Baby Huey. It wouldn't have been as fun without you. FABS, TUT

**George Wade Evans**
**Granville, Ohio**
**Surface Warfare**

George, or was that Wade, came to us a hairy, small town hero. We took care of the hairy part, but he'll always be an Ohio boy. Plebe year GW discovered diamonds aren't the hardest substance known to man (or woman). Youngsterdom and a Visa took Wad to the Polo store, GQ wouldn't be caught dead without his turtleneck. GD, who's 30% more sensitive than the average man, ventured to ND, NY, and OH where he dabbled in both horse and crash dummy impersonations. Remember April Fools '90 ? Trying to steal a Lamb's wool. BMW finally met his match and doubled his family's gene pool at SS Sally's. After a few trips to the Fruit Loop, the taming of Wad's shrew was complete: A/N '90. We lost, Wad won... bring on the plastic kids. BMW: USMC, NFO, SWO. Swodaddy making a "closet call"... Remember that position in the Bob Evan's empire. Let's go golfing. -Snake Eye

**Anthony C. Fabiano**
**Hoosick Falls, New York**
**Marine Corps**

Fabs definitely took the long road to USNA. Getting through Paradise Island and then NAPS before he finally could convince the brass that he was officer material. Plebe and youngster year saw Fabs in the Brigade Boxing finals and eventually on the mat. Watch out for the head shots. Second class year Fabs found Rhonda. To say that this was a perfect match is an understatement (he finally found someone shorter than him.) First class year brought Mid Nite at Harry Browns (Just tell me once in a while if you don't want Rhonda to know you went.) Big plans were always flowing, unfortunately big bucks weren't. "I'm gonna get a Zodiac. I'm gonna buy a house." What ever he lacked in money, though, he made up in heart. His antics plebe year kept a lot of flames from flowing to the rest of us. The Marine Corps was made for you. P.T. stud, ac rock, and a lot of heart...OOH RAH!! RLC

**David Stephen Helon**
**Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**
**Marine Corps**

Known as CHUD, Dave migrated to USNA via the steel-town of 'Pits-burg'. A national f-ball hero and food connoisseur, Hell-on-4 wheels spent plebe year taming mice,boxing class,and his McIntosh. 3/C year set the standard for Dog Zebra in the room. Little did we know this darkness would prove to be his trademark. You knew them all! 2/C summer took us to Yutchland, P-cola,and Daytona;Thanks for getting the girls! What about M.A. and the PA connection? Turkey break and the Alaskan frosh, NATS mail and a way around the system. Lemon drops,Iron City, Hawken,Treaty of Paris and your 21st at Griffin's. Sorry about the door handle. Intramural stud in Fieldball and Racquball (remember its only a game!), darts, homework after midnight,the roommate game,and who could forget HoJo's. Computer Sci-The Corp or die. Through it all we stuck together. We finally did it! Best Wishes. VINO

**Shawn Brian Inman**
**Southern Pines, North Carolina**
**Navy Pilot**

Shawn OutWoman came to us from NC. Plebe year: Smack guitar concerts, introducing girlfriend as his sister, even to classmates. Cindy and the TR-6. Neither worked out. At least there's still hopes for the Triumph. 2/C: Prize heifers- Tara the Terrible, Dirty Di the extended lab portion of his psychological disorders class. "Shawn, why is there a brick on the dashboard?" "I dunno." Loved your Reg PE libs uniform. So did the CDO. "But I was only going over to Lori's!" True love on the cape? Time will tell. Brad's Bar and Grill.The Bermuda Spinnaker and Screw Tangle Massacre. Shred any $10K bills lately. Bermuda Belle, Road Rash, Midnight Rendezvous with Kim the bartab hook. Glueing coconuts together? Go PUMPKINHEAD, Go! Only the navy would make a pilot of the only mid ever to swamp a knockabout. Our confidence in your covering up anything you screw up. Good Luck. CKW-JAV!

**Glenn Oscar Korhorn**
**Orland Park, Illinois**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

Kornhead, Kornball, Kornfield, Kornbucks, Kornnut, Korhones, KORNSTEIN; "You have that perfect cue-ball shape";She's only fifteen...Wrong way on an exit ramp(3000 fry), what about the Arab's at Rod's sponsor's? Remember our "buddies' in the truck at the frat party? Harrier feet than the Hobbit: He's six-feet-what and can't play hoops? Mondo appetite, fan dried feet, triple-check your pay statement, has your car broke 1500 miles yet? Fall '91:"I'm lost. Which way to the mall?" Did hometown ever shop at the Midstore? German Naval hospitality in Baltimore, Windy city, Reader's Digest head literature, the designated driver - NOT! 2/c PCR round two, watch those low door frames and branches, beware of the clowns. Good friend to all and one heck of a guy - best of luck always and hit life at full gallop. CAB, TUT

**Lance L. Lesher**
**Severn, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

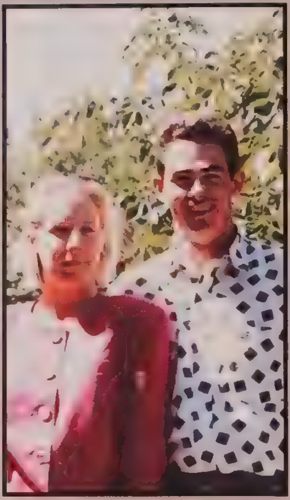
Lance was an extremely interesting person to live with. He came to us as a local taking the long road. He started out in the enlisted world, then there was NAPS, and finally USNA. Lance had a procession of roommates his plebe year. The way he handled Zika may be the reason. Many times he acted as our conscience when we needed it. In between he punished himself with boxing, marathons, and classes. Lance did not like his summers and probably had more classes than anyone in VGEP. His First Class year brought Lance noteriety. The local crab wrapper and even the French actively sought to interview him. The crowning victory had to be his appearance as a token male. The most memorable thing has to be that after 4 years we ended up OOM 834 and 835. Good Luck, Lance. AGM

**Mary Ann Leslie**
**Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**
**General Unrestricted Line**

From the Pitt of Pa. MA defined sweat. But we didn't know plebes got basement lockers. Is that a sunburn or a natural state of embarrassment?? FREAK! Alt-Squiggle, Hey can you turn the radio on? Oh, it is, the bass must be broken. Long nights at the keyboard, an F was always an A. Long nights at sponsors, until DC-- "only if HE wants to go" Now it's 9-8-7, you're slowing down! So much for the Penn Connection-- we think it's a room thing. Master computer geek, EI all night-- when did you get your sleep? Aerobix goddess, any time, any place. Do you think I'm getting too thin?? By the way, why are your care packages in TW's room-- is that a HINT?? Where will you be THIS weekend-- Lang's or Ocean City? Hey, thanx for the blanket, I don't mind the sand. You've worked hard and made us proud and we can't wait for spring... "Atten...SHUN!!!" We love ya-- SHU T2

**Richard Keith McCarthy**
**Irvine, California**
**Supply Corps**

The Ricker, Cheeseball, the Weasel. The true SoCal attitude- naked plebe summer in the hall, BatMan, Peace Corps. Mac flight to the HayStack, PVTM, Hi Dant (2/c yr)-how did you make it through? UNC, Iowa, Chicago, England, UMaryland, (etc.) and now- Vancouver. Sween Dog and CSTS, back to Summer Seminar (there are laws). Stand in Line tradition-Econ and Supply, what more can you want? bounces, wall ball, happy lights, debts, computer games, pro flicks, and a racking minor. Puking all the way from Alexandria. A truly professional four years by the Bay. Back Shaft, two stroke joke- a true Delta Beta. The heisman by a storm trooper, can I be your flight helmet? Hey Rick, jump up there and grab it in your teeth! Thanks for the memories Rick- Do something! -RJP



**Martin Luther McMahon**
**San Mateo, California**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Marty, the Scientist, came to us from the Bay Area. Perhaps a member of the Young Democrats, always the Devil's Advocate, Sour-dough man, Mr. Catholicism, owns stock in the Washington Post. A member of the elite Y.I.T. Rack club. "My majors so hard. I know I flunked that exam. No, I'm positive I failed that exam!" Sure, number 64! The back of Hans' truck. Thanks, Rick. I could have had her...but the ball and chain stretches 3,000 miles. Jenn. Beer funneling at U.K. I think I'm in summer camp, sir. Worst case of hat head. Remember Ralph at UNC-W. Your right front fender, I'm so sorry. Who took my magazines! How's the water pressure? Marty Moose, Mart, Mr. Argumentative, Vanilla-Ice, narrow-minded profs, how's your lip? How well did you know Kelly? NYPD!! Mart its been a great four years and you and the Moan helped make this place bearable. Best of Luck!! Don.

**Alan Gerard Moore**
**Massillon, Ohio**
**Surface Warfare**

Al, AGM, Seabee stud Moore. The good man came to us from the Emerald Isle. Working man, plebe pig pushes (geekers won't do), wild party, punishment (Black N), camping in the snow. Contacts led to more contacts. What could slow him down? (Jen could.) Ring Dance, ring plans. Now he's slow. (literally?) He likes to reflect (sleep) and meditate (sleep) on life's issues. Avid late-night comic book reader. Firstie year, off-campus tenant: "Can I borrow your razor, toothpaste, etc... I left mine at Jen's."; "Were we on duty last night? I was CDO last weekend, too!" Steerage King, Prince of ge-dunk, wardroom president, tailgater typhoon. "Heat and hot water stops here!" Generously willing to help, and always took the heat. LHA-SWO-EDO-DAD??? We'll see. You're a good brother, Al. Best of luck to you always. James 1:2-4 LLL, TUT

**Robert Jason Polvino**
**Kettering, Ohio**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Better known as Willie, Rob left High Street to pursue his dream of flying and spending long nights on Aerodynamics, but somewhere along the way a couple things happened: "Hey, we have a druggie for a roommate," Two all beef patties, Boom Boom Polvino, the screaming girls at the airport, "Hey Rob, let's see if you fit into that laundry bag," Why did you fail the PCR 3x? Was it 2 B with LB? Chilly Willys at the Ramada. Why did Shu laugh at you? Closed circuit TV-Thanks Spiegs. Those toilets do flush with a violent fury! "You'll never believe who I like Rob!" Who gets to go out with Christy now? If only she knew about our wingman incident. Almost a year without, but then came "it's only heat lightning." Alaska girls will get you all the time. If making the Var. Hoops team is any indication, Rob will go a long way in the fleet. Good Luck buddy but remember, Penn St. will beat OSU in football! DSH

**Robert John Porath**
**Grandhaven, Michigan**
**Surface Warfare**

Our SWOtivated SEAL hero from Michigan, R.J.'s outlook, if you sleep at least 12 hours a day, you're only here for 2 years. An avid football fan and bowler, those 5 a.m. workouts will surely pay off on the midwatch. It's a cinderella story. A dedicated rower and stomping head lead guitarist. You play so well, NOT! PVTM. How about Restriction for Pinky. You're so innocent - summer seminar! Backflips to Ohio? Remember, Hug a tree, kiss a squirrel. Oxygen Mask, G-Suit, Flight Helmet. Can I bounce you? Seats! Don't pee in the shower! Stop cursing! Hey R.J. if Michigan's so great why are you moving to Cali? GET OUT!! You can stop being mom now. Good luck buddie. I hope everything works out in the future. We've had many good - times. Take care. -RKM
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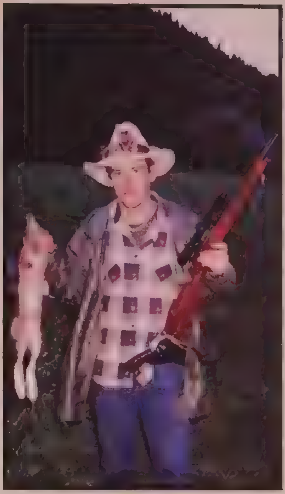


**Glen Foster Sharlun**
**Northport, New York**
**Marine Corps**

Schmoozer comes to us from the great foreign nation of Lon Gisland. The land of Lax and strange accents. A longtime member of the TEB fraternity he has graced our presence in the many areas of life socially. A plethora of road trips have been the brunt of endless hours of shower talk amongst those who know him. Washington, Florida, Rhode island, Denmark( in stride on New Years), to name a few out of a very long list. But this social animal does have a few minor faults: A certain infatuation for garbage cans at late hours of the night, broccoli pizza with members of the beach patrol, and the desire to eat early morning breakfast through the nose. In lieu of this all, women still like you( and we all really dig ourselves). WE ARE SENIORS...LIFE IS GOOD!
Corps? -A-

**Hans Eric Sholley**
**Horseheads, New York**
**Navy Pilot**

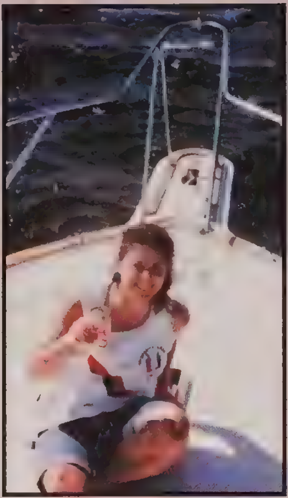
Mooch, Snakeye, J-Crew model wannabe, a PVTM. Hans came to us from the metropolis of Horseheads, N.Y. Born to be a pilot, but has also shown promise in t-shirt sales. "Where did you get your new hat?" Honor Stripes? Which C.C. knocked his cover off during the parade? He spent 3 years here with his future ball and chain in the backyard the whole time. Coronado Beach on 1/c cruise. Kind of like a tatoo. "Have you taken one in the ear lately." The Supe, a green table, and a G.E. major. Celebrated his 21st during 1/c year with the brass shoe horn. "I love you guys. I do not want to die. You are the best friends a guy could have. Ralph." He now takes the Nestea plunge and is every drunk's best friend. Shoulder blades. Off into the wild blue yonder with Renee and Bailey. Hans, his wife and their dog going on vacation in the L.C. to B&J's Ice Cream Factory. We love you. All right. WAD and MICKEY

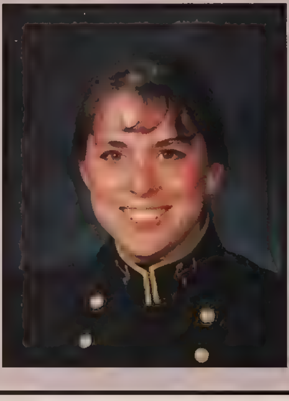
**Roderick Edward Spiegel**
**Naperville, Illinois**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Spiegs came to USNA from the ROTC program at U of I (although this place never changed his habits). After finally learning our names, Spiegs gouged his way to a Mech. E degree (to think you almost turned in the Móan) and a minor in Español (that means Spanish, Spiegs). He enjoyed rowing crew (when convenient) and always liked a little meat with his potatoes. Air Spiegel: Daytona, Denmark, and España. His accomplishments include: Ukes trained, Pan Face, Mary Jo, Lorena, UNC, Notre Dame, S. Padre, Hawaii, '92 tailgaiter, kissing bandit, Prof's mom to lunch, EE=F,F,F,D; Physics final, Bubba's CDs, stocks, schmoozing, and keeping your sister safe (until Thanksgiving '91). "Women dig us and we kind of dig ourselves too." Good luck Spiegs. I hope you turn that "coupon cutter" into your financial dream some day. MLM

**Thomas Ulysses Thornton**
**Orofino, Idaho**
**Surface Warfare**

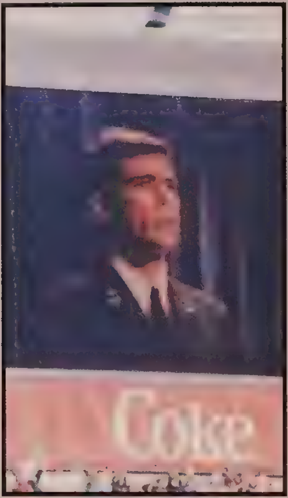
Tom, Tommy, Tomas, TUT; largest straight access gravity dam in the world; I survived Hell's canyon; talking to Mr.J.-Daniels; Hanging by a thread; there aren't that many potatoes in Idaho; 29th company matchmaker"He's in the rack!"; Respond to any classifieds lately?; Trap 'N Skeet; camping in the snow; Shenandoah; 4 wheel'n; serving General Patton (Dirty Harriett); fist fights with GOK; "Pants first-then your shoes!"; superman in a union suit; real man board; Queso; "you look like a farmer"; late from Baltimore (3000); Charles Bogar; DOD Police admire gun collection in truck (5000). Tommy, you're closer than a brother! Thanks for being our room-mate. See you in the mountains! "COUNTRY BOY CAN SURVIVE!" TEB, GOK





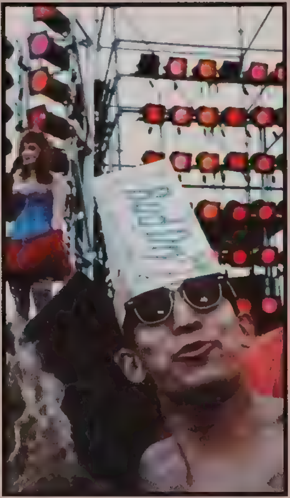
**Teresa Ann Tierney**
**Brightwaters, New York**
**Intelligence**

From the bowels of New York, the girl thought Long Island was a city. Napsters always try to make things easier for their classmates. $T^2$ was a blessing to her company and never hesitated to speak her mind--this led her quite admirably to the reputable position of Scapegoat- Cheese-Queen as just a youngster! (Feta-foreshadowing? We'll see--Greece '92! Ow!) What was sludge anyway? Only PD knows. It's better that way or the spread would be a lot greater than 4. Or is it already? $T^2$ has much to offer the Intelligence community. MOTO herself can make even the smallest things sound eloquent. Must be the Tierney house- hot tub, big screen, New Years-- a great family with a lot of love. Nothing beats the ski trips, Paige's, Montreal, and Souvlaki! 9 to 5?? We'll see. Intell vs. Aviation- tough call. Happiness is key and remember, it's not how big you look, it's how big you smile!



**Derek Andrew Trinque**
**Holliston, Massachusetts**
**Surface Warfare**

In the beginning there was Heather. Before that there was another Heather. The more things change, the more names stay the same. Polmar S&A Coloring Books. Artistic? Quitting crew for Masqueraders. "Hey Dink!" Did you really call O'Connor that? Forgetting the entire youngster camping trip? NYC Catholic Choir. Another Heather. I can't spit out a rolled up window? How much CAN I consume and not cough up a liver? Real Trinque arrives, brushing up on retentiveness. Striper potential realized. Trips to Chili's, Bowl of Red, 2 Cokes, Chips, Shroom-Burger, and yes, another Heather. Four, count em, four Heathers. Catholic Choir Prez! National Anthem? Derek? May your nuclear powered Imperial Hall Cruiser remain haze gray and underway forever. Settling with the Bravo-class Heather. You came all the way from Mass just to reclaim what you left behind. Your friend, Javier "Python" Vega



**Javier Antonio Vega**
**Garland, Texas**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Javi took a side trip through NAPS on his way here. Plebe year he curbed his passions for cars, women and stereos (we still aren't sure which is most important). He showed his calling as an English major with a vindictive letter to Chuck's ex. Second class year he finally convinced me to join the Glee Club, then he quit. He did take care of me, even when I tested the solidity of the car windows. Spring Break: "#4, What are you doing? Stupid dog!" "Pull over again, Guys!". My turn to buy at Chili's, or is it the Ram's Head this time? Mr. Benz would roll over at the speakers in the SL. Who is Jav? He is the Python, the Shark, the man who told me to "take off the blinders", but tolerated me when I put them right back on. Sorry I bent the GT, I know you think you still own it. Gold wings will complement your tan nicely. Fly high, Javier. Twinkie

**Antonio Levonne Walker**
**Wayne, New Jersey**
**Supply Corps**

Begin bio.
End bio.

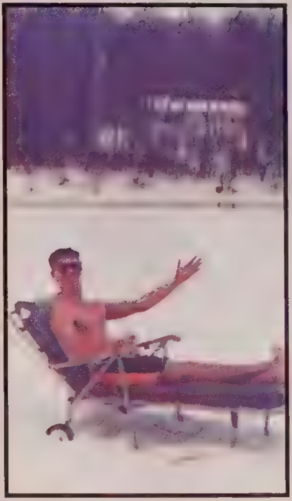
**Christopher K. Williams**
**Massilon, Ohio**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Chris was a learning experience. Living with him on Regt Staff was kind of like living in the model midshipmen room beside main office. Seriously, the semester was good for both of us. Getting Chris out of the hall wasn't that hard if you promised to take him by the Bieberich Aero Lab to study. "It was a pretty good weekend," shuffling feet, chomping in your sleep (miss Mommy?), and by the way- WE OWN YOUR POCKET PLANNER! Wanna wrestle? What cigar technique (how did he do that?!) I'm amazed that you're still engaged after hanging out with me{Hey Nancy-you have absolutely nothing to worry about. Don't ask about the weekend in Georgia though} Anyway, hope you make it with the VGEP thing and I'll be checking six hoping to find you in my backseat.(SBI,GOK,TUT)

# XII COMPANY

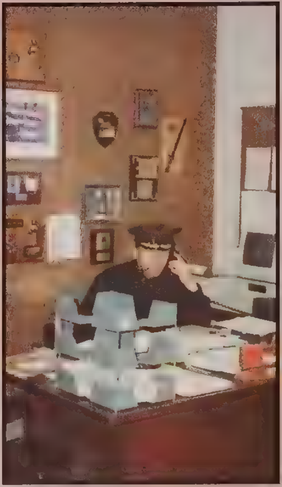
**John Alvin Atkinson**
**Eden, North Carolina**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Hailing from modest, little Eden, a shy yet confident ATTACKINSON was kept in check by R.G. for the duration of plebedom. 3/C year brought Physics and a fight with a national champ. J.A. went 1-1/2!! 2/C year we lost the beloved PEK and the reception of JOY and English! What a year-150's stud, a big bench, good grades, bossman, often a companion to make the long haul to Eden! Also, at times he put those boxing skills to work with I.L.- MY CLOTHES! Where was BIG John? Three months later, after trips to Texas, Quantico, and the HOLLER, ATTACK-INSTEIN found himself torn between the CORPS and Navy Air...NOT! This "d--- XO" kept the dirty dozen in line and raised more ruckous than a rooster in a henhouse. JA's football honors went unmentioned, of course. If only they could see him now, Morrison, EA Poe, JP Jones, & the Major would all be proud. Mom & dad should be. I am.



**Troy Dean Bauder**
**Franklin, Pennsylvania**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Troy was the epitome of the term GUNGY from the moment he arrived along the banks of the Severn. Troy not only excelled at the physical trials of Plebe Summer but seemed to revel in pushing our best flamers to their mental limits. Little did Troy know that that in two short years he would be challenging his plebes in the front leaning rest. "Leading from the front," is an axiom that best describes Troy's leadership. This trait rang true from Youngster Year Saturday morning runs to his stint as the "Dirty Dozen's" XO. Whatever Troy lacked in fleet experience, he made up for in his energy and hard charging attitude. Troy could be found wrestling down half a dozen of his classmates in the wardroom. We should have known better our plebe year after he bodyslammed one of our 200 pound youngsters,earning the name Psycho. Peace was finally brought to Psycho's life in the form of Brandie. Go Navy Air!! MLF



**Keith A. Custer**
**Oaks, Pennsylvania**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Straight from Philly, we knew Custercal would be a hit(we'll leave baseball out) Plebe year W/W DDO, mall trips EVERY Sat. Jerky was a master of quotes, "Smash it, touch it, Blondes.., Pick my.." Left baseball for the quadrapelegic shuffle and duck dance. Madonna, C+C, Spring Break '91 South Florida Belch King. DiceMan wannabe was always good for a laugh. The luckiest guy in '92, USS Princeton..not-NFO Baby! First to pin them on from '92? Intramural stud: Reg champs BB+FB,what a coach, what a spin move esp. in 3260. Don't forget our loveable roomies: Kruiser, Diplett, Devo and of course Truck. Will it be Amy? From 0 for Navy to SOA. Hours in a row of no study but BZ on those computer games. Firstie year squad daddy then perf. officer? No one wanted a 3260 treatment. Although Fran's might not miss you, we will. Take care, let's keep in touch. DRT and BBS

**Russell DeVries Jr.**
**Greenpond, New Jersey**
**Naval Flight Officer**

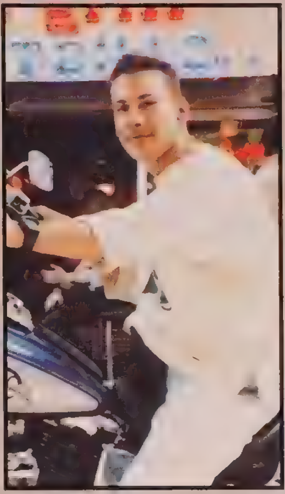
Russ and his charismatic personality arrived at USNA from the summer resort of Greenpond,playground of the rich and powerful. 30th company brought homage to the Marine Corps as well as much adoration of his hook squad leader "Johnny O".Youngster year Russ geeked from the start and annoyed his roommates by eating apples while late night studying under HIS lamp. "Why does everyone always have to play with my lamp!?" Onto 12th company with a chance to start fresh. Russ began by studying the pro reference manual more than the plebes as well as raising that QPR even farther. He even ran the Marine Corps marathon and got a nifty photo of himself surrounded by a bunch of geriatrics. Russ was always the ladies man. Jen, Kimmer, and now a classmate.Thanks for taking care of me for the Major in 30th, "Yes Sirrr!", as well as all the encouragement in 12th. Maybe Someday!!! PTM

**Stanley Phillip Dillard**
**Mount Laurel, New Jersey**
**Surface Warfare**

Phil was freed from lovely South Jersey, and came to us ready for the challenge of four years by the bay. Phil's love for the academy led him to many ECA's, such as, Glee Club, The Skivs, Gospel Choir, Trident Calendar Staff, Lucky Bag Staff, Ultimate Frisbee,...etc. With all these ECA's, Phil still had a thirst for the chase. This led him from Hospital Point to the mountains of Virginia. After youngster cruise on the battleship New Jersey, Phil developed a hunger for all things BIG. But no ball and chain could hold Phil for long. Ft. Lauderdale is another story. Volleyball, sunning, the Village Pump, 105 down A1A, kegs in the Condo, and our favorite manager. Phil, we'll always remember you, being that we want our CD's back. Be excellent to one another, Get Ho, Keep singing Mouf. SGS & MWH

**Vincent Henry Fontenot**
**Cherry Point, North Carolina**
**Marine Corps**

Gunnie wanted to be a Marine since he was a zygote. He came to Annapolis and found kindred spirits in Hube and Hat. Plebe Year brawls with Maloney caused more than a few trips to Medical. Don't forget that .9! Youngster year and many, many phone calls to the yellow man. 2/c Year saw Vince ascend to the elite rank of Company Commander. Andy first semester, but K.P. the second and all the way thru. Money Machines and Quig-cheese. Set a record with one-way Ring Dance drive from Baltimore to D.C. Bulldog shaved Vince's head but his shoulder sent him home. First class year -- PFSD, the Boutique, and the Meat Locker. Hanging Beef with Mickey's with Teich and Dan. Shannon and her water pets made Vince shave his head once more after bulldog. Vince has always displayed quite a fondness for lamps and magazines -- I'm not sure why, though. Have fun (if you can) in the Corps. Don't forget your M-1 Rifle! KPH



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**Mark Louis Fusco**
**Arcadia, Florida**
**Navy Pilot**

Mark came to USNA from small town life in Arcadia, Florida chased by neighbors in a truck. He spent two years in NROTC at U of F before he decided that he liked midshipman life so well that he came to Annapolis. Whether or not it was what he expected, he adapted quickly. His work hard and play hard ethic was exemplified by his schedule youngster year. When he wasn't studying he was on liberty or on his way to medical with Mike, Mark was active in Karate and Aikido and loved to demonstrate his new moves on naive roommates. After 2nd class summer he stayed busy with Naval Arc. and accompanying Dave to Batt(o). Firstie Year brought the Bronco and Hexa-stripes. (AKA Brigade King) Lucky for him, he met Anne Marie. Throughout the entire time here though, Mark has always been the rare kind of person you could tell your problems to and expect caring advice from. Take care and see you in the fleet. DSK

**Michael W. Harks**
**Brandon, Iowa**
**Surface Warfare**

Mike rose up out of the farming heartland of America to migrate east. His first ambition was to become a weatherman. Though, he was very good at giving the weather, this did not suit him so he ventured into economics. After spending much of his childhood wrestling hogs to the ground, he gave it a try on the Navy Wrestling team. After being run into the ground by Schuyler, he decided to concentrate on his academics and his Rose garden. A powerhouse in fieldball, disc football, and other company sports, he always had a good attitude. By the way, How do we get back from the Stadium? With your subtle sense of humor, command voice, intimidating presence, and eyes that go POOF!, you are always great to have around. Now get the ____ out of our room, and we'll see you in Ingleside. SGS & SPD

**John William Hatala**
**Forded River, New Jersey**
**Marine Corps**

The Hatman came to us from somewhere in NJ but thinks he was born and raised in Quantico. We don't know if John will be able to function properly as a Marine without the MMA Messicans. After John spent 2/C yr. with the future B.C., he did a 180° turn for the better! Thus he learned 3 things he was destined not to keep: a girlfriend, good grades, and hair. His weekends were always full until he became UNSAT. John could always be found waterskiing the Chesapeake with Tom and Missy. Samuel Adams and a tin of Cope were never far from his reach. "Hey Manny! Gimme a pocket..!" John was destined to be a jarhead because of his love for foreign...soil? "Tu es fou!" Studying history developed his love of the arts; his comic book collection is dazzling to say the least. Good luck ground pounder! If you need a job, Amway could use a wardroom rep. or a RoomNate. By the way John, you're it!

**Kerry Phillip Hinton**
**Hoboken, New Jersey**
**Surface Warfare**

Kerry first found his way into our hearts after taking a dive from his rack during Plebe Summer. When PEP got too tough, Hinton became a Misery Hall regular. Pete was the hook! Leland get out of our room - we're rumbling. 3/c year our hero was shot out of cannon and stuck with a roommate that's just now recovering from leprosy. HPHinton, Brainchild wanna be, made his mark by memorizing the words to every sitcom theme song since 1972. 2/c year was supposed to be the master room with PJ,DJ and BOWIE, but turned out to be the disaster room. Shine those leathers. Frank's wild years. We all liked your new friends Jablow and Popp. You never buy US beers! Roadtrips to New York, Katz's deli, O'Neill and the cabbie. 1/c year you managed to improve your peer ranking with a desperate attempt at death. Don't do it again; we'll rank you good. See you in San Diego. IRL,TPJ,DJN

**Jeffrey Thomas Hubert**
**Cincinnati, Ohio**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Jeff came to us from the city of the 2-14 Bengals. It all ended/started when Jeff came back covered in mud from visiting his sister. Jeff distinguished himself in many ways as a midshipman. Not only was Jeff a member of the FAB FIVE, but he also was the Brigade's best MPO. In fact, he was so good, they kept him here over Christmas. Remember Rob Base, Tommy's yard, and Corona. Also, never forget our invasion into Kentucky where we "trimmed the hedges and grazed with the horses." Hopefully, Jeff will never navigate another Thanksgiving trip home. Buddy, you are 0-2. Jeff always has been a lover of small, furry animals, and we know he is going to make a great vet. Pabro- thanks for hooking him up with your cousin--he needed a better half. VAP

**Thomas Preston Joy**
**Houston, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

Preston, what's that sideways eight mean? The UnMidshipman came to USNA with football in his eyes, but had them both blackened by Uzelac. Gimme that comb! Plebe Year was fast and furious for the Listerine Kid, especially at 5 a.m. in the shower. Who can forget all those fun times? All of us. Schaffer's Honor, Mexicans in the Capitol in the War of 1812, and Jose Garza all happened. Youngster Year -- skitching with O'Neill, and R.W. Griffin. Preston decided to enter COLLEGEATHLETICS again, but this time as an Ethiopian Starvation Victim. Joe Popp and the boyz threw a monkey wrench into fun and stuff, and, alas, Christmas in a Condo with Kerry, Hubert, and his inhaler. Preston could always be counted on to cheer us up and to be waterproof on demand. Texas '91: Tom, Judy, and the fleas. See you in Guam, Presty Puller. DJN, IRL, KPH

**David Shannon Kersey**
**Bethel, Maine**
**Surface Warfare**

Trying to escape the hustle and bustle of the big town life in Bethel, Dave followed his big Bro's footsteps to USNA. Plebe year was so much fun he decided to extend it by two weeks to do some polishing with the Major. Third class year brought Mark and Mike, Paula to DC, becoming a rocket scientist, Teich's party, and Frannie O's. Second class year brought a new company and a black N. (oops!) But only one of them ended up in smoke hall. First class summer meant Hawaii and P-3's and trying to body surf the north shore. Coming back to school as the 1st Lt had drawbacks but Cinderella libs took away the sting and the red car finally arrived. Kershdog and Paula got engaged and became members of the 2% club among other things. The future is haze grey and underway and the possibilities are endless. C-YA!

**Ignacio Richard Lepe**
**Imperial, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Lep-meister turned down a singing career with Menudo to attend USNA. The "napsterman" breezed thru Plebe Summerooni and Year except for Gurdak and a couple of buckets of used food. Ig never liked rollerskaters anyway Saturdays with Ba and Murph on Rte 50 racing the clock gave him plenty of lung exercise. Third Class year with Honeycomb watches and R.W. Wake UP! Don't forget the infamous brown bag at Gate Three, either. Ig decided to try boxing without gloves or bodyguards in College Park and Hood in 91. He still has one good third eye. Thanks, JAY. Ig went to the People's Court in the fall of Firstie Year for some trouble with the law. He escaped the chair, but not Plebe Privileges. Ig could always be counted on to take our duty, at least. Ig tried boxing Dan 1/c year, and WON! Bullets: Arcadia, Hector, Eric, Peeled Shrimp. Nice hair, Ig. DJN, KPH, TPJ

**Michael A. Mangan**
**Millburn, New Jersey**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Madman, our 3-legged brain, came to USNA posing as a light fixture. Ping! Sorry you broke too many bulbs & had to quit. After 3 yrs with MIDN Incognito & 1/2 yr. away from the dirtball, Mike changed his mind from NFO to Nuke to challenge his superior IQ. He purposely missed questions on the SAT to avoid a 1600 so USNA wouldn't think he's 1 dimensional or as his mentor (Johnny O.) would say, a Momma's boy. He learned quickly but had no choice rooming with "Are you ready yet?" Palumbo, "I love this place!" Harks, "Spasz" Bauder, & "Manichevitz." W/ no help from his rice-eating companion, Mike amassed 4.0 after 4.0; amazingly he helped others study more than he studied himself. Mike also dedicated many hours to Navigator fellowship. We love him for his unselfish ways because quite frankly some of us would not have made it without him. Godspeed & send your nuke $ to us poor SWOs!

**Peter Thomas Martenson**
**Orange, Vermont**
**Surface Warfare**

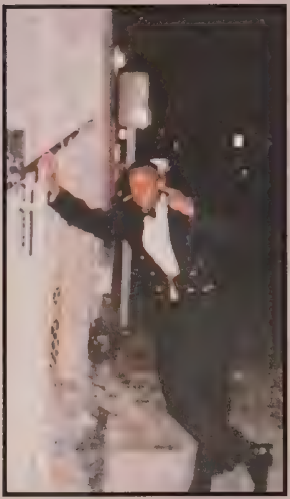
Pete was one of those few Green Mountain Boys that ever ventures south to UofN. Made a quick stop in Orlando but Rickover himself decided this was not the type he wanted running his reactors so off to USNA. Orders to his classmates like a hearty STAND FAST quickly established Pete as one of the cockiest of plebes and some thought he was justified after that first semester star but it would be the last. Conduct problems started innocently with a little water and paint hurling but ended in a flaming inferno with Maj. G's PMKYA Goodbye Run and a good ole USNA Christmas. Attention then moved to sailing toward stealth All-American except for some "dark" times at NAPS and a few 24hr hangovers. The stripes finally came as Captain Laser but the NPQ didn't and as the only other option was to follow in Maj. G's footsteps, Pete decided to try out the wieght room on a Tico. Savannah '96! Thanks! RDV

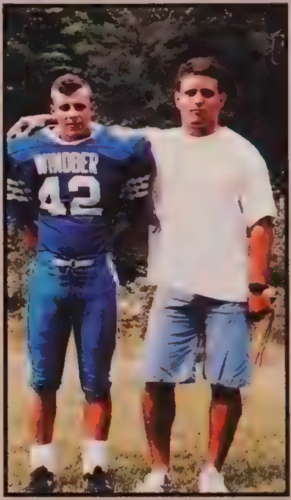
**Charles Andrew McCartney**
**Gates Mills, Ohio**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

Gates Mills, Ohio. Or is it Cleveland? What's the difference? What a town, do they even have a basketball team? And what about squash? Is that really a sport? We'll never forget that Penn match, though, or your talent and competetiveness. And I'll never forget trips to Ohio, Cameron, Room 4249 and the nights before leave and especially the "3 and a half hour" trip to the Rock! Senior Year comes, and all those "I can't believe we made it" talks. The great wall before us and all of those CC problems. Get used to it! Hey, go to Taco Bell on me! Can I buy ya a drink, Andy? Regular or diet? Go easy, big fella! You may do something crazy like get engaged. Oops, too late! I hear wedding bells. Good luck to you and Amy. You make the perfect couple. Thanks for all...and don't leave your lunch anywhere -- you might lose it! WSS

**Michael Vannak Khem Misiewicz**
**Freeport, Illinois**
**Surface Warfare**

Yes, this is the correct picture. Contrary to popular belief Mike is not Polish. Mike came from the sticks of Il to Nuke Power school. The Navy forced him to shave his cheezy mustache before entering USNA. Without the stache, he lost all of his identity and became known as "Mr. Incognito"--master of 92 nametags. In his 1/C year he was forced to live with 3 "dirtbags" who tended to wake-up with each other--but at least he knew where they were. Mike had a wonderful nightlife with some heavy-duty partiers: Thermo, Dynes, and Systems. His hard work paid off. He got the 2 things he wanted most: Marcy and a top-o-the-line FFT out of TX. He was able to fit in some Far East studies, but should have taken another Driver's Ed class. Don't worry if things don't pan out--there's a fine Midget wrestling League forming in Munchkinland--activate the IC Lite connection.





**Adrian Quentin Montgomery**
**Mobile, Alabama**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

The "Tide" rolled in via NAPS on July 5, 1988 and left Adrian alone in Mother B. I soon joined him across the hall and we were off and running. He had us all thinking he was going Marines, than a pilot, but lo and behold...A SUBMARINER. It was his density. Adrian kept us all amused with his vast quantity of computer games, yet he could not figure out why he was broke. He never quite figured out what a locker was for, but he got good use of his laundry bags as temp(permanent) storage. Known to owe everyone money, he changed his ways with his nuke check and went from debtor to creditor. Thanks for four great years roomie! "You wouldn't mind" staying in touch would you? TFW!!! WHAT! Purgentis- SCP - How about that Colorado hot tub? What was her name? Better yet, how old were they, and where were her parents? -B. Brock

**Daniel Joseph Nolan**
**Huntington, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

Danny Boy arrived at USNA, thinking Plebe Year was over after I-Day. Wrong Island gave birth to Dan's love for lacrosse and spelling bees. How do you spell bike? Dan met a lot of buddies Plebe Summer, including Admiral Hall and Kurt Beyer. Play that horn! Alcoholic squad leaders and demon 2/c helped Dan rise to the challenge of failure. Dan threw away his voodoo dolls as Youngster Year showed its face, to pursue academia. Dan LOVED that HP! Finals with Derek, P.J., and K.P. at the Lincoln Memorial. "I'LL get Derek!" SHERLOCK Nolan lended a hand to the Fallen Angels."Let's kill'em!" Mag-Lites are a must. Dan gave Bryan the brush-off that year, and changed into Dan Nolan Ryan. 21 in Feb. -- happy Dan, sad cabbie -- His head was all bashed apawt. Dan's study techniques earned him the Tim Nolan Silver Star. 1/c Year. Guam is the best. TPJ, KPH, IRL

**Virgil August Palumbo**
**Windber, Pennsylvania**
**Navy Pilot**

Virge came to USNA from a little hobbit town with the aspirations of becoming a football legend. Instead he became a legend in many other ways. Virge liked to refer to himself as the "Italian Stallion" but the only label that ever stuck was "the fountain of misinformation"--the fountain for short. None of his stories ever were short but the subjects were always entertaining. Many a girl have been subjected to his cheesy lines and bedroom eyes. Second class cruise had many conquests in it but the biggest was taking off weight to play football amongst the little people. Racked up a few MVP's and awards while his friends caught pneumonia in the stands. Unfortunately, the coach thinks MVP stands for Most Versatile Pissano. By the time you read this you should have 6 mos. of wedded bliss and an ELFL championship under your belt.DON'T BUST A DOGGIE!

**Shawn Christopher Purvis**
**Branson, Missouri**
**Surface Warfare**

On 6 July, the country music capital(not Nashville) sent Annapolis its pride & joy. Plebe year was marked by a visit from M/ Capt Averna for improper stowage of a zoomie. CSTS cruise wasn't his cup of tea. "I'll hold your suspenders if you'll hold mine." American Promise would have been scuttled if he could have found a way (94 did).On weekends, he went to Navy f-ball games, preferably away. Pitt's Christmas tree grew three feet after his youngster visit, and Sanchez's cookie started another adventure at B.C. "Shawn Purvis, I know you!" Without saying, he "covered" another Navy tradition. San Antonia brought more fun like a free trip to NIOSA & the great Cyclone fight."Where's my game?" He finally settled down with the Jill whose honor he defended Easter of plebe year, and whose heart he brought to USNA on I-Day. "Another good man bites the dust."-The rhythmists(AQM,JD,BB)

**Robert Carl Reardanz**
**Two Rivers, Wisconsin**
**Interservice Transfer**

Rob, having come from a military high school, arrived in 30th Co. and was marked with distinction from the beginning - "Hey dude, chill out!" Who else can say that they made the Log? Our beloved Casper also proved himself to be a skilled conversationalist, especially in his sleep. As a youngster, Rocket Rob brought in the Amiga, and his renowned video game collection was born. 2/c year found Rob with a new company and several girls. He amazed us with his ability to handle 2 or 3 relationships at once, with only one close call. Come 1/c year, Rocket Rob bought just about every game system - you name it, he had it. This brought 2 changes in Rob's life: a constant mob of people wanting to play, and UNSATNESS. Rob was never afraid to express a different view, and he topped this off by going Air Force. May he never see the inside of a missile silo! MAM

**Byron B. Snyder**
**Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

Monterrey Brad lost his afro on I-day. A hard charging baseball player and close personal friend of Coach Duff, he kept an eye out for the Major. In his free time he terrorized the Mall and Santa's helpers. When he finally got civies he broke out THE OUTFIT. 7&7 youngster WE's with our neighbors. Always found an extra hole or two when scoring pistol targets. Second semester Physics, Karen and Anne (Y) from the window, Spring break 91: losing your shirt, FunHouse,C+C. Chauncheese, M-pool, hoops in uni at the Garden in the Burg. "Would you teach us how to do that dance?" 38-special. I guess you win..for now. Supe's court Tennis. Room at PSU library. So, 111. Stay away from the Bacardi, and no more whip cream! We will miss the dancing, smiling, sleepy guido. Keep in touch, stud. No more Fran's, faceman, but look out Newport, Norfolk. You and your family in our memory. Is it Karen? DRT & KAC

**Scott Gustav Springer**
**Franklin Lakes, New Jersey**
**Surface Warfare**

Scott came to us from the bustling metropolis of Franklin Lakes, New Jersey where the flowers bloom and the beer is cold. His short stint at Stevens Tech was not enough to satiate him. NO, he wanted more. He yearned for the sea. He decided to come to the Naval Academy. After careful grooming, the crazy-legged monster from the North traveled to warmer climates and Maryland traffic. Throughout the week, Scott enjoyed many a Sunday drive among the friendly Maryland natives, saluting them in his always amiable manner. This silver haired Clark Gable's handiwork has been admired by multitudes of our shipmates, including the 3rd Wing barbers. He was a diligent engineering student and can hardly await the beginning of a long and prosperous career in the Naval Service. We wish him well and hope that the bar scene is fruitful. YEE HA, GET HO!!! MWH & SPD

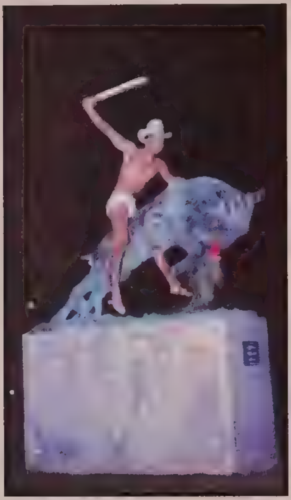
**William Scott Switzer**
**Klamath Falls, Oregon**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

Oregon? So that's where Blazers fans come from. Our 12th Co CDR/Hoopster with bad knees, sprained ankles and weird skin thinks that Clyde walks on water. Switz played JV hoops and baseball, real sports, unlike his roomie. Plebe year with surgery chits and Papa Nick was a breeze, with the Major watching study hour. CompSci meant programs to cut into his game-time that already cut into his study time. Did he tell you he got an A in boxing? An unforgettable 3 1/2 hour trip to the Rock followed MWS and made the car run better. Women and Switz...nothing but trouble and debt, huh Cameron? 2/c bowling parties and Ring Dance will be remembered, maybe. Not to worry, he just hasn't met the right one yet, or has he? LCDR will never be forgotten: though Larry Bird he's not, he worked really hard and gave us a fresh look. The real question is...Why is Switz so tough? Keep the Faith, pal. CAM

# XIII COMPANY

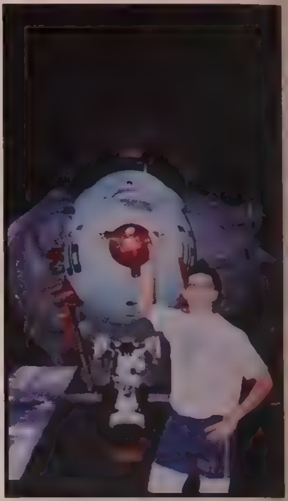
**Jefferson Lee Triplett**
**Elkins, West Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Trip, the essence of hollerman, came from his outhouse in Elk ins, WV to USNA. He impressed us all plebe summer with his eyes in the boat machine(pluck) and his out of proportion body. He became Navy's starting punter halfway through plebe year, and at the end almost strangled K.C. for a certain photo. Youngster year vs. the Citadel, Jeff had a great time with Hurricane Hugo. He also joined J.A. and P.K. in the Major's office for milk in the wrong place. Spring of 3/c year, he met his favorite mid, K.A. Both 2/c and 1/c summers he went riding illegally, luckily only caught once. 1/c year Jeff explained to a VA State Trooper his duty "emergency," (captured in a poem). He taught me to "never burn a bridge." Trip'll have the highest vertical in the Navy, and maybe a wig! HA! But all in all, there won't be a more dedicated officer in the fleet. J.A.A.



**Daniel R. Truckenbrod**
**Sycamore, Illinois**
**Navy Pilot**

Truck came from Illinois ready to take on the world. He excelled Plebe Summer and continued to sweat until graduation. It all paid off when he earned the position of Pentastriper firstie year. Youngster year brings back memories of pre-dining in parties. A real responsible guy, you could depend on him to pay his tab at Frannie's 1/2 of the time. He was a real stand out on the intramural fields where he won two regimental championships firstie year to go along with his Brigade title in the Dirty Co. Nice earwarmer, Dude! Always remember Spring Break 91 with Face and Fence. You did some great diving in that CORAL reef, great flex job for 2nd place in the Best Chest contest. But we know the truth about that bottom at the Funhouse.to which you will certainly reply,"I had my hands on it! It wasn't THAT big" Keep in touch&kick butt in flight school. Never change,Jerky. KAC&BBS



**Terry Lynn Baggett**
**Frankfurt, Germany**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Do you know what a Baggett is? Yes, sir! An Army brat from N.C. Terry made the long trek from Frank's corner of Hotel Hell to CO CDR excelling all the way. From plebe summer and Barber to a Comm week that proved wooden chairs don't rust, 4/c year was a yawn for this guy. A 3/c cruise convinced him that flying in air was better than in water. Even a rough game of Frisbee couldn't stop Ironjaw. He then weathered the lockout, only to have Rico Suave emerge 2/c year to feast on roommates. "Forget about age, let's see her legs". A Bulldog summer sealed his fate - The Corps. 1/c year - a car for Bagwan and fear for us. Whether exercising his bumpers or trying to go inverted on the Autobahn, the roads will never be the same. The Barking School beckons, but after a few precision maneuvers we will reform at P-Cola. AV-8s are yours. Go for it, T-Bag. Good luck to a great roommate. TRB CGM MBT

**Thomas Robert Buchanan**
**Mare Island, California**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Tango Romeo, Totally Reg, Crazy, Tau Beta, Buchanal, T.R. Stranded at USNA when his 'rents snuck off to Hawaii, TR decided to make the best of his lot, and has since had many a high and low. Shammed repeatedly by the soccer team, he fought through a shower from Jer, a rough ride to Florida, and the coach's blindness to earn an N* with the Brothers. A low of 2.85, his first command (the bus looked like a sub), ball games (fruit bowl, pigs in a blanket), another runaway attempt by the 'rents to Japan, a W+M girlfriend . . . in London? Hmm. TR will always be remembered as a sweat, a spaz, the nosiest guy in the company, the man who had all the gouge, who knew every mid (and hated them all), the perfect submariner, the man most likely to know personally every member of his chain of command, and the best roommate a guy could have for 3.75 years. Take care TR, I'll be looking for you. TBag

Islamorada 9
Layton 16
Key West 92

**Douglas Weddell Cosley**
**Miami, Florida**
**Naval Flight Officer**

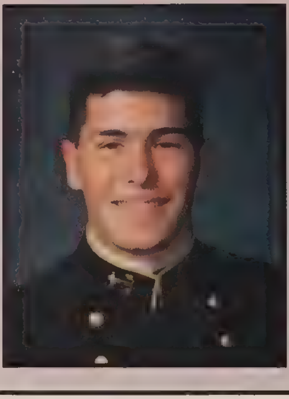
Cozmo comes from all over-a jack of all trades. After trying the civilian life at big B.U., he got wise and joined the class of 92 in Hotel Hell. He proved he was a fighter from the start- the rumble with the Bendik machine which left Doug's shoulder on the seperated side. LT Cosmoninski has always been prone to accidents while here, expecially going to Army-Navy games in busses (Corpsman!!!). WSS became his second home, primarily because of the choice of G.B.'s there. Doug subscribed to the Jim Wilson school of finding a mate (Mary could actually be a record?) Cozmo chose the land of the English majors, and suffered through the Physics and EE, but when it all came down to it, there was still room for him to fly Navy. Glad you made it, brother! God Bless you, keep living for Jesus!! Phil. 4:13-cmf,jrs

**Mark William Davison**
**New Providence, New Jersey**
**Marine Corps**

Hailing from the heart of God's country, he took a year off at NAPS before reporting to 24-1 with Franky B and the gang. Because of both his physical stature and his lack of aquatic ability he has become known by more people as "Rock" than Mark. Rock cruised through plebe year (none of the 2/c wanted to make him mad) and hit 3/c academics head on. His D in physics was nicely balanced by a solid A in equal opportunity as he discovered the dark side. We don't think he's coming back. Although his stature and intelligence have remained simian-like, his relentless work ethic brought a good standing in Systems...as far as you know. 2nd in iron plebe. Stud warrior and letters to Krista at bulldog. Assault on UVa...you and Gordo get the car. How do you like our disguises? Rachel's Bed?! Gunny Highway would be proud. Just Do It. Semper Fi for the best 4 years. JRJ

**David Charles Days**
**South Webster, Ohio**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

From plebe to mega-striper, Dave is still THE clueless wonder, and we wouldn't have it any other way! Dippy Dave had many wonderful times with the Fish-man, though Capt. Hoo-yah left the indelible Marine Corps mark on him. The first Corps was D&B which Dave left plebe year to pursue a more physical lifestyle. The loudest and sweatiest PT-pup '92 has ever seen, Dave even found work-out time on sailing cruise! Dave usually dieted on anything he could get his hands on,including chicken bones, mayo packages, and chocolate syrup straight! He claims the way he survived Bulldog was on sugar packets! Too bad Ethics and Nav kept him from a straight 4.0 CQPR, but if he would have charged for the EI he gave, he'd be a rich man! Dave, if you're as loyal to the Corps as you were to your shipmates, they will truly be blessed. Keep your eyes on the road! cmf,mjg,dwc ghp



**Calvin Morgan Foster**
**Bristow, Oklahoma**
**Surface Warfare**

"The nicest guy anyone ever knew," Cal blew in on a tumbleweed from the great plains of OK for his first time in the "Big City". Plebe Summer was a lesson in protocol ("Yeah, I got a question") which launched Cal's Brigade-wide popularity. Since then, Cal traveled around the world and to the Dant's carpet twice. Virg and the boys fell in love with Cal and let him stay with us even for summer school. Cal relied heavily on God's grace Plebe Year to endure life with Daoud, but it was a growth experience. Grades were a similar struggle, but Cal persevered despite the adversity. Cal's collateral jobs were Company Chaplain and Golf Pro. His dedication to God was a beacon to many of us. As OCF Pres., Cal helped unify the Christian ECA's and set Bancroft On Fire for the Lord! Nicole came along in '91 and his life has been blessed ever since. God Bless you, Brother!! Heb 12:1-3. DWC. GHP.

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1 Std.
2 Std.
3 Std.
563m
Unterseen
Beatenberg 2
Habkern 2
Harderkulm 2
Interlaken Ost
Ringgenberg 1
Niederried 2
Oberried 3

**Michael Joseph Gallagher**
**Fairfax, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

Mikey G arrived at Canoe U from a prestigious prep school with one thing on his mind: Navy Air. 4 years and 2 knee operations later, he is finally realizing that dream. Plebe year, Mike just could quite escape Haga's hell or having the Bopsie twins as roommates, but he made it through. 3/c year introduced Mike to country music and Jessie James at the same time, and featured him as the only youngster that actually went to class. 2/c year was spent flaming, buying everything that was stolen 3/c year, and retrieving his rack from the Lax field. Plebe Detail saw Mike with three stripes and a company of his own. Elvis Costello & the Replacements... 'nuf said. He still never quite escaped from his 2.9 syndrome or that "geek,sweat,smack" rep, but the flight jacket will change all of that. The Brown Shoes will be honored to have you. Good luck with everything and FLY NAVY !!!! JFH

**Daniel Lee Gardner**
**Painted Post, New York**
**Marine Corps**

Buck came to us from the Post with a year of college under his belt, a lax stick in his hand, and the look of a deer caught in your headlights. He will best be known around the hall for twisting his hair and saying, "I knew it all, I just didn't have time to finish." His home played host to many mids over the years here, with a warm welcome and a cold beer. Some memories: welcoming the foreigners to the US. Roommate bet. Never throw Buck's bread on the floor. J&M getting hamburgered on your 21st. Buy me Honda. Keeping Mouse from killing Ron. Sticking your head out, toothbrush in mouth. Griffin's. The girl in jail at Myrtle Beach. Putting up with Mouse's music. He still wants his shorts from Larse. Sneaking Larse into the Hall. Limo--Philly. Mr. A. Out all night. Best of luck to you, Buck. The Corps needs guys like you. You always were the responsible one, anyway. PJM CJM SAM

**Christopher J. Haines**
**Mickleton, New Jersey**
**Navy Pilot**

Chris came to us from South Jersey via Naps with some healthy Skepticism towards authority and (thankfully) enough common sense for two. Oh, yeah, he brought the attitude, too. Since his arrival he's firmly established a reputation for pulling no punches: hypocrisy has no chance around CJ. Youngster year brought Chris into battle with the Walking Tree and me into appreciation for complete darkness and silence come bedtime. Though Chris has seldom understood the system, he certainly hasn't had any problem beating it. Since his arrival, he has picked up some good grades, a varsity letter, and a ticket to PCOLA. Along the way, he has been a great help to me as the closest thing to a voice of reason that I have run across here. Out in the real world, I've lost my roomie to Sharon, and we all wish them the best of luck and all the happiness in the world. CGM

**Jonathan Franklin Hayes**
**Crockett, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

Jon came to us from Backwater, VA. Between pre-PEP moaning and "I said sir!", Hazel was unforgettable from the very start. His passion for Skoal fine cut and basketball ensured a free ticket to youngster year. As a youngster, Jon became famous for all-nighter computer games and meal-to-meal rack sessions. What hadn't already been stolen was brought to 13th company for 2/C year. With his physics classes approaching the ridiculous and SWO in sight, Jon proceeded to change majors, add 1.5 to his QPR, 15 pounds to his waist and develop into the couch potato we love today. As if his ego needed furthur boosting, Jon got 1/C XO, confirming that he was, in fact, right about everything. Keep on laughing, Jon. Your sense of humor will serve you well. Best of luck and God bless. (Look out Pensacola, the happy country boy is on his way.) MJG and MBT.

**Jeb Stuart Hendricks**
**Sartell, Minnesota**
**Navy Pilot**

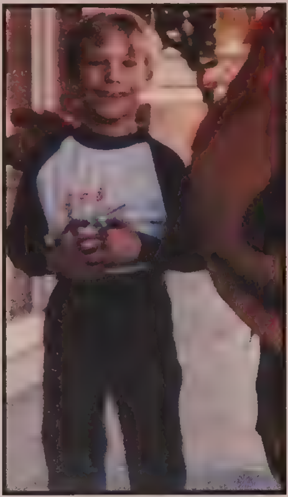
This blonde-haired, blue-eyed, Arnold Schwarzenegger look-alike arrived on the scene from that thriving metropolis of Sartell, Minnesota. He quickly showed everyone in Hardcore 24 his unmatched musical talent or lack thereof with his own version of the national anthem. The halls of 4-3 still echo with the sounds of "Oh say can you seeeee..." As a youngster, the Jebster found new meaning for the word "penalized" as well respect for the real God's Country of New Jersey. A ladies' man through and through, he finally found his one true love, Julene, no Terry, I mean Lenore, no wait Kimmy. Long live Samantha's and his own patented pick up method -- Gumbydancing. New York City's Broadway will never be the same; and who can forget Posedown '91 with Shelby. The hottest craps shooter east of the Mississippi, good luck in P-Cola. Don't forget to check your backseat. Miss me? Boomer

**Joel Russell Johnson**
**Excelsior, Minnesota**
**Navy Plilot**

Nice sham. Joel started his career off at USNA by not impressing Mosier very much. He proceeded to improve greatly by making a lasting impression on Lt Clark though. "If every officer had to write a few---papers like this the Navy would be better off." Oooops! Plebe year also saw Joel retire from diving and become a lightweight crew stud. That evolved into triathlon competitions and a dedication to physical fitness that is to be admired. Joel has left a trail of broken hearts from UVa to Iowa. The 'why' poem, beer in the face, and the wrong date for ring dance. It seems though that Joel's travels have ended and he will remain in Baltimore forever. BC with Jerry, drink 1 wear 1, Alumni night (good idea), dirty clothes, classmate torture, systems, company commander?, putting up with Rock's attitude, no hair, as far as you know, I don't smell good. I love you buddy. Be the best. MWD

**Karl Antoine Kazarian**
**Osining, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

KAK came straight out of a fancy prep school in New York and into nothing he could ever have imagined. Plebe year at USNA was an experience for Karl that none of us will soon forget. Karl is testament to the phrase, however, that "You can't keep a good man down." In addition to a deep sense of duty, Karl has also been a very committed individual. Among his many commitments, squash and the pursuit of the fair sex must be mentioned. Squash has been a mysterious excuse of Karl's to miss a great deal of drill and visit a lot of interesting places. With regards to his other hobby, anytime you ask him, Karl is more than willing to expound upon the virtues of his latest "flame," of which there have been many. We all expect Karl to find San Diego, his next duty station, much easier to become accustomed to than Canoe U was. Fair Winds and Following Seas to a reluctant, but promising, SWOrrior

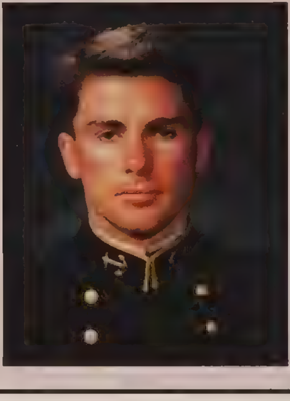


**Christopher J. Maslowski**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Mouse is a hometown boy, his father an O-6 who lived here for years. He got to the Academy through NAPS, and is known as the man who knows everyone. He was never one to not go out, and here are some of the memories: never took the oath. Where's the beef? The egg man. Limo--Philly. Dodging the bullet plebe year. Pop's ship. Spain. You gonna teach me? What do YOU think? Griffins--Donna. Beer truck on H.Point. Group 4. The Mode. Case a day. Pop's AMEX. Carolyn. Olympia. 21st(bartenders knew you by name). Florida. Ron Jons. Trader's. Nickle beer. The cops. Hour of power. Through the gate in the trunk. Buck moves out. Everynight libs. Regulars downtown. R,S, and D the bartenders. EIE. Mr A. Lil touch of heaven. No $. Pop's change of command. Officers with Mid's girlfriends. Not many understand these allusions, but we do. Thanks for the fun and the memories. Welcome aboard, son. PJM SAM DLG

**Perrin Lee Miller**
**Kingsport, Tennessee**
**Intelligence**

Perry came to us a Connecticut Yankee from the South and although he was hard to tell apart from a few of our other classmates plebe summer, he quickly distinguished himself as the only artist in the company. Perry became an Aero major and was trying to get out after only one semester. He disproved the theory that you have to do homework to make it, Perry breezed by on an appetite of Empire and Pool of Radiance with no time to waste on Fred Davis or the Joker. Fortunately, Perry learned a few things here that he will certainly take with him: never use your own deck when playing Spades, a Bancroft mirror costs $100, a stereo on walkman speakers sounds like a walkman, CEC is not for you, not all the dots on the color vision test are green, penny-fighting hurts, and Motrin kills the pain but does not stop the bruising. I hope you find another head-banging roommate at Intel school. Good Luck Pal. JSR



**Patrick Joseph Moore**
**Clearwater, Florida**
**Navy Pilot**

Engendered from the retired state of Florida, this meretricious anybody careened on over to USNA in search of the perfect beer and an increased vocabulary. He accomplished this, much to beerlovers chagrin, with relative ease: Olympia. Studying little, this "wallflower in the ballroom of society" luckily teamed up with rodent and instantly began crashing linguistic shoals along with a few favorite watering holes. From then on it was: yelling;"case before" club; team Griffin's; Ralph, Sam, Donna I and II; (pretend it's your sister), John and Dave; Mr. A and the heaven; "God, I hate you"; the Emmy night (40 or bust);tea cup; "we know we're not...";" just real quick"; two fitty; Alumni House: When's dinner?; walking migraines; Lonnyism; Did it snow?; and Moore. You will always be carried and owe, but one couldn't ask for a better lover. I love you pal and touch the face of god. MOUSE

**George R. Moraitis Jr.**
**Ft. Lauderdale, Florida**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

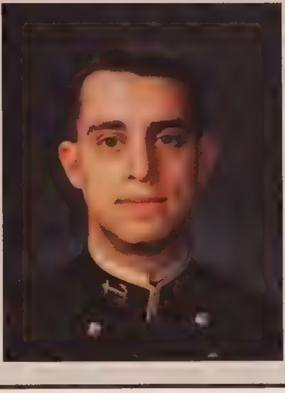
Bendick said, "Moreeatis get on line" and George's career began. Avoiding Bendick was like avoiding Gonzo in Daytona as Plebe year grabbed him by the back of the throat. 3/c year lifted George to new heights,"They're not going to show...OH, come ON!" and George makes the Olympic underwear toss team. 2/c year he finds himself and makes the sequel,"George and Hootch", but, unfortunately, couldn't find the train. 1/c year, after a plethora of proof, George decides women are esoteric. It took one spark to set him straight; however, too straight considering his record. All in all, one of the best guys I know, and I usually don't do this, but if I can ever help, hep ya...YEESSS! you can count on me. Good luck on a bright future and fair sounds and following currents.KAK

**Shelby Andrew Mounts**
**La Mesa, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Shelby came to the Academy with a West Coast attitude and a love of warm weather and friendly women. He made his mark on the Academy in every way, except possibly academics. Happy-go-lucky is the best way to describe him. Remember Moreeatis. Passing out on Allison. Living with Neal. I want my ____ apple pie! Laura. Bermuda (girl in). Caught bringing beer in Gate 1. The Rose Festival-Sonya. Yahoo Country Barn. Bush. Class option. Stumble overs. Hooyah. Darielle (the young one). Rugby. Frostburg. High fives. Georgetown. Hi, Mick. Power outages-hit him harder! Room stash. Beasties. P-Cola. New Orleans. Airborne. Rebecca (first time). 21st join the club.Trimming Mick. Midwinters. Jetta. Ring Dance. Bulldog(not!) Rebecca. Griffin's regular. Carried back. FSU weekend. Dentures are nice. Fights. Hang in there, buddy, til we have our own watering hole. PJM CJM DLG

**Christopher George Moyer**
**Timonium, Maryland**
**Navy Pilot**

"You see. I - We, Mav. we - we were inverted" - or nearly were - on (or rather off) the Autobahn. Yeah, Chris has had a rough spot or two. Mosier ("Moyer - You're not braced!"), Bendick (need I say more?) Hooyah (Yahoos?), Narc (Did you want Navy air?), lockouts (Should I be dating somebody?), roommates (Excuse us, honey), canine intrusions (good timing Zeke), Bulldog (Harnsbarger: "I'll bet you're in the top of your freaking class. Probably a 4.0"), and, yes, Rican driving ("Terry, what are you DOING??!!"). But it all seems to have worked out. Despite all the efforts of the Narcs, Louise (Loucinda, Louanda) has succeeded in his assault on the middle 1/3 and even managed to come away with a flight billet, though not by much. So he's off to P-Cola in his aviators' and leather ... "Watch as CDR Moneymaker rendezvous with his Rican wingman" . . . . inverted. See you there! TBag

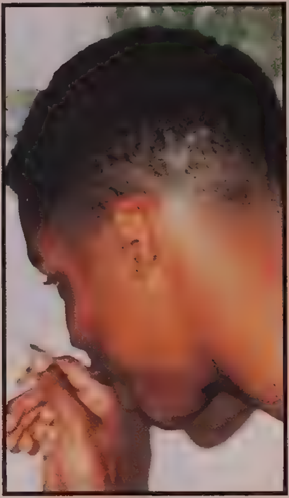


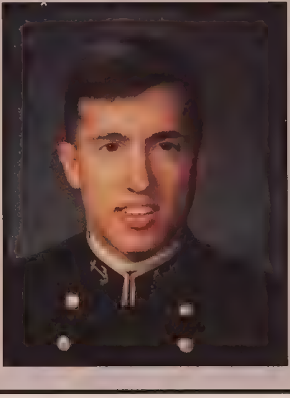
**David Elias Ornstein**
**Arlington, Massachusetts**
**Surface Warfare**

Dave marched into the academy forsaking the solitary missile silos of the air farce, and all that great writing he was going to do. Plebe year, and especially Frank made Dave think twice about his desire to fly Tomcats (now he'll be flying a Wasp!) Fortunately for Dave, they don't do any drilling on the flight deck-but he does come with his very own personalized cadence-"Left, Right, Left, Ornstein get in step!" After surviving the terrors of plebe year, Dave chose to pursue his heart's desire, English. His other desires manifested themselves in the Golden Pillow award and a certain New England babe named Christine. Dave's writing skills could not save him from the evil grasp of the Math department, but he did have a nice chat with the Dep Dant about his use of the pen on a speeding ticket! Join the ranks of the ring-fingers Dave! See ya in Norfolk! cmf.jrs

**Glenn Howard Porterfield**
**Corpus Christi, Texas**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Deep from the heart of Corpus Christi, where many Naval Aviators are born, Glenn had his heart about 500 feet below the surface. "One of these plebes ain't like the other, one of these plebes just isn't the same.." was one of your favorite plebe songs, but the one that got all of us was Neto's Circus song! 1st semester on Goat Court was hard, but then Boomer added some spice the rest of the year! We'll always remember the wonderful picture in the Log of the only plebe in Screws! The work paid off, however, and Glenndale made it through in Marine, ooh-rah!, Engineering, and on to Nuke School to live under the sea in the silent (drill) service. The Glennster even pioneered the silent drill team since he liked drill so much! Good luck and remember the best thing is no one will confuse you, Doug, and Perry ever again! God bless! cmf,dwc,deo





**John Steven Rice**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Grumpy Jack and I spent several hours playing stickball and adding the smell of sweat to the weight room. Nothing compares to the penny fights and the cracked mirror. It is incredible how accurate he can be with a penny propelled by the snap of his fingers. People were too scared to enter the battle zone. Our heavy artillery were coat hanger projectiles that could penetrate a coke can and any milk carton on a Goat Court window ledge. Jack would have been happy on the Russian front driving his tank across the frozen tundra of the Ukraine. Then there was Fred our pet milk carton that spent five months on our window sill, turned to sludge, committed suicide and splattered three decks down. Jack and I were meant to room together, headbanging to the metal. I hope his new wife will take good care of him in Japan. Jack, your the best friend and partner in crime that a guy could ever have. PLM

**Christopher Riley**
**Saint Louis, Missouri**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Our little band acquired the "Riley-mon" from the unknown reaches of middle America. Chris came here with a cast-iron positive attitude, and, unlike the rest of us, retained it to graduation. Plebe year pro-quiz problems not withstanding, he quickly settled down to a steady, hard-working pace in all endeavors. His diligence in the classroom has been rewarded by a fat check, and we're sure that his dedication to Cooksey will eventually pay off. Chris has really moved into his proper element as a firstie, unique in his ability to perfectly predict and expand endlessly upon every 'dant's call. His job on the Honor Committee provided us all with still more insights into Big Brother's perspective, and gave Chris a "Get out of Jail Free" card for all required evolutions. A natural-born nuke, he'll adapt easily to the "Rickover way!" Courage Runs Deep - Best of Luck ! kak,grm,deo

**Christopher M. Schimenti**
**Franklin Lakes, New Jersey**
**Naval Flight Officer**

From the great toxic wastes of Jersey arose the Man-child Chris. Boomer, as everyone affectionately knows him, is one of a kind. It is time to straighten everyone out on who the real Chris is. Firstly, just because he made some hormone-affected decisions does not mean he likes heinous women. Secondly, he is not a geek. Late nights of studying and special professor handling techniques does not make Boomer a geek. (3.4+CQPR?) But to cut the boy some slack, he can slice up the dance floor. We won't easily forget Sam's with the slam-dancing marines or the females. One day, one older than 13 may even dance with you. Just tell them you're a fly-boy. How are you going to live without me. Questions such as "why aren't you s.....g? or why am I so huge?" will not be tolerated by others. Take it easy on John. Good luck in P-cola and stay out of my back seat. JSH

**John Rudolph Schmidt**
**Homerville, Ohio**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

SWO-GOD, JAVA MAN, Top 50 in the class and had to wait 7 semesters to get stars! The wait was worth it, though! Not many can make it through Mech E. so well. Plebe Year was interesting with all the encouragement from Hergs and Lukester, not to mention the adventure of LT Mack's interest in the D&B Spirit Officer on your blotter! Hangin' out on the balcony with Cozmo, Fish, and Glenn - the good ol' youngster days in the barn. God bless Captain Hoo-yah for taking away that weekend! Lesley really changed things for you, didn't she? Double-takes with you and Andy in Lucky 13 together! D----t Sameit! Finally got your D-qual as a sailing skipper, but not before your first and only failed test at the Boat School! You've done well here, Rudy, and We're glad you made your most important (Jesus) decision here! God has been good to you, and will continue to if you look to Him! cmf, dwc

**Lonny Michael Stare**
**Roselle, Illinois**
**Supply Corps**

Lonushka, never thought a pool table could change your life! I'll crush you in basketball 16-14. How 'bout that Little Mermaid? "Blue Eyes"(great voice). August 19 is a date that stands out in my mind(boy, was that unexpected for both of us);"Find a way";Thanksgiving-"Get away from me!"..You thought you were in trouble! X-mas-the wall came down and you were finally relieved. Dec.29-the day you never thought would come..I'll never regret it; Spring Break.. "Summers-what a blast! "Hey, is that Allison? Aren't those her red shoes?" Too bad you missed that breakfast(oops); U Penn=the big homerun! Pretty cool colage huh? April-graduation party.. "Let me go to the bathroom!" Any bruises left? Ring Dance-'nuf said. June 1-"Hell Yeah!"; June 5-True happiness. What a summer! Then you and Johnny P.-13 shots later. Here's to all the mayo and cheese fights and to the future ...ZAK. Hey, guess what? SQUIRT

**Michael Barber Thaxton**
**North Stonington, Connecticut**
**Surface Warfare**

Mick arrived on the shores of the Severn from his last summer vacation for four years. Plebe summer saw the A-6 legend and hiding behind the Pickett screen. 3/c year brought the arrival of insomnia and all-day rack sessions. It took Mick a while to learn that you really do learn more when you go to class. Two acboards and another full summer at Canoe U took Mick into 13. Little did he know that EE and another heart to heart with the Supt awaited him. He survived again, but his resolve to do things on time lasted all of two days. Mr. "I'll do it later" got pushed into 1/c year but only with a cattle prod behind him. The money shortage led to many pasta and beer weekends at the house. A true Surface Warrior, Mick will ride the seas with pride. May you always have fair winds & following seas and the smell of salt water in the air. Godspeed... TLB & JFH

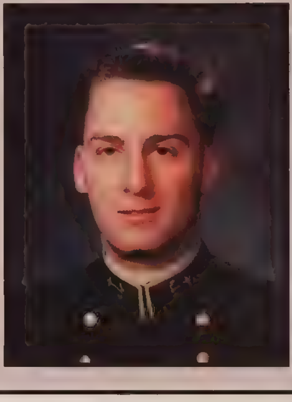
**Michael Timothy Wilson**
**McConnelsburg, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

Following his brother, Mike originated from the plains of Oklahoma, but ended up in Pennsylvania. Too bad he couldn't stay in his brother Jim's('89) company, but we're glad he came to us in Hotel Hell. Mike was known for rapid deployments ("You guys ready? See ya!") Calvin and Daoud were great roommates for Mike, but the Waco Kid took the cake! We'll miss J.D. Hoo-yah! Mike got lots of sleep in the Track locker rooms with Doug and Chris. As a poly-sci major, Mount Wilson hacked his way through the rigors of Calculus, Physics, and EE, even though it cost him leave time! (Too bad he couldn't get NASP TAD!) The squad leader for the 13th company engagement squad, Mike got the ring to lovely Veronica from the land of Cleve at the Christmas Ball, with a little help from Doug! Keep up the faith in the fleet, and God bless you and Vern! cmf,ghp,dwc

# XIV COMPANY

**John Ollie Barker**
**Fouke, Arkansas**
**Marine Corps**

John came to USNA from Arkansas by way of the Battlewagon USS *New Jersey*. When he got here, he was a big help to some people in 3156. "Bilzor, that's Colors!" John said he was fixin' to study Aero, but after 6 weeks of class and a 1.32, he changed his mind. His first liberty as a Plebe was memorable. Plebe Drinking caught up to him during first semester, but room tours improved his grades. After Plebe Year, Summer School became a way of life for John. The "Brown Shirt Incident" at UVA was the last time he let me take him out. John has always been able to explain anything to anyone, but he just can't pass those tests. John was great at offering words of wisdom, especially over a Klondike. Lisa entered John's life and he became a transient at USNA. He still couldn't pass tests but he had fun. John cleared the Bullfrog obstacle and is goin' Corps. You've been a great roomie. Always have fun. DBW



**Michael Bernard Bilzor**
**Clinton, New York**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Mike comes to us from the two stop-light metropolis of Clinton, NY. Mostly for lack of a better idea, he wandered cluelessly to USNA, generally annoying his classmates plebe year. During his tenure with the Glee Club, Mike enjoyed tours to the Florida Keys, Europe and California, and hit the stage for three musicals. Playing guitar and singing brought him hours of fun, as well as an easy way to bother friends. A computer science nerd, Mike slept his way to a 3.5 and VGEP at Johns Hopkins. Second class year he imported hometown friend and zoomie Brian Carbaugh. On weekends, Mike searched on for that elusive naive female counterpart. Scary as it seems, he will be flying high with Navy Air after graduation. Best of luck, Mike. PMM

**David Thomas Bitler**
**Lima, Ohio**
**Surface Warfare**

Well here we are! Oh what a feeling. Who would of thought that this Limaite would have made such an impact on good old USNA? It all started with Chapel Choir, then came Glee Club, Masquaraders, endless musicals, (Always a bridesmaid, and never a bride), Barber Shop 1/4-ette, and NAFAC staff. That sub cruise youngster year convinced you, and it's been SWO ever since. 2/C year you gave new meaning to the word torch! '94 didn't call you "Adolf Bitler" for nothing. Grades were never a problem , so you always had time for ECA's. Speaking of ECA's: Forever the romantic you were never lonely for too long, always a sucker for a uniform! Yes the list is long, but distinguished. And as we go our separate ways I wish you good health, success, and happiness. Semper Fi....J.K.W..

**Jennifer Anne Bolin**
**Sewickley, Pennsylvania**
**Cryptology**

Whe're you from? Umm... Amazing for someone who's always had so much trouble answering that question. From plebe year & military indoctrination, finding your voice, rifle, tours, EOS and first love to youngster year, the library, "the rules", split second weekend timing, to second class year (ugh, and 148), Mitscher, T-Day, Dave and youngsters, finally getting the hang of things, more thousands (How Many?), him still, N.O., and then firsties at last. You returned with a hot car ("what a waste"), plenty of cruise stories, but then ghosted at 763 and "call me Quentin" except for morning class, mandatory Tuesdays with Al, more Dave and youngsters (is he crazy yet?). Frustrating roommates by breezing through academics (Why Study?), you are always irrepressible, not incorrigible. CMB

**Brian Edward Carbauh**
**Tracy's Landing, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

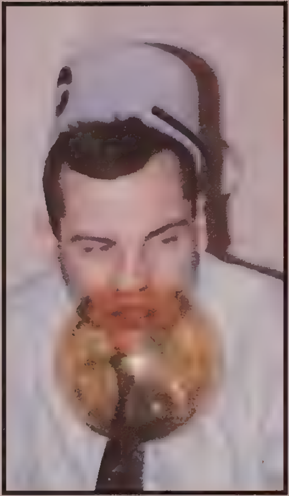
Carbs came to USNA from the thriving metropolis of Tracy's Landing, MD. He breezed through plebe summer as super & slept on watch. MarE,GenE,GenSci,PoliSci? 3/c yr & a 3-man room, view of T-Court:"Where are you from?" Late nite violence: "Guys put away the knife." Sprg Brk in Honduras."If we tie him to the desk we can get away." 90 & sunny, "If U want to know so badly why don't U find out?" May 5000. 2/c summer & the beach..P-cola, Miami..putt-putt, I owe you one bud. 2/c yr. & the 7-4 trek. No violence,EE,Germany,& a certain older lady..BMW,world pol,solv. global issues: You taught me more than anyone Carbs. 1/c summer,B-dog.."This is fun?" 6 wks off, "Wanna go to Europe Dano?..Wanna go to the beach Carbs? NO! NO!" 1/c yr & more fun: golf balls at midnite, "Is this gay nite?" Key West,Germany..No way. Service sel. & Pcola loses out,for now! Look where we are after 4 Brian. See you on the beach in 20! DQG

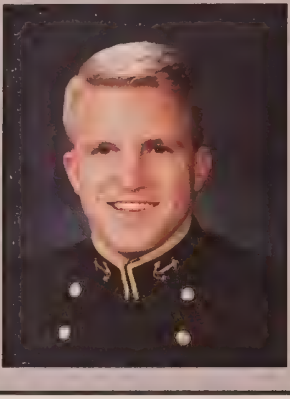
**Robert Lee Dewitt**
**Scottsdale, Arizona**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Bob, a native of Arizona, came to the Academy after serving in the real Navy aboard the ... (well, he never actually saw a ship). Realizing that life as an E-4 was too easy, Bob took on the challenge of plebe year. He was the master of the rack and had a knack for meeting girls at plebe mixers. When youngster year arrived, Bob took on the Systems Engineering Dep-'t, leading the way with a passion for computers seldom seen. Second class year, Bob let his hair down (way down) and started to mind his P's, Q's and other letters of the alphabet. His relationship with his roommate grew stronger after he was "hooked up" for the Ring Dance. First class year, Bob became a Trident Scholar and a "super-hero" figure on the "Batt" soccer team. As a Naval Flight Officer, Bob will once again join the real Navy and show them that he can take on any challenge, no matter how high. SWK

**Chuong Trong Do**
**Grand Prairie, Texas**
**Navy Pilot**

Mr. Sensitivity floated to USNA on a refugee boat from the war torn lands of South Vietnam in 1975. Fate had to put us together and send us on our first Hood expedition, only to return with new nicknames and stories of some wasted Asian passed out in bushes and phone booths. Later that year, Sammy discovered that our VW Bus salesman Sean Cash sold him not the goldmine as advertised, but a monetary abyss into which he threw his life savings. Somehow he mustered the money to make the Cancun trip, and was spotted scaling hotel walls on a quest to find the One Standard. Banned from Hood after a "Sunny" evening of Cisco and the Survey Question, his interests quickly shifted away from women as he began to realize that HE had the better body, and mirrors are easier to come by. We'd wish you luck with the P-Cola scene, but we all know that you pledged your eternal faith to a certain 34 year old Canadian, mother of one. Keep the Vein under control & stay away from that milk. -- Geoff, Bill, and Dave





**Daniel Quentin Greenwood**
**Arlington, Virginia**
**Marine Corps**

Leaving the nest on Nelly Custis he arrived day 1, arm in cast. He secured a spot on the swim team and disappeared plebe year. 3/c sumr:A-bone+San Diego. 3/c yr: venting frustrations and getting immaturity behind us through roommate rumbles. “Hey, its past 3, let's just call it a tie and hit the rack.” 2/c sumr:conv. cadi OC,Rob,KIM,the Dentons, Miami (Dan's fantasyland) putt-putt golf-your welcome Dan. 2/c yr: 7-4 nosebleeds, FordExplorer, EE-F. Ring Dance: Kim, I didn't try to talk him out of it. Bulldog-"Candidate Greenface in his own little world." “Lock your nasty little body!” Drillstud-NOT. Only 1 goal that summer-the Mecca of Miami. 1/c yr:3-striper? A in performance?? 4 yrs of conduct freedom? golf balls, more beach-Key West, the Vault, Dan and Rob-the Calvin+Hobbes of the swim team. I predict way before Alan. Best of luck in your quest for the ultimate tan and may skin cancer never know you. BEC

**Earl David Hamilton**
**Pauma Valley, California**
**Marine Corps**

Earl came unexpectedly to us from his mountain ranch bearing his wingtips, Smith's tapes, and unmistakable vocals. After figuring out toothpaste and Goat Court, he barely hurdled past the Dean in time for Christmas leave. Youngster year saw him take flight lessons in Dahlgren, dance with the Dant on 4-0 and uphold his leg of the power rack triangle. Never one to deny us his Pearls of wisdom, he has shared ideas on many topics ranging from migrant workers and peaches to jazz and women. Being far from bashful, Earl excelled at the International Ball (twice) in one-way romances, but eventually came out free to roam. His travels eventually led him Quantico, where he was cured of any naval aspirations. To a true warrior at heart, a connoisseur of fine music and otherwise, and a leader on the cutting edge of style (which edge?), thanks for all the spaghetti. RSP

**Jonathan Britton Haynes**
**Chattanooga, Tennessee**
**Supply Corps**

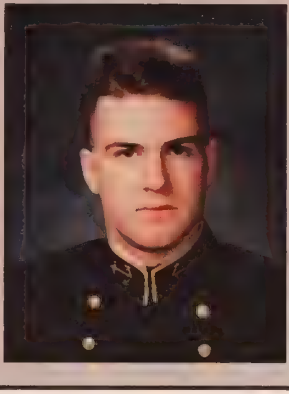
Jonathan came to USNA from Chattanooga,Tennessee, home of the Choo-Choo and buckle of the bible belt. An engineer in general, he has remained loyal to the Corps although no one would have guessed that he meant Supply Corps all the while. One of the most patient persons at the university of naval technology, Jonathan has endured everything ranging from very late nights to various types of music other than his personal favorite, the golden oldies, to rooming with an enigmatic former classmate (to put it delicately), to seaweed, eel, and dehydrated plum seeds. Despite our best efforts, Jonathan has remained a true Southern gentleman whom the corps will be privileged to have amongst its ranks. May your quest for the perfect Southern soon come to an end and God willing, may she always be. -GMS

**Christa Holmgaard**
**Pittstown, New Jersey**
**Supply Corps**

Who would have thought that the girl who showed up late for Plebe Summer would become a Mega-striper. Shy,innocent little homeslice did a lot of growing up during her 4 years by the Bay. Lacrosse, racquetball, tennis anyone? Not now dummy, I've got to study my ocean-easy. From 23 and a C in conduct, the move to 14 was welcomed, but we will never forget the barn, red beach picnics and jumping rope with Kelly. Then came 2/c year and all we heard was,"I need a boyfriend." Someone must have been listening. “But we are just friends.” NOT! Sharing four years with Christa was the best. Look out Navy, here she comes! Good Luck in Supply School. We know you will end up in California eventually. After all, you are a blond. Thanks for being an awesome roomie. We love you. Christa! KRL, MES.

**Michael Landon Hudson**
**Jacksonville, Florida**
**Navy Pilot**

Mike arrived at the Academy via Parris Island and NAPS. After three years in the Marine Corps, he arrived in Annapolis with a full duffle bag, containing a well-developed fleet attitude and his NAPS sweetheart. He still has both. Mike never waivered in accomplishing his goals. After showing a flair for strategy on his placement exams, he made Sup's List Plebe year. Majoring in Systems and his romance, Mike showed his ability to work hard and have fun throughout his four years. It payed off! He has his diploma in engineering, a leather jacket, a ring, and an official membership to the Two Percent Club. Homo, thanks for your help, wisdom, and friendship. You could not help but keep me humble, and the laughs you brought made my failures easier and the successes better. -Hutch



**Michael Edward Hutchens**
**Charleston, South Carolina**
**Surface Warfare**

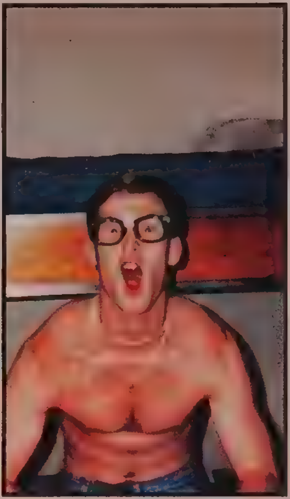
In search of a boyhood dream, Hutch left Charleston for the fun and adventure of Nuclear Power School. Luckily, the gods smiled favorably and he escaped the horrors coming to the beautiful serenity of Camp Tecumseh. Vowing never to return, he spent well over half of his life on the Severn un-sat. Seeking for more than just a classical education, his days were marked by such events as: borrowing stuff from his room-mate, putting up with his un-official roommate, borrowing stuff from his classmates, owning a CD collection nobody would steal (or borrow), ten extra days for being himself, borrowing stuff from plebes, girls who can't drive (it was THAT obvious), bringing a hot date to Dining Out (Mom looked good!). Have a BLAST on the Nitro! MLH

**Scott William Kapus**
**Woodbury Heights, New Jersey**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

When Scott came to the Naval Academy, he left his heart back in New Jersey. No, it wasn't with his mother (although he loves her dearly), it was with the obsession of his life! Soon, his heart moved to D.C. (same girl). After chasing this woman for seven or so years, I guess his undying dedication is understandable (and this is that serious kind of dedication). He has NEVER EVER forgotten to give her a goodnight kiss! When he's not thinking of her, he's busy stressing the next evolution on one of his many lists. Above all else, Scott has been noted for his extraordinary knack at putting the slam on people (especially those he likes). Besides that, Scott is a rather conservative person. His quick wit, genuine sincerity, and competitive nature have made him an invaluable friend. May the greatest successes come for you and your beautiful wife. Friends always - God Bless! RLD

**Juan Andres Kraljevic**
**Reading, Pennsylvania**
**Navy Pilot**

Beast came to USNA from Reading, PA, a shy, puny boy whose most prominent attribute lay over his eyes. He was a quiet, studious plebe whose simple pleasures included gooey sugar water wars with Pearl, Gander's Goat Court pyrotechnics, and bilging Steve. Such simplicity was short lived, however. 3/c year, Juan found Halsey and got pumped up. He tore lots of PE gear with his expanding body, but his expanding nerve manifest itself with Operation Move Buick. The peak of his nerve was in 2/c summer with yours truly. We became certified ladies men $1 at a time in Orlando. He continued to test the envelope of Admin-Conduct through Actramid. Despite the G-Men affair and a King Hall Turkey Day, Beast remained undaunted. Not Aero, his rack, nor an imposing brow kept Beast from being the most multipumptitudinous, rice-burning, cosmopolitan stud from USNA to Glen Burnie. Check 6, Homey -JVM



**Kristin Renee Lindley**
**Redding, California**
**Surface Warfare**

What can we say? She always says "Please Recycle!" Kristin a.k.a. Stanley, Lindless, Annelid, Crunchy Granola (all we can say is Grapenuts). When she's not geekin' out on her computer, you can find her anywhere. Actually, she's just over at the crew house showing 'em just how it's done. Kristin's been a four year crew stud, and she'll swear up and down it's the only way she made it through this place. Declaring her existence to have originated in California (we can all tell), she has that true free spirit mixed with a lot of determination and good 'ole fashioned fun. Don't forget FAHRVERGNUGEN!! Drink-one-wear-one..Stanley always did. A bundle of curley, uncontrollable hair and a great big smile...That's Kristin. She's a great friend and we're glad we could be roommates through hell and high water. We love you Kristin! C.H., M.E.S.

**James Patrick Marquet**
**Media, Pennsylvania**
**Marine Corps**

Jim came to USNA from Media, PA. Although he was never accused of being a cool customer that first summer, Jimbo soon learned the system and became popular, even if he did think "The little guy did it!" After moving to 4001, he soon learned that good grades and performance are not the only ways at USNA. Spring Break in Cancun won't be forgotten, as Jim picked up the native tongue with ease, "Senorita, el toileto no flusho." Although nights of shapes and colors have not been uncommon, the Cool Shirt night was a one-time thing. Sorry, ladies. 2/C year saw Jim switching from football to rugby where he saw more action on and off the field. A big traveler, Jim has found time to keep close to his family. (You did what to your cousin?) After realizing his calling and successfully negotiating the obstacle of Bulldog, this warrior is on his way to becoming one of our nation's finest. Good luck buddy, we did it. JOD

**James Cabell Martin**
**Fayetteville, North Carolina**
**Navy Pilot**

James "Meat" Martin hails from Fayetteville, NC - the apparent sports statistics capital of the world. By default, Meat became my roommate after a series of unsolved Kudo & Snicker thefts. I didn't feel welcome with the "Juan" way attitude - or being damned to a tragic death in search of the inevitable 4.0. With fond memories, I can only say thanks. Thanks for saving me from Bill during the ice cream incident. Thanks for eating Lucky Charms while I listened to those "interesting" stories. Thanks for monopolizing every position on every we team we played on. Above all, thanks for caring! Oh that's right - you don't! In all seriousness, you were always there when you needed money, and so was I - dammit! I don't know where this Sherry thing is going, but I know that I can't compete, so - I appreciate what you intimately called a "friendship!" All the best - THE BEST MAN!!! JDR

**Paul Mendez Miller**
**Lubbock Texas**
**Navy Pilot**

Paul comes to us from Lubbock, Texas. After two years of ROTC at Texas Tech, he sought the more laid back, party atmosphere of Annapolis. His head frequently in the clouds, Paul naturally found his calling in Aerospace Engineering. Youngster year saw Paul charging hard at Airborne School, Fort Benning, Georgia, where he earned his jump wings. Paul decided to impart his physical prowess upon the meeker midshipmen as an instructor at Conditioning Squad. On weekends, he spent most of his time in his pride and joy, a black Ford Mustang GT, entertaining one of the dozen or so female followers he's collected (pictures, please, Paul?), or at Frannie O's. After graduation, Paul will be doing what he always wanted: cruising the skies as a Navy Pilot. Best of luck.

**John Vincent Moloko Jr.**
**Medford Lakes, New Jersey**
**Marine Corps**

Coco, Milk, Molokai, Homer: a.k.a. John Moloko is without doubt one of the most unique people you can run into. He lives in another dimension, which makes him the interesting fellow that he is, however, this threw him for a loop plebe year when he was forced to adapt to the three dimensional ways of his first class nemesis: S.V. During youngster year, he was convinced that he had seen the light: he was destined to become a swo daddy. After a week at Quantico during second class sumer, he came to a sudden realization that he was really destined to be a hard charging muddy cro magnon knuckle dragger. This was a sudden change, but when you're dumb you gotta be tough!! John was a form 2 magnet: He'll never forget that phones and recording devices don't equal spring break, and the joyous 14th company G-men treks to Smoke hall. Good luck, and HOO YAH!! JAK

**Geoffrey Coman Moore**
**Middletown, Connecticut**
**Navy Pilot**

Geoffrey was an outsider to us all when he returned from his Plebe Summer home with Regimental stripers, who adopted him as their official playtoy. Youngster year, we saw him gain his false sense of duty, yak repeatedly in our shower, "help" plebes with their PE gear, break his knee trying to emulate Fogarty of Honorable fame, and play softball with some Ensign's fiancee from Hood. Spring breaks have never been good to Geoff; all he got in Cancun and Key West were hangovers and bad sunburns. After returning from his life's calling up the Hudson, he spread the great Army wisdom among us all, which won him 3 stripes as Batt XO. While on 7-0, he gladly helped his striper friends fry all 10 of the G-men. "Personality is more important than looks" became his war cry after we shaved his head on Service Selection Night. I guess Navy Air is tougher than SEALs, anyways. -- Bill, Sam, and Dave

**John F. O'Donnell III**
**Babylon, New York**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

John came to USNA from Long Island and made an immediate impression during Plebe summer. He was known as Superplebe to some and the weak link to others. However, that year we were exposed to some of John's unique talents, including his ability to improvise at comearound, water the deck at 3AM and throw things out windows. 2/C summer, John went south and found his true calling(s)--Q'co and P-Cola. The next summer, after six weeks of fun in the sun John escaped to Europe to let his hair grow back while posing as an ugly American (Excuse me, sir, we're looking for a very old church, do you know where it is?) First Class year if you couldn't find John at the phones making a short call, he could surely be found running CAREERS, just to be sure. Best of luck...JPM

COMICS
GOSH!
BOOKS

**Stephen Patrick Phillips**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Steve, a Crabtownian, thought that "Navy Blue and Gold" was the National Anthem until he was ten years old. He came to USNA via the frozen wastelands of Bridgton Academy. As a plebe, Steve was almost the first mid to get kicked out for sleeping at his desk. Plebe year Steve found his future wife at the hop, played lax, and went to scuba school. As a Youngster, if stripes were earned in the rack his room would have been Brigade staff, "the Tank" played more lax, founded "rackers of the month," and was a member of SEAL TEAM 23. Sorry about the leg, you've got two of them anyway! Steve always had a lot of spirit, "BEEAAAT Army!" Do they give varsity letters for submarine races (Squid/Subdue)? How about tamale eating? As a firstie, BATMAN realized his goal of being company commader. Thanks for the support and friendship. I wish you and Chris the best of luck. Remember the streams! DWS

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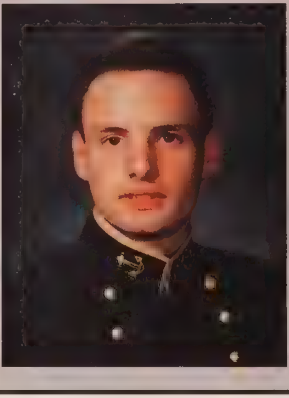
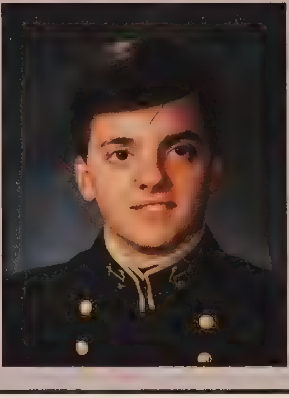
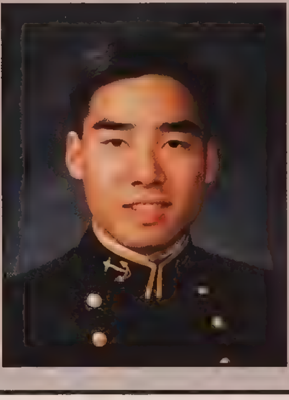






**Robert Scott Plyler**
**Rockledge, Pennsylvania**
**Navy Pilot**

Scott first stood out as the cadence caller for the plebe summer drill competition, and has continued to shine since. Academics never seemed to worry him, doing well as a Mech Eng. He ran cross country plebe year and later made the B-side hockey team, as well as the cycling team. Second class year found him at Woop U. as an exchange mid, where he passed the time either in Boston with Wendy or with the triathalon team. It was then that he finally got the stars he had fought for. Whenever he could be dragged out of the Hall on weekends we set off in search of new and exciting things...that didn't cost much; Scott seemed to be forever saving for the next trip to Boston or paying for the last one. Who will forget those Friday nights in Ho Chi Minh, sugar water solutions, HCl bombs in goat court, rocket-bombs, and, of course, Zodiaks-on-the-Severn? Good luck in the brown-shoe Navy, Scott. Best wishes for you and Wendy...and beat Army. edh

**Jonathan David Rios**
**Davenport, Iowa**
**Supply Corps**

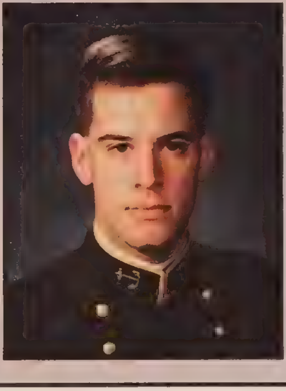
J.D. came to the Academy from Davenport, although I'm not sure (and he isn't either) why he came here. Plebe summer he distinguished himself with the "Go Bathroom, Sir" corners. He might have gotten away with them if Jim hadn't have said "It was the little guy." Ac year brought golf season and his personal chit for the next four years. Youngster year J.D. was condemned by Eraser Head for his satanic album covers. E.H. tagged the Crue as "evil." Second class year brought on a move to 14 and Goon's squad. He did a good job as assistant fire team leader. Firstie year was hello to Amy. Such a nice girl, at least she let you know where you stood. Graduation sends him as the #4 on the Supply order of merit. 700 in the class and he's their fourth best? At least he's got Muddy to keep him out of trouble. Good luck on your career in the deep draft navy. You'll make one hell of a CO. JCM

**Gavan Masaaki Sagara**
**Wahiawa, Hawaii**
**Navy Pilot**

Gavan came to Canoe U. riding on a wave. Unfortunately for him, the waves were few and far between after I-Day. Gav, more affectionately known as the Gavster, thought EE was for him until he actually took a EE course. Searching for a more useful major, Gav chose Oceanography in an attempt to find the perfect wave. Field studies included trips to Cape Hatteras and Ocean City. You could take Gav out of Hawaii, but you could not take Hawaii out of Gav. The G-Man remained on Hawaiian time all four years at the boat school. He practiced "developing his subconscious" during the day while depriving his roommates of the same at night. Gav gave up the glamour of becoming a Swo-Daddy in order to increase his heights as a pilot. Good luck in the future, and remember, 49 states can't be wrong. J.B.H.

**David Warren Smith**
**Houston, Texas**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Dirty Dave came to USNA as a foreign national from the country of TEXAS after receiving a commission from the Marine Miltary Academy. He left after being voted most likely to become a Marine officer and was presented with a mameluke. Dave arrived with three goals in mind jets, rack, and girls(2 of 3 ain't bad). Smitty became known early for his incredible ability to sleep. His cruises and leave included TCF in Thailand, his birthplace in Japan, and a backseat qual. Rock Hard 23 had fond memories of Gavan's nocturnal habits and SEAL TEAM 23 with Wiseman and Steve. 7-4 brought a different lifestyle. Dave's weekends include a headstart on his shave or following Steve to WILSON in his search. Unfortunately, they did not all fit that description. 14 will always be remembered for the awesome room, the war, G-man and Ram's Head. I'll cross the streams with you anytime. SPP



**Joseph Conrad Spencer**
**Kansas City, Missouri**
**Surface Warfare**

Joe's first night at USNA, "I'm quitting and going back to marry my girlfriend in Kansas City, I hate this place." Things only got worse from there. "Motivated but dumb", pretty much sums up Joe's plebe year. Then came youngster year with Joe hanging up his cleats for the Glee Club. Late nights in a con-locker and chatting on NATS kept Joe busy. "Like this guy here puking in his glass" started out 2/C year with a bang. Re-united as roommates, I came to the conclusion you are the biggest slob I've ever met in my entire life, no one else even comes close. Joe's firstie year began with talk about marriage, "Are you sure ya wanna get latched? Yea, I guess." Then came his glory days against Notre Dame and Army. "So by the transitive property, you must be the worst QB in Division I-A football." I wish you and Meg all the best, and remember to name 1 of the 12 after me. VCV

**Mary Elizabeth Sprungle**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Mary, the sage NAPSTER that brought all her knowledge to us plebe summer and helped us through those months. The local Annapolitan stole away to her comfy home 2 miles away. It was the site of many a party. Good 'ole english hospitality. She made her way quietly through plebe year, surviving the roomie from hell. 3/c year and the barn is when Mary finally realized pulling an oar is for psychos! She turned her attentions to her studies - yeah Poli-Sci! Then onto a new company and 4 new flights of stairs. A fish, Mary? Noooo! Turning 21 as a 2/c suited "Bungle" just fine. 1/c year, what can we say cinderella libs, where's Mary? Reunited as firsties, this is how it was plebe summer. We loved ya then and we love ya now. You always keep us laughing. "You know what makes us sooo mad..." We'll be apart. Good luck GURL! We love you Sprunglina! Give Mickey a hug for us! -KRL CH

**Vincent Callahan Vertin**
**Wayzeta, Minnesota**
**Marine Corps**

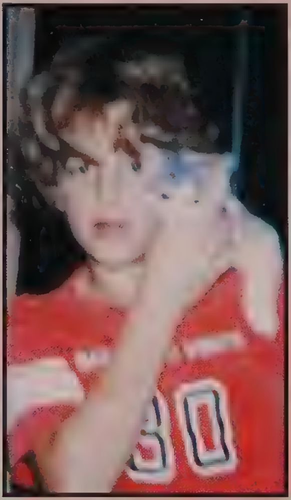
On the eve of I-Day, we got our first glimpse of the Vin-man, bleached blonde hair, be-boppin' through the door of the FB meeting room as if he owned it. Summer sailing, "Hard Port!..Hard Port..VINCE!" Youngster year, he lost feeling to the right side of his body,and retired from FB. Hockey was next where the self-proclaimed "morale leader" could be found playing with his well-known finesse. The carefree one has shown a more affectionate side,"Hey Vince, Where's Meck?" Widely known as the Julia Child of 4-0, he spent many a night "entertaining"the FB Team. 2/c year found me reunited with my plebe summer roommate (and his mom) I'll never have to worry about food again... Na"V"y ring, leg playing, cutting edge of fashion, wild turkey, VGEP, the doctor, pre-mini-buds,slobs, bring back Luce dogs! I hope the Corps is ready for the Vin-man. You're the best roommate a guy could ever have. God Bless. JCS

**David Baxter Weller**
**Alexandria, Virginia**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Dave - "Klondike," "Avalanche," "Vanilla Thunder," "Wheels" - a host of nicknames, none dealing with speed or coordination. Dave arrived with computer in hand, and has never looked back. "Wheels" made it through Plebe Summer to the surprise of all - after the Ahnen incident- "uncover two!" 4/c year brought chemistry, and MEL, with her friends. Sorry, Dave. Youngster year brought "UVA in under two hours!" - with an undesirable crew in pursuit. 2/c year brought a 97 in EE - nice bilge! Having been donned "Wheels" after his astute base running prowess, Dave then chose to reward himself with a Klondike after each workout. Dave found 1/c year quite enjoyable - he became wardroom rep (and has still never lost a receipt). "You know how much the wardroom owes me?" Good luck in life, P-cola, and with MEL! Take care, man! (JDR) JOB

**Joseph Kevin White**
**St. Petersburg Beach, Florida**
**Marine Corps**

Kevin came to the Academy after deciding that 2 years on a sub and 1 at NAPS was enough. Who thought plebe summer that he would go from bubblehead to jar-head. Go figure. Coming here thin as a rail, he achieved hugeness by rowing varsity crew his plebe and youngster years. Alas, Kevin had a higher calling and was elected Secretary of the Aerobics Club as a 2/c and became the President as a firstie. He was also head of the Intl. Ball, putting him in close personal contact with all those beautiful debutantes. Too bad for them he already asked the most beautiful and considerate girl in the world to be his wife. Kevin will be an asset to the Corps because he always cares and looks out for his subordinates, and as a 1/c squad leader has mastered the art of positive leadership. For you and your family, "May the road rise to meet you, and until we meet again, may God hold you in the palm of his hand." - DTB

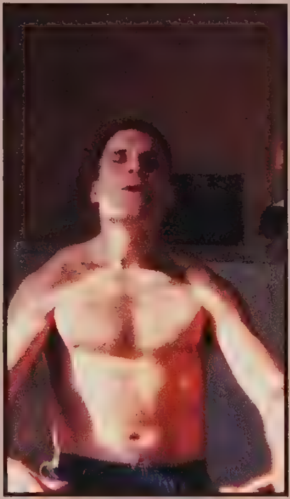


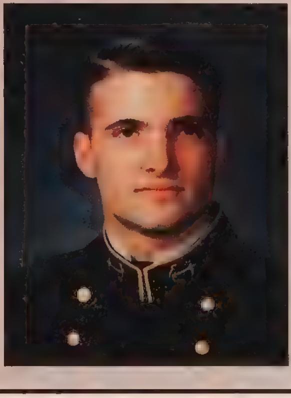
**William J. Wiseman IV**
**Cockeysville, Maryland**
**Special Warfare**

Jesus of Cockeysville (fitting names) spent plebe year stroking while we faced Blackbeard. Wine, women and song were constants youngster year which culminated with funneling, red wings and def bone in Cancun. A full moon on the water earned him a black 'N' and many weekends at school. 2/C year centered around cycling, Wine and more women. Having a sadistic craving for pain, Bill sacrificed leave for a fun-filled summer of Bulldog and Mini-BUDS. As company commander, he lead us "Out of the Cellar" and into Smoke Hall as head G-man and head restrictee over another Turkey day at the Academy. His last semester was filled with daily 5 hour workouts, meals of seaweed and rice and more wine and women. Stand by Coronado. You'll no doubt find the solution for the grand unified theory or end up winning the Tour de France. Stay smooth but Jam On! -Sam,Geoff,Dave

**David Allan Wojtkowski**
**Monterey, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Possibly the most die hard Californian on the planet, transition to life on the East Coast has most been difficult for David. We first worried about Sweat-X when he joined the YP Squadron for those "awesome Movement Orders," but he proved his coolness, deftly avoiding his first encounter with the law by running drunk and bleeding from a totalled van. Youngster year brought repeated Hood adventures in Sam's VW Bus, trying to avoid the dreaded Amazon of Frederick at all costs. Later, with a little help from Cuervo, Dave coined the term "Wojtkowskied" and proceeded to "redecorate" the Wiseman's bathroom. He finally met a girl 2/c year, and even though she went to UVA, he couldn't bring himself to look at the faded alpha code. Dave didn't have much fun Firstie year, as he was crowned King G-man and found 6000 things to do in Bancroft during X-mas leave. Good luck in P-Cola, my friend. Life would have been dull without you. -- Sam, Bill, & the Bald Guy





**Christopher Brian Anderson**
**LaPorte, Indiana**
**Marine Corps**

This late bloomer Marine showed up from NAPS with a bald head and that's how he'll leave. Scooter will always be remembered for the fierce battles he waged against his best friends and his competitive #1 status. The former sucker football star punished would be tacklers for Navy's 150 team even though he had to lose 37 pounds each week to make weight. Conquering the Ram's Head world beer club didn't help either. Grampa's big financial investment was his Honda Prelude that he kept nearly a whole month before loaning it to Frat so he could drive it through a forest. There are too many Ninette stories to even mention, but ring dance was particularly exciting. He could always count on the companionship of the feisty Flintstone. I hope to get the chance to work and raise hell with you again someday buddy. You'll be one hell of a Marine. We all wish you well. Uchi. Love, MJG

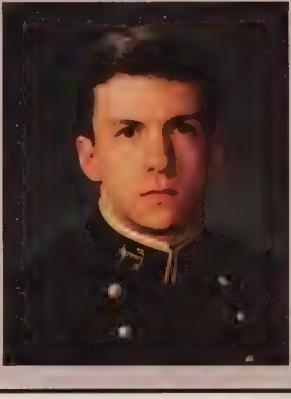
**Max Wayne Berry**
**Hallsville, Texas**
**Marine Corps**

Alas, I knew him well. Emerging from third world Hallsville (pop. 1556), Maximum Oats endeavored to do well in academics and clock smashing: "Max Berry, 920498, you got a problem?!" Not only two entire centuries of American discus-throwing male, but the inspiration (even Roza said so) for a misguided, directionless (last real) plebe class. He got hooked with Airborne (Berry's Arch) and the USS Bethesda for 3/C cruise. Finding not only a new and fellow outcast soul mate, but inner peace and a new way to express his love for Zoot and appreciation of life (especially when I needed to sleep), Ol' Bassmouth Berry hit the circuit with Connick, Boingo, Legg, and Empty Pockets backed by that little ol' band from Texas. [Start Hawaii 5-0 theme] Late nights (10 pm) finally paid off for Maxwayne--Forex to Japan (Book `em Danno). The most aggressive man in show business, with an Asian fetish, a light saber (thank God), and a beer lobotomy, set a new record with Dave-O at RH. Them bones, them bones if they could only talk. Come visit God's country someday (I'll pay this time). Max, if loving you is wrong, then I don't want to be right. See you at Iwo Jima II. Uchi. JAF

**Neal David Borkert**
**Wernersville, Pennsylvania**
**Navy Pilot**

Borkdog came to us from a huge metropolis (of what, 500?) where he worked at a DQ and a movie was a serious date. Neal and his roommates were in the "stealth plebe" mode all year until the infamous self shove-off. The Herndon party and Youngster cruise saw the end of Nellie's naive ways.... However, some things will never change like protein powder, brushing his teeth, and never, ever drink out of his glass! Second class year brought about his expulsion from "the club," his re-entry, and then a sudden engagement. First class year brought many road trips to Ship along with mega-striper status. How did you get those stripes anyway? Did you say you would take away firstie liberty? By the way, what does Ship look like? Hey Neal, how about a best of five? Never forget, the bigger you are the more g's you can pull. TTW EDL BKE

PHYSICAL
CHEMISTRY



**Robert Wayne Chesson**
**Lewisville, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

Robert sauntered into USNA from the great state of Texas, which could never be guessed from the cowboy hat, boots, and pick-up truck. Though excelling here at USNA, Robert's quest has always been to escape it. After a near miss with the medical board, he was fortunate(?) enough to continue on to youngster year, which was mostly spent with his new lady love. Fate proved this was not to be however, and 1/c year saw the return of a free man. It also saw the discovery of Randy's and the return of the two-step. His bachelor status was not to persist, with the discovery of a little lady from Laurel. Now the man with the permanent smile and country western song forever on his lips is again disappearing from the halls of Mother B. If you ever make your way to the opposite coast, you know where you can find a cold beer and a free ear. Good luck to you in Mayport, and beware to the crew of the USS Monterey - lets hope they know how to two-step! JLW

**Thomas Seon-o Chung**
**Des Plaines, Illinois**
**Medical Corps**

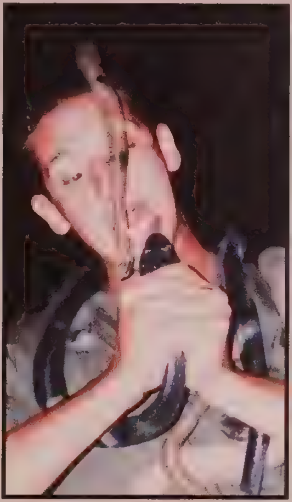
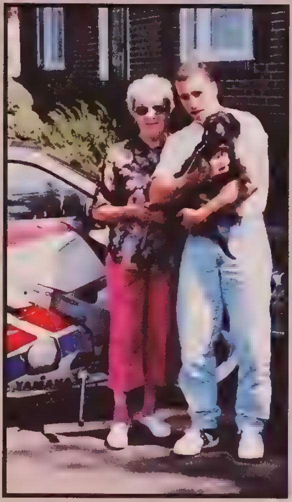
Changster came to USNA from the suburbs of Chicago with a mind full of naive thoughts and a solid vocabulary of pigeon English. After a trying plebe year marked by seven octave chow calls and fish flavored pringles from home, he set out to the exotic sea ports of Norfolk and Charleston. In the following years, under the training of his cruel and eccentric roommate, our little Thomas was soon being kicked out of bars and swearing like a sailor in passable English. 2/C year, he even looked at girls without fear of Mom finding out and lost his voice in a 75% successful attempt to rid his squad of plebes. With 2/C year and a return visit to the Motherland in his wake, Tom rejoined the Brigade, having already disposed of several thousand of someone else's dollars but also having gained a new mustang and a typewriter to complete his applications to Med school. However, these toys could not hamper the mild mannered nature we all admire Tom for. TC now heads off to the Medical Corps where he will be a naval officer among mere doctors. Good luck storming Loyola, and if you ever burn my mail again you're toast. See you at the Battalion Aid Station, Tommy. DMO

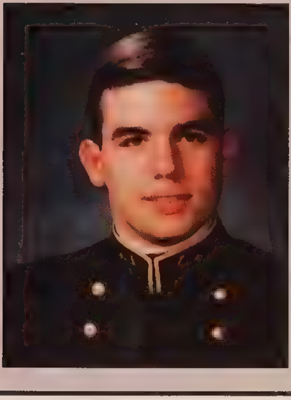
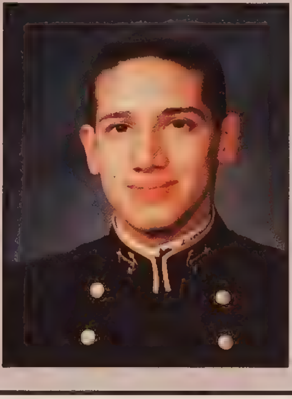
**Richard Collyer**
**Windsor, Connecticut**
**Marine Corps**

Rich entered USNA in '88 and was a quick hit with his locked on approach being a super in pep or passing out during SIP's. His attitude then changed dramatically as more extracurricular activities began to take over his illustrious lifestyle. Rich excelled in areas other than academics leading the way in body scars and head wounds. Rich was always an avid Beast fan, but he was quick to find new friends in the Minz and MD. Whether he was bleeding with Scooter, swimming with Strobes, wrecking with Frat or donning a toga with the fellas, Rich was always one for social occasions, except for the many disappearing acts when even he wasn't sure where he was, though he never returned with both socks. Schoolwise Rich's philosophy was simple "If I sleep 12 hours a day I'm only in school for 2 years." Good luck in the Corps and I'll see you when "The Boys Are Back In Town." Uchi. TSS

**Melanie Celeste Dobay**
**Monterey, California**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Melanie left the serene life of Rockville to endure the challenges of Navy College. Enjoying both the ups, but mainly the downs of plebe year, Ms. Doobee was known throughout the brigade for her motivation. Youngster year she learned the value of a tastee cake in traffic as well as the joys of being an unsat comp sci major. With the change of scenery second class year, came a move to sunny California as well as to the world of a general scientist. Her love of the land, or rather her hatred for the sea led her to the Marine Corps. Her dedication and intensity carried her through bulldog, but also showed her the light of a Naval career. All of her hard work paid off first class year as her name appeared on 'Dants list and her sleeves bore the three stripes of the captain of the gymnastics team. Whenever the little one wasn't diligently studying she was out pushing herself to her physical limits. Though many a prospective suitor came knocking on the door in search of those Victoria Secret eyes, she always sent them away yearning. Few got to see her quick wit and caring. Best of Luck in Colorado, you only deserve the best! JLW

**Brian Keith Evans**
**Lisle, Illinois**
**Navy Pilot**

B.K. came to us from Chicago; complete with a spare tire and a soon to be fiance. During second class year he managed to rid himself of both. Lounger survived a sometimes lonely plebe year due to being excommunicated by his squad leader. Then during youngster year he professed his bedroom instincts on a road trip and lost his roommate. Firstie year brought Brian his pilot billet and a new appreciation for the hall on Friday nights when youngsters have no liberty. B.K., things have changed a lot since plebe year and you'll always be welcome in our room. We wish the best for you and _________. TTW NDB EDL

**Joseph Anthony Fratangelo**
**Salt Lake City, Utah**
**Surface Warfare**

Frato-Suave came to us without a dime in his pocket. He leaves us virtually unchanged. Keenly interested in Far Eastern Religion, Joe found the Buddha to be a perfect role model. Always the essence of time management, Joe found ample time for other endeavors. With sleeping habits that would make Dracula blush. Joe studied with a vigor equitable to that of a large computer. Often on the envelope of technology, our Beast experimented with lowest ratio possible study/passing test, the impossibility of passing the 9th beer barrier, advantages of split personalities (R.Brewster, naked guitarist), explaining the beer laboratory phenomenon. The man from Atlantis put dolphins to shame in the water and could out move MC Hammer on the dance floor. Thanks for the attempts to instill me with some semblance of rhythm. Uchi. MWB

**Michael Joseph Giannetti**
**Vestal, New York**
**Navy Pilot**

Mike came to USNA as an all-state soccer player from Vestal N.Y. Injuries forced him to discontinue his soccer career at the Academy, but he still excelled in every intramural sport he played. Mike already possessed items that we dream about buying when we all become rich and famous. Take for instance youngster year when he bought a Porsche 944, and of course his Yamaha FZR 600 he bought firstie year. Competitive #2 has always been known as an intense, hard working man, but he is probably the easiest person to live with in the brigade. His study habits are unmatched by anyone else in the company (even though he talks to himself when he does math homework). Always remember our trek to New York in the P.O.W. mobile, the free keg, Bob Hagan, and especially low-crawling across Hood college's parking lot (you shouldn't have avoided her that night GEO, she was perfect for you.) You've got a great future in store for you as an aviator, just make sure you keep in touch with all those Marines out there too. Oh, and one more thing: you did tell me to ____ off plebe year when I left your room. Uchi forever. Love, Scooter.

**William Blaine Hammack**
**Wayzata, Minnesota**
**Navy Pilot**

The legendary exploits of Hammack stain our memories,some good some not. From Hood to Daytona golf foursomes, Skip always managed to find some form of company. Our balding buddy started as a cocky Napster, but ended as a chilled member of the Ramshead's Team $500. His plebe detail antics reminded '94 what it means to "clamp up" w/pain for breakfast. His sweating brow didn't prevent him from doing a good job as 15's 1st semester Co.Cmdr., including breaking in the Brunman and managing to have a little fun along the way. The devil in Daytona was quick with the funnel both in giving and taking. Skip's time was spent redeeming coupons at the lookout, drinking us under the table, picking up on beautiful(?) women, jumping with the Airborne Nazis, quoting Regs, and laboring over his tough major. Skip is a good friend and will settle down with a lucky girl, some day. Uchi. SHM+-JBO.

**Clayton Lee Horner**
**Warrenton, Missouri**
**Surface Warfare**

Now wasn't that easy...NOT! In the four years of our stay in Crabtown, we have been to hell and back again. Five company officers, five girlfriends, and two companies later and we are finally outta here. When you're haze gray and underway and think of good old USNA, remember the good times: late night wrestling with Bunny plebe year, rumbles with Roza, PEP rallies, Army/Navy second class year, and our camping trips. People think you are a quiet guy...if only they knew. You have made my four years here bearable and have given me many stories to tell my grandchildren someday. If you ever need a friend, there will always be a cold beer waiting for you at my house.
Semper Fi! LJP

**Robert Gregory Johnson**
**Argentia, Newfoundland**
**Naval Flight Officer**

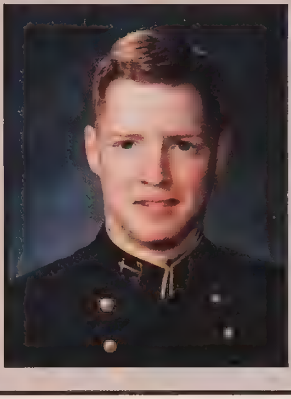
Rob "Gunny" Johnson descended into USNA after a year in purgatory with Nine Million Marching Idiots, with dreams of Red, Gold and Green. His attempts at proving one plus one equals two forced him to find Easyography for his final major resting place. He struggled in physics since his Youngster year roomie drained all of his built up knowledge on the nights before the tests. Vowing never to study with Wild Bill again, he saw stars in his last semester. After a grueling boomer cruise in place of Bullfrog, he vowed to chase the sun instead of peer at it through a periscope. The definition of AQUA-ROCK, Rob looks forward to the mile-long swim at P-Cola in a flight suit. After making his marriage official after graduation, Rob will work hard to get those big land based planes, with the rack in the back. Look out while he's on HIS roads! WEL, JCN, WDP

**Eugene Douglas LaCoste**
**Wichita Falls, Texas**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Dougie Fresh came to our beloved institution with a calm demeanor and no home. Fayette-ville will always be his home to the 39 of us who went through Plebe Summer with him. Being an Army brat, Fresh knew everything there was to know about the military and nothing about the Naval Academy. Plebe Year was rough on Lucky... How can any of us forget the "Sir, you now have 6 hours until ..." chow-calls. His southern drawl (soon lost) made for interesting listening. Youngster year saw an end to Doug's wrestling days and the advent of his glory years on the intramural fields. Too bad lightweight football was canceled. Firstie year brought many opportunities for the Don Juan in Doug to shine through. He even managed to make a traffic jam on Route 50 into a dating opportunity. Good luck in Nuc School Doug and remember your friends in the air. TTW NDB BKE

**William Edward Lawrence**
**Sterling Heights, Michigan**
**Navy Pilot**

Wild Bill? Bill came to USNA to prove that one's QPR is directly proportional to the amount of time spent in the rack. Though he achieved a 3.4 while computing with the best of them, he never could figure out a way to reach that mark with the gas mileage in the Big Brown Monster. In his heart, William E. possessed a deep admiration for human flight that neither the temptation to go SWO or an Ohio HiPo could break. With an Indiana Jones hat and a walk to match, Bill was always ready for an adventure. Cleveland, Myrtle Beach, and California were noted excursions in his traveling portfolio. Only time will tell if he finds his heart in San Diego, but I know that God has a woman out there for him somewhere. Through it all Billy Bob has been a music man, a Detroit fan, a treasured friend and a brother in Christ. JCN WDP RGJ



**Valerie Elaine Mansfield**
**Jacksonville, Florida**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Valerie Elaine Mansfield, Miss Mansfield, The Val, Sexy Chocolate- the title is inconsequential - everyone knows her, not just because she's a double minority. Her no nonsense personality (snap, snap), her deafening voice (it shatters the ear drum), and done due (any style, any direction, her hair can do it), all demand attention. She can eat her junk food, hide behind a blade of grass, go to bull-dog, dog the Marine Corps, make a killer rack, and never, never, let CDT forget he's a man! She's not just a woman, she's a wonder woman who even looks good wearin winter working blues. But WATCH OUT she's slick. The Marine Corps almost caught her, CDT almost caught her, EE tried to catch her, but Val slipped away. SS has come and gone, now its the Japaneses' turn to meet Val, whether they want to or not!

**Stephen Hiro Moody**
**San Diego, California**
**Navy Pilot**

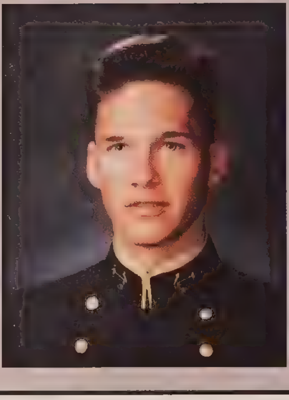
Moo-dog came to Navy a blonde-haired, blue-eyed surfer from So-Cal. Steve-O was an avid M&M fan who spent much of his time examining the basement and the 1st Lt.'s room. Once he found the arthritis cure-all,he focused his attention on weekends, including many visits from his old pal Rumple. A nutty guy, Steve won his award in Daytona side by side with Oingo. A lover of the comforts of home, Shammer went to great pains (Scuba and Mini-BUDS) to ensure he spent his summers there. A highlight of his career came at a '92 tailgater where he set new standards of uniform appearance and Don Juanismo. Steve was gracious enough to share his sponsors, the Milans, and their shore house with all of his friends. Steve's attitude will carry over well into the aviation community. Good luck to the girl who manages to lasso this master of home appliances. A true friend. Uchi. WBH+JBO

**James Charles Noller**
**Phoenix, Arizona**
**Navy Pilot**

Jimbo's youthful exuberance led him into the aerospace engineering major. But he soon decided that "sooner or later you'll go General," so he did. This allowed him to spend more than two hours per night in the rack and get his coveted pilot billet. Jim's plebe year proved to be very stressful with one roommate who never talked and one who would never shut up. James is always quick to smile and a strong source of faith. With road trips to Kansas and Colorado under his belt, he's learned to spend more time driving than on liberty. Hopefully this summer, when he becomes permanently attached to his better half, he'll stay in one place for as long as the Navy will let him. If all goes well his Navy moves will be by way of helo. Just remember JCN, you'll always be part of the "team," and a father to us all. WDP WEL RGJ

**David Michael O'Connell**
**Conyers, Georgia**
**Marine Corps**

SWO'Connell came to USNA from Conyers ready to start his illustrious career in the Navy. He became a faithful follower of the gurus, P. Bayliss & B. Hagan, striving to imitate them in mind and deed. 3/C year brought new freedom, but it also began his epic struggle with the MEGA-STRIPERS. His famous battle cry, "Pepsi? No Diet Pepsi!" brought fear among four stripers and their girlfriends. Dave also began his training as the 22nd & 15 CO Hood Liaison Officer. The subtle wave and his 24mL ethanol containing secret potion, made him into the irresistible MID. He also infiltrated the inner circle of the Nazi organization but failed to outwit the Crook and MED. Bulldog..War Hero..Yamamoto showers..returning to his "ROOTS" were some of his successes. Loyalty toward his classmates never left him as he often jumped on grenades to save them (GEO&MAX). License plates "A55-ETM" and a motel room with free HBO playing 70's music in the background were his greatest desires. Dave, you have always been a faithful friend and a model of professionalism for me. I wish you the best of luck in the Corps. You will always be in good hands during physicals and remember the war cry, "HOLY SMOKES AND FRECKEN-A." TSC



**John Ballentine Oglesby**
**Dallas, Texas**
**Navy Pilot**

Johnny O' arrived on the scene in '88 built like a twig, but with some huge assets (brains, and prowess). An academian, John found himself blessed, or cursed, with Co. Cmdr. during 2nd semester and managed to keep a good attitude about this place. Excluding a defenseless rack, an unsuspecting pillow (his 21st), a couple 4/C Zoomies, and an intramural football player, Dukes Oglesby never hurt a soul and helped all he could during his four years by the bay. Although no serious girlfriends, Orca managed to play the field with a "Mr. Nice Guy" attitude, -many unsuspecting lovelies fell into his trap. Weekends for John were mainly spent at kielbasa fests at many wateringholes throughout the DC, Balt, and Annap. area, which usually resulted in John, taking care of his many knucklehead pals. The airdales and some girl are gaining a great guy and a true friend. Uchi. WBH+SHM.

**Daniel L. Packer**
**Barnwell, South Carolina**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Our dear friend Dan came to us from a "farm" in South Carolina. Unfamiliar with the use of the Navy's Mod 0/Mk 1 circular file, Dan quickly found out that it was not the same as a bed pan. Youngster year found our hero impaled upon Cupid's arrow on long overnights with the D&B. Having been awarded the blue sticker of valor, Danikin was forceably retired following her landward view of the Chapel Dome. As a second class, Dan took a lot of grief for switching to a group six (twice as much bull) major, but his efforts have made him a rich, (though soon to be sterile man). After four years "Fudge" will always be remembered as a kind, generous friend with a heart of gold. Best of luck at Nuclear Power School Daniel-Son. May the Lord guide your steps wherever you go and provide you a loving wife with a seven-digit phone #. You're like a brother. JCN TTW

**Louis James Palazzo**
**Bronx, New York**
**Marine Corps**

Free at last! Yo, Navy boxing shorts for sale! Long live Hotel Hell! From the very beginning we have been roommates, must be a record. I guess it helped that nobody else dared to live with us, the Italian Stallion and the kip from Podunk, USA. You accomplished your mission many times over. The pilgrimages to Hood, nights in Spain and the Army/Navy game incident were some of the best times I had, what little I can remember. From Nuke to Marine. Green is definitely your color, Oh-rah and all of that motivational stuff. When are you going to let your hair grow out? Bulldog, Boxing, Airborne, Paintball and two trips to Sere, the true warrior, well almost. Were you paying attention during the lecture of how to avoid becoming a prisoner of war? I guess not with that big ball and chain fastened firmly to your leg. Hey just kidding and good luck with your better half. If you are ever on my side of the coast drop by. There will always be a cup of coffee and a donut waiting.

**William David Peltzer**
**Atchison, Kansas**
**Naval Flight Officer**

William, David, Brett, Horse, Peltzrock, Peltzfrog, Peltzdog, Pretzel, Peltzer, brought a rich Kansas heritage with him to USNA. Raised on both kinds of music, country and western, Brett has since distinguished himself as an ocean engineer and quite a handyman. Bancroft hall will likely remain a permanent reminder of what he can do with the right tools and a little time. Though we've shared many experiences, diet coke, binoculars, hiding from Findog, self-help, a metallic blue 88 Monte Carlo Supersport, wheat bread, white meat, underwear deposits after 1.5 miles, eating ants, flaming pizza boxes, swimming in the Severn, all-nighters, midnight laundry stacking, and the 5th wing O-club, will forever remind us of the fun we had. Thanks for being a treasured friend and roommate to us all. Pensacola should be a blast! Your Wingmen:
Jimbo, Wildbill, Bunny

**Alexis Leigh Petrosky**
**Brentwood ,Tennesse**
**General Unrestricted Line**

There's a lot to say about Petro...how many nicknames were there? The Ft McHenry tour of Alaska- Prince William sound to be precise wasn't a Princess Line cruise, but we still had fun. And then came Vancouver- Our big brother, Workman, who tried his best to keep us out of trouble, but didn't always suceed. San Diego and the jarheads. A trip to the boring Jersey shore. You always knew me best when you'd ask "who is it now?" I think you may have been hiding a few yourself. I'll look you up in San Diego- that's a threat! Good luck.- vej

**Jeffrey Louis Prichard**
**Charlotte, North Carolina**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Prich came to this granite rock on the river after deciding that the Univ. of Pitt. and a live-in girlfriend were not for him. Plebe summer went fast, along with his hair, which has since returned with a vengeance. 4/c year came, and he put on his skates. A volleyball walk-on, Pill had certain responsibilities; being a plebe was not among them. 3/c year and the rack hit Prich like a left hook; EE and Rachel put him down for the count. But he bounced back like the boxer he is not. 2/c year brought back memories of life at Pitt, and class option became the rule. 1/c summer gave him an old car, a sweet golf tan and a Panama City research experience of justice. As a squad leader extraordinaire, Tweety spent his first year of freedom digging lips, playing hockey and seeing just how long his hair could get. Invest that Nuke bonus and get $$$! Maybe then you can find the "perfect" girl. Uchi. MNHS

**Susan Louise Stewart**
**Carmel, Indiana**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Suzy-Q dropped in from the Yummy City of Carmel. Plebe Summer was a breeze once she figured out the difference between a CVN and FFG. The fun started at the end of Plebe Year when the suitors abounded...ML, JM, SC, CA, JF, LP, AO, KM (remember the Tuna fish Sandwich), and EM. Suzy-Q not only left her mark on hearts, but on the walls of Halsey, and Army Medical facilities. Suz tolerance level was pushed on Track MO's with the likes of AC and MM. We've been through a lot (late nights before Army, soul dancing, sponsors, Molly, and come arounds). You have been a TRUE Roomy. (Excuse me... someone is at the door. Oh! another suitor. When will they learn that your heart lies where it shouldn't). I would wish you luck but you don't know where you are going (typical). Remember, BONZ because "I'm the deal."

**Michael Nicholas Henry Stoll**
**Tampa, Florida**
**Navy Pilot**

Mike came to the Academy wondering one thing... "Who are the plebers in your company?" After finding out he went on to smack his way through his first semester, survived Dave and Chuck, and managed to not kill his room-mate. After a tough first semester gradewise Mike turned it around and since then the prof's have been in awe. Youngster year brought Empire (kkkhh, kkkhh), a note-pad, and a quest. An avid truant Mike made a cameo appearance at restriction. He also made one short "trip" in the arcade. Then came second class year and Mike taught us all how to dance and play hack. Mike liked partying with friends but never went overboard... Is that kid OK? He's just a little sick sir. Finally, firstie year... computer games, and the Ram's Head $500 club. Homework? He wouldn't hear of it. Someday he'll find a lucky female and settle down a happy man. Uchi. JLP

**Timothy Scott Stroble**
**Timonium, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Tim came here to SLEEP! The Fly slimed his way to Hotel Hell full of bad rates and worse songs. 3/c year saw Strobes behavior change from sobriety to total annihilation, which meant more hangovers and fewer march-overs, and a move to the "real-mid" section of the company (from 3 to 35). His quest for mediocrity was furthered along by never buying or opening a book. Whether it was cleaning the room or practicing for wacky, Tim always found something he loved to avoid his homework. "I know my project was due two months ago..." His creative mind led to the beginning of the dreaded " Spin-The-Wheel" ceremony, Uchi, and the Daytona Naked Bong. Firstie Year found Tim sporting a well- earned letter sweater (Goat-Handler) and endless nights in the Hood. His baby's arm finally found a home by Dewey Field. SEE YA IN 5!!! Uchi. R.O.C.

**Troy Thomas Woelfel**
**Sioux Falls, South Dakota**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Troy, a true Southerner, South Dakota, that is, came to us with a used body (knees and ears). His enormous talents were instantly recognized by Mr. Geoff and Wolfie was soon the first ex-squad leader. During plebe year his congineality overflowed. Friends and foes alike were always welcome in 2126. Youngster year he spent much time at his sponsors and even got use of a computer out of the deal. However, mess night began his transformation from President of "the Club" to the Emperor. Firstie summer found Troy "busy" at the lab. By the way, who was Mike's roommate? Waffle, the bartender extraordinaire, was rarely seen without his trusty blender. Is the trunk empty yet? The mileage on the trusty MX-6 will soon increase as well as the phone bill since the mate's phone won't do. Good luck in Pensacola and we'll miss your smiling face and great spirit. See ya, EDL NDB BKE MAL

**Julie Lynn Wolfgram**
**Germantown, Wisconsin**
**Surface Warfare**

Tweedle Di and Tweedle Dum(b?); Thing one and Thing Two; Batman and Robin; Joined at the hip - allbeit a flexible one. How else do you have the same roommie for four years? Well, almost - thanks for saving the shower seat. Few good times plebe year, thanks to two deeply involved second class, anxious to take on a project. 3/c and only the start of good times: Merchant Marines, Notre Dame, Thanksgiving, A/N, Sunday sundaes, fellow cheeseheads and church-goers. Then, well, interesting times, too: the too-persistent-rose-sender, the J.L. saga, history class and athlete's foot, Bulldog - ok, maybe not. At least you got an exciting cruise out of it, and a career path to boot. Best of luck in Concord and beyond! Remember the keys to success: always carry a Tastey Cake; and keep those joints flexible. Can I have some fries with that shake?! - MCD

**Richard Ferson Barrett**
**Carmel, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Dickie took the long route to USNA, going from Andover down to Orlando, where he did a two year stint as an ET, before arriving at the shores of the Severn. Plebe Summer he knew more than anyone else, but not enough to keep him out of trouble, as was the case when he learned the third Law of the Navy for Burke. During his plebe year, Rich had other things to worry about than academics. In fact, coming back from Easter leave, he had one of Roxanne's shirts on as part of his SDBs. Youngster year brought a new addition to his room and constant debates about hot topics like the merits of this place. 2/c year brought a new company, and a new opportunity to shine, and Dickie impressed his seniors just long enough to lose Cox Fund. During rifle detail, he was able to sweat out the results of his aviation vacation. By Firstie year, Rich became a platoon commander, although quickly approaching middle age. Rich will always be remembered for his good sense of humor, coupled with a healthy dose of cynicism. He'll do great as a SWO, and we wish the best of luck to one of our best friends. FEN

**Peter Raymond Berning**
**Honolulu, Hawaii**
**Surface Warfare**

Pete came to lovely Annapolis with the class of 1991 (yes, 1991) after a childhood as a well-traveled Navy brat. His first two years were marked by many adventures and a good day was when the mate didn't leave a message saying "See the Lt. ASAP". Pete, the infamous water-balloon hurler, found paradise in Smoke Hall early Youngster Year. A run-in with a certain Physics professor forced a sabbatical at Jacksonville University and a job at Domino's. Never one to be overcome with academia, Pete returned to 16th company with a new alpha code, and, unfortunately, old study habits. Second Class year saw Pete in a new Miata with his surfboard riding perpetual shotgun (a man needs priorities). Electrical Engineering posed a slight problem, but it was nothing several hundred gallons of Mountain Dew could not fix. Pete returned for firstie year with a tan, a small bank account, and a new girlfriend. His true calling in life pulled him back to the sea as he vowed that the farther one moves from the ocean, the stranger he becomes. Pete will make a great Surface Warrior and Naval Officer. Good Luck in all that you do. NUTS

**David Michael Brett-Major**
**Ft. Lauderdale, Florida**
**Surface Warfare**

Dave started Plebe year a step ahead of the rest of us: he was the rare mid who had studied during high school, and actually learned something! He never slid back down the power curve, and has spent the last four years tutoring everyone, including Mech-E's and Econ majors. An inviolate hatred of homework kept him from getting 4.0's, but he came close enough even with three hours of swordwork a day and NINE hours of sleep... I have trust in you Dave- you can Command any ship I'm on, or even cut open my kids if you do decide to become a Doctor. To the only man I know who completely avoided Smoke Hall, opening a steam book, and sweating anything AND who voluntarily took Cables, three years of Chinese and summer school, (WHEW!) best of luck. Your intellect and personality will carry you far. And when they do, I know you'll remember the guys who gave you crude lessons, like 'em or not. DSC

**Russell Anthony Brune**
**Blue Springs, Missouri**
**Naval Flight Officer**

What color is the sky in your world? Russ had a rough plebe year with a sqd ldr from his hometown, a paper not written due to 'religious' reasons, and choosing a major that ensured high QPR's & plenty of rack time. As a Youngster Russ tried to beef up w/ power lifting. He moved in w/ me & got slapped with a big 3K, ooh! Many trips in the SMPR F1 mobile to AU, w/ a 7:1 ratio Russ could not find the perfect woman (does she exist?). RB even entertained ideas of going SWO, NUC, & even joining the Elite. Russ found his professional side 2/c yr. He spent just enough time out of the rack to ensure a QPR higher than I could imagine, A Batt strpr pos. & a 2nd semester away from USNA. A long road trip brought night time body surfing, Ceurvo Gold & a Spring break I hardly remember but will never forget. 1/c yr. Russ found his true calling - Rolling Dice in AC. He earned more than a NUKE on service selection night. Good luck finding a body-shot partner, stay out of the back of Toyotas, watch out for FDB anchors adrift & enjoy life to its max. Thanks for our time together, see you in P-Cola -DVG

**Donald Almond Clack**
**Molalla, Oregon**
**Navy Pilot**

Don, a.k.a. Don---, Jack, is a fine product of the metropolis of Molalla, Oregon. The Don was destined for USNA and all of those rack hours. Yes, now the North American Rack Hound is bound for P-Cola and a guaranteed 8 hours. Plebe Year saw highlights like, "I am a goldfish, sir!" and Easter at Springer's. Youngster year saw the barn, the refrigerator incident, and plenty o' rack time. Second class year, you lit up my life. A MILFACTS reading pro stud and a superb NAVTAG warrior. That year saw the first of your cars totaled. 1/c year: A new car and a new claim. Total number two. Don't forget pre-Score hair, G'n'R (Get in the Ring), purplish-red and unmanageable, the special XO, the rack time, the infamous diets, the near fisticuffs, and the volumes of 'Rage pizza and McDonald's. Jack, you really are a great friend, and being your roomie has made this place a lot more interesting and enjoyable. Best of luck in the cockpit, Hard Charger. God Bless you! DWP

**Darin Scott Cline**
**Seattle, Washington**
**Navy Pilot**

The number of D. Cline's in the brigade is one D. Cline. He might not be as weird as a fritter, but at least his Big Mac happiness factor is up. Darin's list of best friends include his rack, his Ships and Aircraft book, and his rack. He is highly proficient at raising his eyebrows, receiving chocolate chip cookies, and juggling multiple dates during a single weekend. Plebe year he taught Dave to be crude. Youngster year he took up cigars to get away from women. Second Class year he took up women to get away from cigars. Firstie year he changed his home-of-residence to Texas. Darin's plans for the future include fast cars, fast jets, and a kid named Bam Bam. If Darin ever gets out of the Navy, he'll either teach basic econ to willing college students or become NASA's chief rocket scientist, although it is much more likely he'll become ADM D. Cline, CINCFASTJET.

**Jeff Gallagher Conway**
**Akron, Ohio**
**Navy Pilot**

J.G. followed his c/o '90 brother Jim to USNA from "God's Country" Akron, OH. Adaptation began Plebe year in 21 when he, the Necker and P-cubed found the true usefullness of a cruise box! Youngster year was the Barn with Don, White Jacket in the pitch black, aiding and abetting, and Random. How about that post-Army knuckle sandwich! Jeff was then introduced to that vice called Rugby. Yeah, W.VA. Hags: "What do you guys eat?" 2/c year...The last Hell Night, Double E, Thermo, and Sweetened 16. Spring Break '91 saw 13 cent Top Ramen and $10 beer/cooler/ice deals. M/LT Conway was the terror of the 4/c Regiment for '95. After 6-weeks of yut-yut school in Q-town! Firstie year: "It's good to be the King," hangover in the Rugby shed , Penn State casanova, and the big Toronto Heisman. Famous nocturnal stunts: "Danforth Anchors!" "I think I ate it," and Physics EI. It wouldn't have been the same w/o you Chief. See ya in P-cola "Thing." MCPR. BGH.

**Mark Taylor Evans**
**Charleston, South Carolina**
**Surface Warfare**

MT came from the starting place of the chivalrous war, but gave up his chance at being a Gamecock--mistake #1. He also gave up "dashing" for rowing but decided youngster year he liked weekends and leave too much--I think they still want you back. Youngster year brought road trips with the "off-road" Cavalier, "A Chevy What?!" pilgrimages to aging rock gods, girls...and their moms. Drops were also a big part--D&B will never be the same or that 4/c: the 3/c wardroom: "Get rid of it or else!" and majors changes in an attempt to revive weekends. 2/c summer we learned how far the mall actually was, Quantico-I guess you had so much fun you signed up for the deluxe package, the regatta-"I think there was even a race somewhere," and the nickname "crash"-that's what those YP bumpers are for. 2/c year brought "Baby," a chance to meet the Admiral, going inverted and "Fell's Point." 1/c year the question of the century was decided in line as MT went SWO to get away from the gomers. NOONE will forget the biweekly packages which turned our room into BS Central. A model of sobriety for us all. Thanx bro. JMS

**Jason Bancroft Faunce**
**Long Beach, Mississippi**
**Civil Engineer Corps**

Jason learned a unique skill at Navy: for four years he seemed to be conducting the high speed Mechanical Engineering freight train that left so many others standing at the station... Jason struck awe deep in the hearts of his Plebe year roommates by taping off his socks. He wowed his Youngster roommates by rising WITH THE REVEILLE BELL (does anyone else do that?) and beginning his studying at 0630. Second class year he amazed the Company by completing his studying for each EE test a week before the event. And Firsty year he amazed the Brigade by rising higher than any of the other boys from 21: he got four stripes. This guy doesn't just work hard, he redefines exertion, and always seems to reap the rewards. Thank you, Jason, for all the little review manuals you made for me. I don't know how I would have passed EE, boats, the PCR, or LIFE without them. DSC

**Douglas Vail Glasgow**
**Wooster, Ohio**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Bullwinkle took a detour on his path to USNA by way of the MMA, where he refined his already substantial love affair with Tiajuana juice. He had more than just MMA alumns to get him into trouble, though. Besides couz' in XXX, a brother at AU didn't hurt for cutting loose. Plebe summer, this moose of a man was the obvious choice for squad leader. In fact by ac year he was so big he usurped a date and a taps violation. As a youngster he brought his manly Camaro "SMPR F1" to USNA. That's what you get for asking a cop where to park. As the proven master of the special request chit, he enjoyed more 1/C weekends a youngster than as a firstie (Mech E, you know). Goat Court echoed, "Glaaasgooww" "You people better knock it off." 2/C year was a real grind, living with a genius and a retread. Spring Break: he proved his loyalty, T&T(ara). The design final really changed him, thanks Alexis. He helped the youngsters with their wax jobs as a 1/C. And he finally walked in his uncle's footsteps and joined the few. Doesn't mean you're gonna own a 'Vette, Doug. See you in those not so friendly skies. RAB

**Michael Earl Greene**
**Ellicott City, Maryland**
**Marine Corps**

It is rare that one phrase or word can sum up a four year experience. For M.G. this expression is-AIRBORNE!! It did not take long for Mike to find his nitch here at USNA. Saturday mornings were spent putting his knees in the breeze and afternoons were spent at the Radisson helping people get settled in. "Midshipmen just don't make enough money!" Especially when your girlfriend is an original San Francisco 49er. I'm glad you finally came to your senses. The Naval Academy slang dictionary got a chance to increase during M.G.'s stay. From now on they call trips to Baltimore (during the weeknights) the Mike Greene trek- "Just be back in time for taps!" Living with this hardcharging warrior has taught me many things- the first of which is that he would die without a mirror. The Marine Corps should stand by for this addition to it's ranks. Stay sharp and settle down with a nice church girl. Audi-5000. M.P.

**Brian Dean Grubbs**
**Sacramento, California**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Grubby hails from that last bastion of innocence, Sacramento, CA, much to the indifference of his classmates. Arriving at the asylum the most moral young boy around, Bri leaves...as bad as the rest of us. We done Good, boys! With that infamous orange peel smile, it was all he could do to stay one step ahead of the flocks. Four years proved too much, however, as a home town beauty sent his heart apatter and added chain to ankle. With a name like Grubmeister its no wonder that he never could get used to the idea of three chews and a swallow, even during plebe summer. And Brian was always a King Hall worker's best friend, assuring that nare one cookie found its way to a garbage can. Be it known now, a Fool is the man, or woman, that tries, and I do mean tries, to slumber whilst the aryan cop a 250Db Z or two. Brian, you'll always be a true friend...even if you are a nuke geek. SGO, RWS

**Brian Geoffrey Hughes**
**Jacksonville, Illinois**
**Marine Corps Naval Flight Officer**

Brian came to us straight from the rising sun, IMDA PRES, and a little green but ready for USNA. Plebe year livin' w/ the crusher, & sun-bathin' in the P-way on 4-3 after taps. Youngster year, the 3 AMIGOS in the barn. "Skin covered walls" and unauthorized appliances took us to Smoke for a trip around the bases. Second semester Huge saw the light and came out for Rugby. With SEAL team 21 hoo-yah, "hoodlum" graduated AB21 and went to Unsweetened 16. No weekends, as an unsat Mech E. A faulty alarm clock sent him back to Smoke for another trip around the bases. Trash passed the time scamming as he could: Colleen, Marian, "Denver girl","I've got a 15 year-old daughter", Susan, Susan, Samantha, and finally Jenny. Ring Dance, Booze Cruise, 4-wheelin' and Bulldog brought him back to the cruise tile. With contacts bearing ...Salisbury, we close the chapter in this book. Trash, it's been great! You've been a brother too me. MCPR! Semper Fi. JGC

**Mark Edward Kane**
**Richland, Washington**
**Surface Warfare**

Mark, an Air Force brat, came to the Academy a salty Napster. Plebe summer saw him helping out the clueless among us. Mark was sailing or sneaking unauthorized rack sessions the rest of plebe year. Youngster year brought rack time that was both in quality and quantity. Mark had come arounds that year that some plebes found hard to swallow. He was also famous for the head of hair he kept, almost going three months without a cut. His ability to keep good grades and still not go to class were unmatched. With second class year came a new company, and a new, professional Mark. As roommates, we discovered something new and different; a clean room. Computer projects and Varsity sailing kept him busy throughout the year. As a firsty, Mark retired from sailing, where he had lettered, and discovered the easy life of intramurals. September '92 saw Mark get engaged ( the first in the company) to his long time sweetheart, Bonita. Mark's willingness to help others is a trait not seen in many people. He has been a great roommate a valued friend. Wak

**Michael Edward McNulty**
**Bel Air, Maryland**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Nuts, the name speaks for itself. He hails from busy and beautiful downtown Bel Air, MD. We didn't see much of Nuts plebe year as he was playing lacrosse and was preoccupied on weekends. However, he did distinguish himself as a champion ice cream hurler. The preoccupation on weekends carried on into Youngster year. Third class year closed with a boisterous sortie to an O's game. A whole new social life was born 2/c year, rediscovering his roots - going out with the guys. One night while pushing the envelope of a Toyota pick-up truck, he successfully inverted the vehicle. Firstie year saw a 5000 for insulting Mr. Hope, and many days to contemplate the crime, thus ending his brief stint as a platoon commander. Weekend trips to Delaware used to be for Nuts, but as of late he has been going in the opposite direction- William and Mary. Christmas break brought a noticeable change in his demeanor. Could this be a new preoccupation or just a lifelong obligation ? Nuts could have flown but decided to go on a ship that sinks. Why sub$ ? We still love you. Deano, Heavy-D, Wak

**Frederic Edward Nauck**
**Greenwich, Connecticut**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

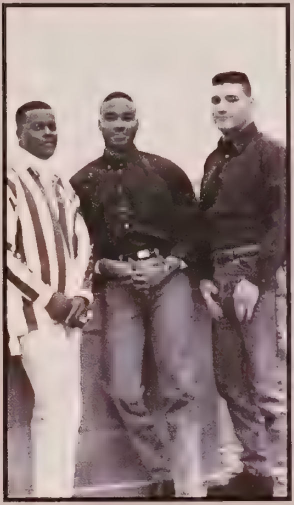
The Nauckster hails from one of those CT cities where everyone works in N.Y. Although he had never heard of Sylvester the Cat, his famous "Go Navy...thpthr!" could be heard all plebe year, the same year he got his wardroom privileges. During one of his first pep-rallies, Fritz had a run-in with the Conduct System after he and his fearless accomplice enthusiastically hurled ice-cream from the roof of "Mother B". At the end of youngster year the Necker displayed his true inside colors during the Color Parade when, in the professional spirit of drill, he became one with his bayonet. He will forever bear a reminder of the previous night's savage revelry. After spending six grueling weeks in Quantico, Fritz found that his calling as a Marine was that of one who inhabited a long, grey, metallic cylinder that cruises the murky ocean depths. The Nauckman finally turned 21 during 1/C year in a celebration that we will never forget and that he will never remember. Fritz may claim to be a sloth, but he has proven to be one of the hardest working members of the Brigade as a student, a boxer, and as a great friend to all. Dickie

**Jeffrey Allen Nowak**
**Horseheads, New York**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Wak emerged from "God's Country" to find himself with yet another lax player for a roommate (makes you wonder, huh?). After six weeks of being carried along by the notorious Nuts, he finally learned his alpha code-"What about you, No-Wak?" Our two-colored eyed friend spent the first half of plebe year in the five man room with the vomitting black-hole lockers, and the second half in 21-C. He wanted to go History, but pressure from Pop forced him into the Engineering field. The consequences of this mistake quickly became evident youngster year. 2/C year saw retirement from Lax and the dawn of a budding professional career. He led the 2/C of sweat 16 second semester while teetering on the brink of a 2.0. Summer, '91 saw the Wakster at Plebe Detail (and Oh, so professional!) and a successful Aviation Vacation to Puerto Rico with Dickie. Firstie year opened with the christening of the BMW's paint job with Deano's dinner as Nuts skillfully navigated. Wak chose flying the friendly skies over sailing the ocean blue. Luv your Butt-Deano & Nuts

**Sean George Owens**
**Spokane, Washington**
**Navy Pilot**

Gronig came to us from Spokane, Washington after a brief attempt as a ROTC midshipman at Wazzu. Of course he took the easy route and opted for a Poli. Sci. major. Despite his keen, analyzing mind, and his uncanny ability to word a paper perfectly, it never "seized" to amaze me that he had to have his Marine Engineer roommate correct all his spelling errors. Holy Jeez, you are so dumb! Sean also has an incredible knack for complaining about anything and everything. Heaven forbid we should have drill this afternoon, or worse yet, tacos for lunch!! Yes, Sean is the only midshipman at the Academy that hates King Hall tacos. At least I don't have to hear him gripe about not getting a Pilot billet, even though his eyesight plummeted to 20/20-1 (Whoa! Life's rough, huh dude hamaingy!). He did get his billet and his 10 year commitment. Not to mention his lifetime commitment with a hot little number named Teresa. Seriously, Sean, you are my dearest friend and I wish you all of God's Blessings always. RWS P.S. Let us walk cool, huh?!



**Malcolm Kenyatta Palmore**
**Washington, D.C.**
**Marine Corps**

Surviving on the streets of D.C. hardened him for 5 yrs. of "Navy Life." Too smooth, too G.Q., just call him "Denzel." He came to USNA as an NFO but left as a Marine type. MKP is preparing himself for a world of corporations, power and the key to America, money. Mal has been a rock steady, pillar among peers type of individual with a taste for fine looking women. We hope he quenches it soon, because that is where half of his money went (the other half went to his red RX-7). You have been our friend and brother. It has been five years since-"sweatgear in the laundry room." But we have all survived and met the challenge. "You Know What?"-Thanks for all the advice. The reunion is at your house. D.M., A.O., J.P.

**Daniel Wade Prather**
**Louisville, Kentucky**
**Marine Corps**

Heavy-D is who they were thinking about when they said, "you can take the boy out of Kentucky, but you can't take the Kentucky out of the boy." The big butted man from LO'ville(where is Louisville,Dan?) combined Varsity FB with a Mech E major to create "the schedule which WOULD kill the average man." Plebe Year my man Dan is known for his pugilistic abilities vs. the stout and formidable Necker("Jeesus, son!"). Youngster year highlights: Climbing into the empire rack, playing cribbage into the night with Spring-Dawg and that great Kodiak bear, those few visits from old grand'dad and Mr. Dickel. Flamer Dan emerged when we moved into Sweet 16 ("Dan, want to room together 1st semester 2/c year?"). Late nights and a car wreck ("see, because we were inverted") that year. Finally Firsty year: we picked up a third wheel with Huge(1-8 1-9 1-95) and you won the Demi Moore look alike contest. A football injury did not prevent Dan from six minutes of a life time, an N-star, national fame, and a fan club. Goin Corps and a crazy diet to boot, Demi Moore was no more. Good luck to you, Chesty. Love ya, bro. dac JAN

**Jorge Alberto Sotelo**
**San Francisco, California**
**Surface Warfare**

"NOW LISTEN UP..." The Latin lover SWOarrior from the Land of Fruits and Nuts: The only man I ever knew who blew off not just the chem final, but the physics and EE final and still got a higher grade than half the company. "Hardworker" is an understatement for our company beaner. A BOOSTer when he arrived at our beloved institution, Gorgeous immediately began his legacy. Although no one knew what Baked Chicken Faces were for noon meal, Jorge survived plebe year. Youngster year showed us the chilled side we never imagined--and the Nimitz rat. 2/c summer gave us a peak at a New Orleans party-man--The last fun Jor had all 2/c year. Known as the company flamer, we on the ghost-deck of 7-2 fondly recall those 30 minute chow calls. Who needs alarm clocks anyway? But now we're all done here--we "put in" our time at USNA. It's off to the fleet, the sea, and the world. I am truly grateful for the time I've had with you Jorge, and I know our friendship will be a lifelong enjoyment. Just know as you go out to your Destroyer and I go my way that I am proud to be on your team and I will never forget our time together.

**John Michael Souma**
**Mobile, Alabama**
**Naval Flight Officer**

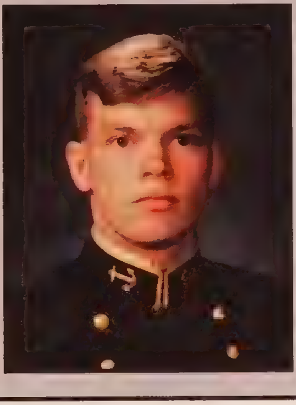
John "Zoom" Souma came to us from the true southern city of Mobile. Everyone realized early on that John had a superior intellect and John came through plebe year with flying colors. 3/C summer meant R&R. John returned less innocent with hair long enough to be one of the Beatles. Ac year brought the hum of TV's, VCR's and fridges, Random, the drops, calling Batman (Daa Goodmorning Joan), SEAL ops, road trips (H.S. mom and daughter, Rush and Paul), and O's games. 2/C summer brought the regatta in Chas, N.O. & Pat O's, protramid partying and our move to 16. Ac year meant hell night, the Mustang, the guitar, the radio show, late night movies and Tiff (what an affect she has had). 1/C summer brought EA-6B's & the REAL Navy. Ac year brought Army-Navy, golf, upstairs with the fellows (we had no choice), SS night (HaHa) and NFO. Thanks for everything PB21AB. John, people always said u were out there, well if you were, I was out there with u. Brothers in Arms.

**Rick Warren Stowe**
**Merced, California**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Beef came to us from Merced via E.F. life. While Rick always dreamed of being Wolverine he is now forced to save the world with a spread of Mk-48s. Always one for a good Quest, Rick kept his bodily workouts to a minimum. Never stress P.E. and always be ready to tear up the floor with the blubber dance is his philosophy. Rick was always on the lookout for his own Ariel and in the process drove the women wild with the constant aid of his BCGs, leather jacket, acid wash jeans, tennis shoes and intriguing ability to crush 215 bones with one tap of his hand. On the other side, Rick used his sultry voice and alluring squeal to bring any savage man to destruction. Donger heard somebody talking about him on the yard once. They said they didn't like him. In actuality, Dick is easy to get along with so long as you don't violate these cardinal rules: don't touch his glasses, don't float biscuits on his bed, don't pants him in the doorway and never, ever spurt buttermilk dressing on his shoes. You'll always be a dear friend, Rick Stowe 9, but you are still the cheapest guy in town.

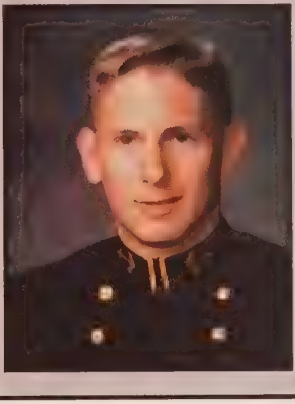
**Edward Russel Taylor**
**Jacksonville, Florida**
**Marine Corps**

Edso hit Plebe Summer on the ground running (and so close to it too!) he was on a MISSION IMPOSSIBLE to boost Academy spirit. Even though a Navy brat, there was no doubt that this trooper was goin' Corps. 3/C summer saw a miraculous recovery from allergies (yeah, right). Ed was one of the few youngsters that actually enjoyed Academy life. 2/C summer, Ed was Plebe Summer Squad Daddy. Returning to the Brigade, people noticed a pronounced change in Ed's demeanor. After studying the Regs for two years, he was well prepared to ridicule them. Who would have guessed that he'd be one of the first to question authority. A lover of Peace and Plebes, he was not the typical 2/C. Firstie Summer brought Plebe Summer flashbacks at Bulldog although this time he was not quite so motivated. Fortunately, his desire to join the Marines wasn't extinguished. 1/C year brought a girlfriend (what good can come from a relationship that starts in a bar?), weekend trips to JMU and a full head of hair-"Are you going to be one of those long-haired Marines masquerading as a civilian?" Good luck in the FMF-Deano, Wak and Dickie



**Dean Patrick Watkins**
**Seattle, Washington**
**Surface Warfare**

Deano came to USNA from the Jet City and quickly established his prowess at diagnosing common ailments. "Thank you Dr. Watkins." Dean never stopped smiling for his first three days of Plebe Summer, but soon learned that extend arms wasn't really worth laughing about. Dean made it through, earning him his weight in ale, but was never able to collect. Never one to conform easily to regulations, he found himself at odds with authority through plebe and youngster year. Dean and Ken were always on the cutting edge of room cleanliness, even having to go explain to the LT why there were just more important things to worry about. Second class year brought a new company, a new roommate, and a New Dean. Well,.... Some things never change. Always a gear head, Dean bought a car that was him. After his stint in the Corps, Dean decided to go SWO and San Diego had better stand by. We don't know who was supposed to be the good influence on whom, but his continued happiness has made him a good roommate and a valued friend. We wish you the best and thanks for the good times. ERT & JAN



**David Wayne Zimmermann**
**Houston, Texas**
**Marine Corps Naval Flight Officer**

Hey Tex, where are your boots and cowboy hat? The nearest thing to a cowboy that "Z" came to was country music. I tried to put some culture in him, but he refused to wake up to any music from Beethoven or Mozart. The one thing Dave did not lack was determination. He was determined to kick for the football team. Finally, in his senior year he had the chance to put a point on the scoreboard. Dave even tried his hand at playing Cupid, he had one success and one failure. He was also determined to take a technical course every semester; three semesters of chemistry and EE. He did have some help from Dean Kelley in accomplishing this goal. Most importantly, Dave was determined to give Sherri a 92-volume Photo Album of himself. I could never figure out whether he loved to waste film or he loved himself too much. I do not know how Dave pulled it off, but he sure got himself a pretty girl. Best wishes to Dave and Sherri.

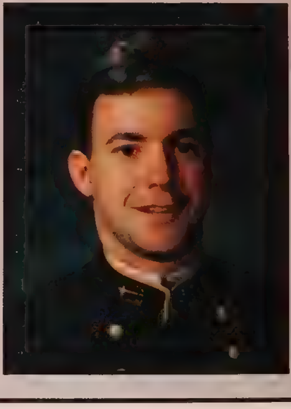
# XVII COMPANY

**Creighton John Armstrong**
**Potomac, Maryland**
**Supply Corps**

Ever since a child, Creighton wanted to be a Supply Corps Officer. Knowing his future calling, little Chico studied hard at Gonzaga High. With hard work and the philosophy "it isn't what you know, it's who you know", Chico found himself at the doorsteps of Bancroft, where he coined the phrase "forget this team stuff". Youngster year, Chico's self-confidence with women amazed everyone except the women themselves. Despite the loss of a blooming relationship, his confidence was renewed with a new car. This car wasn't without costs: his major, many tires, and a door. Key West soon followed with the 21 b-day, sunburn, Rick's, a love of Chapel Hill, a scooter collision, and a sudden love for braces. Life in his senior year improved dramatically: better grades, better company, a new shoulder, & Supply School. Congrats Chics, study at Whartons, and remember the 3 Amigoes. DEC,MDF,G-WP.

**Michael Donald Bachmeier**
**Lemoore, California**
**Marine Corps**

Everybody knows the Box Car, and we're sure the California Moonbeam belongs on the beach primping and lifting, not in the USMC. I guess the R&R detour put you out of favor with the mighty fine surface line. In case you didn't know it, A.J. Squaredaway was your false nickname. Everybody else knew better; we just wanted you to believe your delusions of professional grandeur. But you always did seem to have a certain knack with the women. Your anything-but-subtle approach worked with many in the D.C. (Frannie O's) Metro area. We'll never forget that you don't wake up, even though you have 3 alarm clocks, or that the hair gel and muscle building companies turn a profit because you buy 2 of everything. USMC, look out; I don't think you're ready for my adopted son. Take care, son. Jake



**Don Eliot Cheramie**
**Galliano, Louisiana**
**Special Operations**

From the back-country bayou of Cut-off, LA, emerged little Don. After a brief stay in the tundra at NAPS, Don entered plebe year as a man who knew what he wanted. A girl in hand, J**, a math major (not), and the plan to skate through plebe year- as a sailor. Standing 5'8" but envisioned as 6'5", youngster year brought good times under the halo-effect. 2/c summer brought hilarious times due to his encouters with the Haley family. Second class year "Pipes" found his way to USAFA. This place, to his surprise, also brought mandatory classes. He returned to USNA as a member of the Three Amigos. After a jeep lost, sea-sickness, and a desire not to go SWO, Don entered first class year. Four years later and a tiring of losing his brain cells with the boys, Don finally met a girl who would go out on a second date. Good luck with your second date and Spec Ops! CJA, MDF, GWP.

**John Kevin Ellzey**
**Perryton, Texas**
**Navy Pilot**

Big ol' Bubba came to us with a knack for boot scootin' and skeet shootin'. Jake's a real charmer who even provided breath mints for his inspecting officers. "No, no Jake, that's not your slipper, it's a bucket." There was Zed's and the birthday bash. Speaking of bashing, how about Brinkman's head? Plebe year rumbles were your forte. How about your sister? From flattop to Elvis: Your military motivation always seemed to correlate with your hairstyle. Beebe; Spendish; Booter; Willie P.; Chico; Pigpen; Us again; Box; You went through us all. It had to be the way you dress. A redneck in penny loafers and long johns. How about those second class summer ensigns? Tearing the room up and, "Gosh she's pretty", with the barn door open. "Taps is at two during dead week!" Oh well. Look out Navy, here comes the most righteously indignant pilot in history. But don't worry, he's got a big heart. -Beebe

**Timothy James Fetsch**
**St. Paul, Minnesota**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Fetschski came to USNA from St Paul eager and ready to go. Plebe summer went well except for at the tables and his laughing bouts. (ie Woodsy, Bellars) As plebe company cdr Ski kept things happy in roaring 20, not to mention kicking butt in Dahlgren. Youngster year was time to hit the books..3.4 6weeks..Goatcourt. "Turn the music down!"-Dewald and of course-RACK!! Second class year Ski thoughts of the Marine Corp arose-Navy Hockey goes to Nats..BULLDOG..I'm qualified for flight...Calhoun Lake. Ha. We've been together four years straight.. Bud.. They"ll never understand..wheels..REM. Nice Acura..K1,K2,H^2..I'm Proud of you.. We had the best times and we learnt from each other. Be cool and remember we'll always be in the Corps! Slice

**Christoph Jackson Flaherty**
**Brandon, Florida**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Pres JFK once commented to a group of Nobel winning scientists attending a dinner that there had never been as much intellectual talent in the White House since Jefferson had dined alone. Surely sometime in the future someone will say the same thing about King Hall and CJ. The sublime son of a Marine Corps Officer (disappointed that he went Nuc, Sir?) and that officer's German bride (his grandparents would be proud; remember dancing in the hall and shoving off the plebes when the wall fell?), CJ rose to the highest levels of leadership in the Brigade, achieving something not to be seen again in this lifetime, President of both (simultaneously) the Physics Club and German Society. No single-sided geek though. CJ made it through Bullpuppies with (flying?) colors, or maybe they just didn't notice him due to the crummy camouflage hat he always wears. CJ was also highly cultured, living for the night he could lift his resonant baritone in praise through Handel's Messiah (or was it for the female chorus from Hood?). Good Luck Ceej, before you're through the Navy will have fusion-powered subs. -- Erndog

**Mark Douglas Foldy**
**Colonia, New Jersey**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

HOMETOWN: New Jersey--graffiti car--Margaret's bench--English teacher--big pipes--roids--drinking with Joey--DH (not). PLEBE YEAR: living with Sean--the certs--football schedule--butt cut--gaining weight--150 lb football (losing weight)--basement whiffleball--wet pillow in T-Court--midnight bickering--winging it in Daytona--DH (not). YOUNGSTER YEAR: not making bed--class option--sleeping--spades (losing)--mile 1/2--rash--lifting--bigger pipes--pigpen--more midnight quarrels--VCR, TV, Nintendo, Movies--civilian clothes--Cancun--white bathingsuit--DH (not). SECOND CLASS YEAR: sleeping with ants--clogging sink at CSU--goldfish--Christine's hair--Key West--Narcoleptic--DH (not). FIRST CLASS YEAR: jeep lost--England--father's permission--YP--AC officer--gambling--and finally NUC--DH ? Congrats GWP,DEC,CJA.

**Ted David Girdner**
**Baltimore, Maryland**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Bird has had more extreme experiences in his life than anyone I know, and I am honored that he told me about every one of them (twice). He has drank more kegs-o-beer and shots of jagermeister--"without catching a buzz"--than anyone. I don't know anyone that dates as much as the Bird, but I've never actually seen one of his girlfriends. He has a secret life that none of us are ever around to see. Bird's world revolves around rugby, Buffet concerts, and a manly Jeep with pink racing stripes. He is well acquainted with the local nightlife so it's a good thing he has class option. Intelligence is one of Bird's greatest assets. However, it does not become a factor in his academics until the night before exams. I have never known a person to have so many "hook" profs all semester long that incredibly turn into "bones" during finals. I always looked forward to classes with the Bird. His head usually became a stable oscillator for the whole class to enjoy within minutes of the bell. There can be no other Bird. He is unique, and I hope those Nukes know what they're getting. Good Luck (to the U.S. Navy) --MICK

**Sean Patrick Haley**
**Norristown, Pennsylvania**
**Navy Pilot**

After a year of MMA and Texas football Spendish replaced Taylor Bennett as the best quarterback Navy never saw. Our redheaded Irishman kept his perspective and found comfort in his woobie. He fattened up nicely on youngster cruise but it didn't stop that Tomcat pilot's girlfriend from kissing him. He also developed quite a reputation for his method of dealing with first class P.O.s. After Jack H. decided he didn't like the 2nd generation of Haley's either, the Speen joined the hall of justice which gave him more time to spend with his woobie and the little tiny guys. "Yes, Sean, we can do them now." After burning his biscuit with a big blue flame he decided it was safer just to give them to his roommate, who never really appreciated them as much as he did. After crashing in a cornfield on firstie cruise our company commander decided he still wanted to fly. He's got the number for the FAA, along with a few other tips he picked up at Franny O's. "Tonight the strip's just right, I'm gonna blow them off in my first heat." It's all just fear and arrogance, ya' hayseed. Put 'em in the air partner. --Beebe.

**David James Hanson**
**Muscatine, Iowa**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Mavis came to us from the fields of the watermelon capitol of the world (and proud of it). He was always so supportive of all my musical tastes, especially my Jello Biafra tapes. He always went to bed last, never studied, and was a complete slob. He knew exactly how happy I would be at the announcement of his nuptials. He amazed me with his small-town, middle-America ideas. He never did quite understand the punk movement or gang symbols. I never did quite get why people would knock themselves out chopping firewood when you can have a gas fireplace. Through all of it, we only got in 1 fight in 2 years! Morning mole, East is East fan, domestic beer drinker and closet anarchist. I hope some front-seater doesn't take you with him, and married life treats you well. From your eternal batchelor roommate, Stosh.

**Christopher Grant Hoffmann**
**Pleasanton, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Chris came to the Academy from NORTHERN California, a little bit on the serious side. During the first week of Plebe Summer, Chris' true identity as "the Brain Cell" was discovered and his strange love of holding nectarines exposed. Youngster summer saw a new set of racing stripes added to the fantail of the Audacious as he found a love of sailing. Going straight from a youngster to a firstie, he flamed on only the GEE-dunk machine while wearing two crooked stripes. Those around him came to accept his addiction to ketchup, a surgically attached coffee cup, and a bowl of Mountain Dew over Sugar Pops (Snap! Crackle! Burp!) This year, the Morale Officer spent his Friday nights leading reconn raids that culminated with impromptu swim quals in Dorsey Creek. Hoffbrau has learned a lot here...the derivative of 2 for 7 plus beer, swimming in a flight suit, how long it is to Shenandoah, and the Casa Grande parking lot. The days were long, but the weeks went fast. -BFD

**Thomas Ryan Huerter**
**Kansas City, Kansas**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Thos Huerter! Huerter!. Tom came to us from Kansas with a pair a boots in his hand & a belt buckle so big that it would keep any city mugger away. If Tom wasn't engaged in his circuit training out in town, exercising his elbow, you could find him in down in the phone room calling his fiance Wendy. How come you didn't get big stripes 1/C year, but then again how could a son of a dentist have so many cavities. Tom, never forget the dining out 91' or the night Mr. McGarvey declared us Warriors. Thanks for being there whenever I needed academic help also thanks for not being there every time a Systems major disturbed me looking for help! Did you ever figure out the shortest route from Frannie O's? I hope so, cause you'll be doing a lot of figuring out as an NFO. May you have many patches on your flight jacket. P.S. Don't throw food in King Hall & I still don't like country music.

**Anthony Maisonet**
**Queens, New York**
**Interservice Transfer**

Anthony (sorry Tony), our token hood from NYC and future bus driver, is always up to something--whether it be scamming a trip to Key West or sliding by the Axe with record setting finals. Notorious for his singing and known for his stories, Tony could regularly makes the Circuit. Remember your 21st? How about Hoorah? Then there's the near death experiences with Coach Schoff, and the SWO-washing lectures from Snyder. What about the Army-Navy party, of course I can't recall that. And after three years, I still can't stand your shoes. Hope Aileen doesn't want the cap on the toothpaste either. There will always be at least 151 reasons to remember you by. The most memorable being convincing big Mike Burns' pecs that I really haven't seen you. Tony, the Navy will miss you but at least you can practice bowling. Lift a glass to us: 'Warriors!'. P.S. You're always welcome in my hut.

**Mark William McCulloch**
**Greensboro, North Carolina**
**Surface Warfare**

Mark, a New Jersey/ North Carolina hybrid, got drafted into USNA while on his way to Harvard or MIT. After crewing it for a few years, Mark decided to move on to less time consuming things--like a social life. Soon he was smitten, while I was just unsat. Always the matchmaker friend, Mark tried to spread the wealth, usually to no avail. In the interim, he was trying to go NPQ the hard way--by running marathons in hopes the legs would give out. Eventually, he just transfered to Penn State so he could be with his "finance." Now he's a firstie with special civilian status. In addition to working on a master's in cynicism from JH, he even managed to get out of the Fabulous February Firstie Fest Weekend. Best wishes, Mark. Don't let that high tech Tico confuse you. Might not have made it without you. RKM

**Richard Kevin McHugh Jr.**
**Alexandria, Louisiana**
**Surface Warfare**

Kev is no ordinary man, he's a man with an extraordinary attitude. Constantly being hounded by that 1.5 mile long demon that kept stealing his weekends put him in the worst of the Canoe U's blues. But this subscriber to the Conservative Newspaper was not without his allies. Many an afternoon was spent eagerly listening to the garbage that spilled from Rush Limbaugh's portly maw. This "Wallflower" wasn't without brains either, especially in the "when-to-keep-your-mouth-shut" department. If his Rules of Women were to ever be published, it'd only be a matter of days before they found his body riddled with multiple nail file wounds. After four years, I can say that he's been the best of friends and I'm glad he could squeeze my wedding into his busy plans this summer. I hope he enjoys the SWO life, his attitude should remain alive and healthy. DMS

**Ernest Daniel Miller Jr.**
**Los Angeles, California**
**Surface Warfare**

It is no exaggeration to say that Erndog was known by all. Going from squared-away plebe to free-thinking firstie is not a transition all make. As pride of the debate team, he raced mental circles around his opponents and left them reaching for dictionaries with their heads spinning. A native of L.A. and a prior Marine, Ernie rebelled and went SWO and is going to the Bunker Hill (not an omen, I hope). Ernie loves to think, write, and argue and he is hard to match in any discipline. OK, sometimes there's a downside to being a daring philosophical reformer. I mean, who's going to discuss things with you if no one can understand what you're talking about? Wherever Ernest goes, there he will prosper. "Except our own thoughts, there is nothing absolutely in our power." -CJ

**Carl Ronald Nease Jr.**
**Richmond, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Who's the grossest kid you know? Chezwick, Del Griffith, Neaser, the Gross Man- Four for four, knock on wood- Don't bend over, chickenpox are contageous- Stay away from our sisters!-Youngster cruise a.k.a. UA/vacation at home- The conquests of 2/c summer-lax seasons w/ out washing uniforms- UVA dis-"come on in!", bouncers at Newport- Hey Missy is that butter or parkay?- Do they play lax in VA?- 4 years of cradle robbing- 30 days of unserved restriction for the Dead show- Hey guys I forgot my wallet-volleyball camp is in session- good company in a squad car in P-cola- uh rah Quantico:- "oops my back"-puke dancer- Mr. Nease what are you doing to your sink?- saving Greg from D's in performance- a dulled sense of smell thanx to greg- watch out for mailboxes!- road trips to Villanova- No women under beach atriums- So when's the WEDDING? (U O beer) GWP SDD

**Mark Alan Olson**
**Mansfield, Ohio**
**Surface Warfare**

Mick, Spidey, Furmaster. Just a few of the nicknames he's picked up over the years. Mick thought he'd stop by ol' USNA enroute to becoming President of The United States. He even had his first lady, Deb, chosen--Although he denied this adamantly until the night before the engagement. A devout liberal, he latched on to PJB as his idol and proceeded to donate 10% of his yearly salary to PJB's campaign fund. On first meeting Mick, one is struck by his professionalism and discipline. This is what fooled the striper board into appointing the most lax Batt CDR in Academy history, instituting such policies as Thursdayfest at H.B.'s and Luce Dog Fridays. In truth, Mick is a vicious prankster who delights in torturing sleeping system's majors (One result of living with D.C. for two years). It wouldn't be proper to go without mentioning his favorite place at the Academy--Dental. His ongoing battle with dental was only aggravated when during CSTS more than his last meal went over the side of the boat. We all wish Mick the best of luck and hope he keeps the Bermuda Party flag flying.--BIRD

**William Joseph Palermo**
**Bethel, Connecticut**
**Navy Pilot**

When thinking of B, the terms genius, sadist and cultural cretin all come to mind. This is the sort of individual who both can solve any engineering question posed, yet thinks Uncle Ben is a clock in London and has never heard of Mr. Ed. When it comes to injuries however, B is a man of the world. From his foot long scar (due to his illustrious wrestling career) to his expertise in self-inflicted X-acto wounds (he even gave himself three stitches with my sewing kit once), he has a veritable plethora of war wounds. The next time you see him, be sure to ask about his "flexing scar" (you know, the one where he flexed so hard that he passed out, hit the tiles, and needed stitches in the back of his head). "Pain" is not in his vocabulary. Having "dated" a girl for 5 months, he still refused to utter the phrase "girlfriend." I guess flying to Boston for a weekend dance is not a requisite for romance. But he did once treat a girl to Machoian on her last day in America. Impossible to figure out is probably the best description of B, but then who wants to bother? - RLW

**James Robert Pietila**
**Minocqua, Wisconsin**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Hailing from Minocqua, this prior seal earned instant respect (this guy's been in the Navy for 30 years). Discovering chief was a prior nuke dispelled the seal myth, but his 30 years of service is still in question. Although Chief's knees pop more than popcorn (pop, crack, pop..."Here comes Chief"), he proved a terror on the 150's field. It didn't take long to realize that chief wasn't a morning person, but realizing he wasn't an afternoon or evening person took a little longer. I sure hope Linda knows what she's getting into. One thing the Chief had picked up on was "selective rule obedience", a creed which made "he rates it, he's the Chief", an oft used phrase. Jimmy may be the oldest friend I have, but he's also the best friend I have. The Marine Corps and Linda are both lucky. Just remember Chief, when you get your wisdom teeth pulled, SLOW DOWN! -D.C.

**Greg William Puschnigg**
**Latrobe, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

Greg arrived at USNA from the darkest reaches of the Pennsylvania hills. During Plebe summer Greg's carefreeness usually brought a smile to his face and a grin to his second class's. It was then he learned to hum the theme song to "The Smurf's." He found himself in precarious situations throughout his USNA career: The white tailed deer, the concept, Lori, a sailboat experience, a lost jeep, gambling, the Waterloo, YP command, getting lost in Key West, a sweatshirt, his roommate, wrestling, spades, the footrest, a booze cruise, a nurse, sunset with Miss abdomen, robotic boxing, tailgating, lifting, spitting, sweeting, sleeping, attempting, failing, attempting again, recuperating, and just hanging. What a long strange trip it has been, and though we wouldn't do it again we sure enjoyed the ride. MDF,DEC,CJA

**David Meredith Scott**
**Pleasanton, California**
**Navy Pilot**

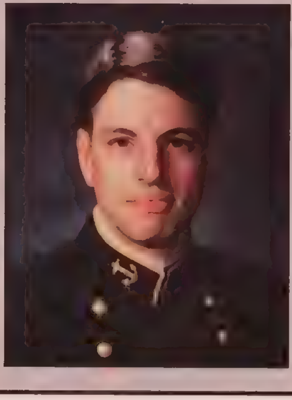
This freeway grape shooting felon came to us a foreign national from the country of California. He's really enjoyed our culture, however, and can often be heard singing a rousing "O Maryland My Maryland!" After spending youngster cruise on his sailboat's foc'sle and adding USS NEVERSAIL to the list of ships that proudly fly the flag of Cunard Cruise Line, Dave moved to more constructive engineer-type things like the erecting of a temple to the goddess Katie, and a homemade wiring project that would make the cool folks in EE proud. As if being mistaken daily for Vanilla Ice wasn't flattery enough, this non-anorexic 6'3"/145lb Muscle & Fitness Mag maniac is endlessly in pursuit of the Schwarzenegger bod. Maybe you'll find it in the Glorious South (P-cola) where you'll also find "y'alls" don't have sails. To a great roommate and friend, the best of luck! I'll make a conservative of you yet. RKM

**Christopher D. Thompson**
**Washington, D.C.**
**Supply Corps**

Slice comes to us from local Washington D.C., where he gave up the country club to play on the courts of NAPS and USNA. Being more clever than anyone would give him credit for, Chris handled plebe summer much like his four years at the Boat School--unseen by all. Plebe Year brought him 1st of 3 pre-airbornes, the Sands, D.C. jazz and Tibber. Youngster criuse was pure Canada, while the year was out of company and in the rack. Big Country, I'm gonna... What was lost in perfomance was made up for in tennis. Second class year Chris was always 'on the wheels'. Getting soft? No. You better win! Firstie year gave him three, then took them right back. Jac, Char, Tiff, and my undying respect. SWO or Corps? Supply. We knew it was right from the start, and I wouldn't have it any other way. Like brothers. TJF

**Trevor Negal Tyler**
**Tribune, Kansas**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

As Robo-plebe, TNT frustrated second class by being too loud, knowing too much and being too professional. Everyone wondered at the plebe with the perma-brace and froggy voice. Relax, Trev. "Don't EVER tell me to relax!" He was unreconstructed in his reactionary philosophy until he met "the Dancing Partner," (in unofficial parlance, Tracie) in whom all romantic interest was denied until the fact of their engagement was accidentally revealed (we hope that the house in Kansas will soon be filled with many Trevites). Tracie is behind the transformation (note: the regs do not outlaw fun, Trev) that now permits T-squared to be recognized as a person (occasionally) instead of a machine. Trev was the man who never broke a reg (well, there was the coffee maker). Being first in enlisted Nuc-School and going on a couple of sub-cruises, outnuking Rickover in the process, Trev has realized his dream. The Sub community doesn't know what its getting itself into. Honestly, Trevor will shine brightly (i.e. glow in the dark) wherever he goes. -CJ,EDM P.S.- Relax!



**Joseph David Vinso**
**Los Angeles, California**
**Marine Corps**

How does a punk from L.A. who wears boondockers to class and has a nickname of VinSWO end up graduating from USNA as a MARINE! WOOF! Everytime you had Joe figured out, you realized you didn't understand him at all. Along the way he made us laugh with his contributions to the LOG and his famous acting roles. My personal favorite was "man leading cow" in OUR TOWN. His other roles were Major Paul Petkoff in ARMS & THE MAN, and "town drunk" (imagine that, and DAPA officer too) in THE MYSTERY PLAYS. He also did a great job as sound engineer for the Glee Club. As his roommate for two years I was amazed at how he managed to do several hours of political science homework nightly, be the company social butterfly, and still find time to keep the room so neat. What a guy. I'll never forget you, and I wish you the best of luck. Semper Fi!--Your roomie, Mavis

**Ian Russell Warnberg**
**Windham, Maine**
**Surface Warfare**

Beebe came to ol' Canoe U. from the thriving metropolis of Windham, Maine. Is that even on the map? Do you have running water? Plebe summer showed Beebe the true military haircut and made known one of his future dilemmas. Hey, Beebe, when's your hair gonna grow back? He was a dutiful plebe who always sought to do well, until he reached the academic side of the house. Youngster year showed the Beebester how to appreciate life in the hall to the fullest. His profs had merely decided that his time could be better spent within the confines of Mother B. Second class year brought new challenges and a new truck. Did you know that you could save $1.32 every year by doing your own maintenance? He also developed a rather warped and contorted appreciation for one particular Christian singer. Yeah, Beebe, whatever you say--she's the greatest! By first class year, Beebe had found his true calling in life. Another lifelong member in the Big Blue Magnet Club. The SWO community is getting a class guy. Have fun on the midwatch! Friends forever. Take care and good luck roomie. Spendish.

**Richard Lee Whipple**
**Greensboro, North Carolina**
**Navy Pilot**

Sent to us from Greensboro, N.C., Booter came with the sign, "No Deposit No Return." His endless antics proved annoying and amusing as we learned the fun of beating him up. Mildly amusing Booter got his name from the fact that he is every man's avenger. Somehow this guy gets every good lookin' woman, and in true avenger fashion, he endures them for a couple weeks, gets bored and says "SEE YA." Example? Dropped his ring dance date (who he had asked) for a better candidate. However, all of this did not stop us from adopting the axiom "RIX GAY" due to his infatuation with stupid toys, neon suspenders and perhaps the most idiotic hat ever created (the Aspen one). Through it all though, Booter's been a trusted, dependable friend who's always up for a little time killing. So Rick ask yourself, do you really want to go running, or do you want to play cards? I thought so, 100 or 250? D.C.

**Bryan Dudley Williams**
**Longmeadow, Massachusetts**
**Navy Pilot**

BD came from free wheelin Mass., but we never held that against him. He comes from a long line of USNA grads following the footsteps of his father and brother. When BD got here he seemed a little stiff around the collar, and although CR and Greg didn't fully corrupt him they did manage to loosen him up a bit. Bryan's talents never cease to amaze us. From B-side hockey Capt. to Boston marathon runner to ultimate frisbee to orienteering, BD always finds something to keep himself occupied, and now with his lemon - I mean Mercedes - he wishes he had joined the automotive repair club (trips to U of D didn't help). A veritable wolf in sheep's clothing, BD never proved a slouch in the wrestling room. Coming to know BD we have learned what a kind person and great friend he really is. P-cola better take heed because they have got one smooth talker and great pilot headed their way. JRP & DCW

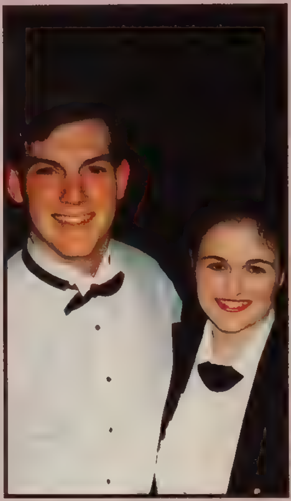
**David Charles Williams**
**Tacoma, Washington**
**Naval Flight Officer**

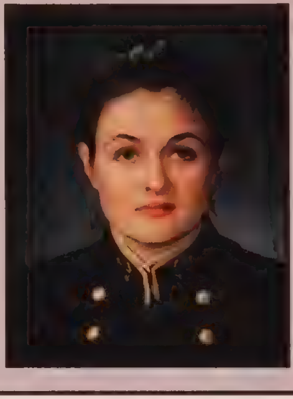
First appearances aren't everything. D.C. came to USNA looking like a football recruit yet proved to be just a big man from Tacoma. Taking the hit for DC became quite routine, from plebe summer inspections (Ninja Turtle Comics) to the quarrel with the Bird, I've been there to absorb the blows. I will always envy your paper writing stunts, the muskrat paper created from abstracts the night before still finagled an A. Academically, Mr. 15,000 SAT never cracked a book unless in dire need of a passing grade, Oops we'll forget Engine Math. DC, Gag Master Extraordinaire, provides answers for: What do you do with a gallon of water and a hole in the floor? or What do a livid Bird, Thomas Jefferson, and a branding have in common? Stories of 168 lb H.S. wrestling are still debatable, 20 lb Christmas's are more believable. DC you proved to be a great roommate, and the best friend a guy could ask for. JRP

**William Henry Woods Jr.**
**Windsor, Colorado**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Growing up in Colorado, Woodsy knew that USNA was the only place for him (USAFA?). Aviation is Woodsy's passion, and he arrived for plebe summer with a wealth of knowlege. He exhibited this superbly when asked by his squad leader what a T-34 was: "Sir, It's a Tweety Bird!" During plebe year, Woodsy set an Ac-Tracking sheet record 80 hours (scaled down considerably because he knew they would suspect him of an honor violation). He would stay up all night studying his chemistry by flashlight, then spend his afternoons reading "20 Steps To Better Vision". Woodsy struggled to bring order to the chaotic lives we led. To keep his belongings well organized, he had a box for everything, with labels like "Eating Utensils/Shoe Care". Goal setting--and achievement--are Woodsy's great assets. When things got tough, he knew he could find strength in Christ and has overcome great personal challenges. He rewarded himself this year by purchasing a magnificent sports car. Now he needs to figure out where authorized parking is. You're in the air, Billy-Boy. God Bless. MICK.

# XVIII COMPANY



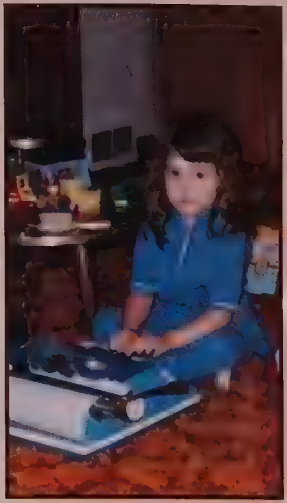


**Christina Marie Benacci**
**Brackettville, Texas**
**General Unrestricted Line**

My best friend in the whole world, you rescued me when I had no where to go. You have endured all my NAVCAD and foreign relations experiences, and you have always given me good advice, but what's to expect from someone so intelligent. Thank you for looking after me so well these past years! You're a beautiful girl, even though I think you've let some of those nasty upperclass from the past convince you differently. May the bug continue to survive trips to Texas, and never forget 5 pounds of carrots are better than 2. Harry Browns, AL, FB party, "I'll swim for it!" God we made it! Love you forever - KAM

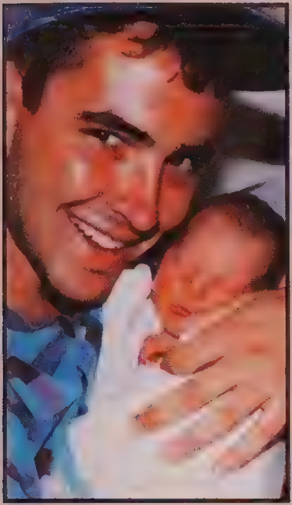
**William Dearl Bensch**
**Miami, Florida**
**Marine Corps**

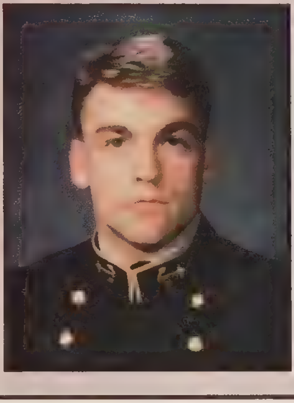
Billie-B arrived at USNA via NAPS and made his presence known, whether he meant to or not. Everyone in 19th Platoon was quite glad they could remember one person's first name & hometown--"Yea, he's the really big guy!" His Plebe Summer pastimes seemed to be dripping on his classmates' heads and making safety hazards with puddles on the deck. Youngster year brought Friday night deck parties and raised results in grades and football. 2/C year brought excitement to the whole company as he made the starting line-up and was 1/3 of the heaviest room in Bancroft. 1/C year arrived as Meat found a special friend and Beat Army 24-3. Bill surprised some of us on Service Selection Night by putting a MARINES sticker on the board. Have a great time in the Corps, Bill, they just got a great man. MBT



**Rina Susan Chelgren**
**Indiana, Pennsylvania**
**General Unrestricted Line**

The girl from BFE Penn, or is it a state? eventually learned to wipe down and let the good times roll... 4/c Firestarter- how's Clarence? Damn the class of 1917! Youngster year-(another story)- a look at Cheers, a peck from R.P.and another day begins. Place your bets please- how was Bug's toe cheese? After detail, the torch emerged from Rickover with thoughts of JJ on her mind. Mech kicked in as did the trips to 5-1. Questions? Daytona.... word!, it speaks for itself. (One roommate down). How many ring dances did you go to anyway? How 'bout Pax? C-130's to Bermuda, mopeds and Werner...Jumpin' at Wylas with Wacker & the crew! A little SS brought on the Woman...stand by. Who are they? GO NAVY LAX! What is the magnetism? Wanting to fly with 20/500 this NFO got shot straight to ADAK-say hi to the eskimos and penguins for me REEN-DOG! When it rains, it pours- GO CORPS! CEC bound? Later- DKI DMH VAS





**Donald Scott Cunningham**
**Graham, North Carolina**
**Navy Pilot**

Don entered USNA with a tearful parting with Bessie. He is the only one of the pai's to sleep through first set of Plebe summer. Interestingly, his platoon was absent from noonmeal formation. Don ran track as a plebe but ended up lettering in Varsity bottle throwing on I-85. Youngster cruise found Don smiling at Subic Bay. Too bad there weren't any "theeaters" huh Don. 2/c year Don let them ride space mountain. From Trafic, Mutant & Anne-Marie to the first boke of S. Break, Don never let us down. Even though he snaked Bill on S. Break, Bill&Rob always paid him in full in spades. Never one to turn down a good game of ATD's, Don became very interested in JJ on Good Times as a 1/c. "It's just different w/ her." Don loved the Night Flight listening to Turbo Lover. Good luck at P-Cola & watch out for the Makees on the road of life. The Paisans

**Dennis Paul Dias**
**Framingham, Massachusetts**
**Naval Flight Officer**

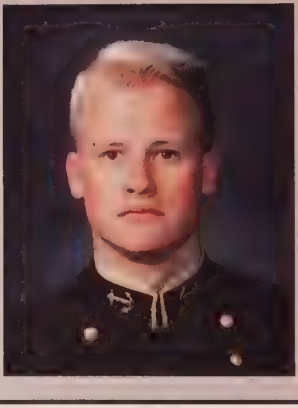
Charlie Brown arrived at USNA from the Bawston area via NROTC at Northeastern. He immediately impressed his upperclass with his ability at projectile sneezing & keeping his glasses on. He earned the nickname of Nachos but couldn't stomach a burrito. After a tour on AD-18, Dennis dashed into 3/C year with the Indigo Girls in his ear & Steerage pizza in his mouth. Den, the trap is for mice, not your finger. After Dynamics Part 2, he switched to GE & it brought good things to life (WE's). In a burst of professionalism 2/C year, Dennis was published in Proceedings & became an Honor Nazi. How about some leave time? Aviation Cruise had Den become a Pukin' Dog (literally) but he preferred jumping out of planes better. 1/C: more trips to York & a fabricated striper position. Svc Sel found Den & his GE comrades in line for NFO. Good luck Charlie Brown & beware the Red Barron! ASL KLH

**Robert Joseph Flynn**
**Moorestown, New Jersey**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Bob took the five year approach via MMA. Escaped 19th and chose 150 lb ftball and JV LAX to take up more of his time. Plebe year finally ended, even with ether requisition lists and Neisius. Youngster cruise brought a Thai scrub, a week in Australia, time with VF-1 and a three week stint at Fort Benning. 2/c year found Bob playing v. lax., abusing Todd, pre-mini BUDS in the winter and a solid F in EE312. On to summer school with an A (what??) in EE. Aviation cruise in Jax, and more mini-BUDS, this time in Coronado. 1/c year was a blur with surfing at Rehoboth, more lax, trials w/the Bronco II, climbing at Great Falls, one day at Seneca. Bob saw the light service selection night, gave up on the Marine Corps for TAD, and went NFO. To the master of the Flynn theories on life, Bob, good luck in all you do, even though your fuse is shorter than you are. We'll miss you. TWG DMH.

**Peter Frost**
**Larkspur, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Pete, the man with no middle name, and no performance grade. Why no middle name, Pete? Because my parents came straight from Germany and my dad's name is Juergen. Really? That explains it. Pete defined his experience here at USNA with water polo and a little poly sci. Pete was always at practice, so all anyone remembered of him was that white guy with the huge afro. Lt. R didn't remember much of him youngster year resulting in some heartache 2/C year. Pete just kept playing water polo. His grades came up, he narrowly escaped the ball and chain from high school, and his "unbeatable" teams's all lost. This, much to the delight of his roommates. He played water polo some more and listened to weird music at inconvienent hours. Pete is truly a winner at water polo, and yes--everything else. May I someday embark on your gator freighter. KJW



**Todd William Garcia**
**Lincoln, Nebraska**
**Surface Warfare**

Todd immediately distinguished himself as a candidate for the toolshed squad. We were always glad to have Todd around. He was a great guy and a terrific screen. When youngster year rolled around Todd and Dave S. attempted to set the single season record for morning classes missed. With the departure of Dave and Stan came a new alliance and 2/c year. As a 2/c, Todd wasn't just laid back, he was inverted. But Todd never did anything halfway, he just didn't do it at all. With the help of his roommates (i.e. we forced him) he spent 6 weeks at Bulldog with the hope that he would become a new man. Even the marines couldn't change him. Who can forget about the sky blue Eldorado. 1/c year Todd lived out in town, but that too came to an end. SWO will never be the same and the Marines lost a good man. You couldn't have been a better roommate or friend, keep smiling. RJF DMH

**William Henry Heaney**
**Canton, Massachusetts**
**Surface Warfare**

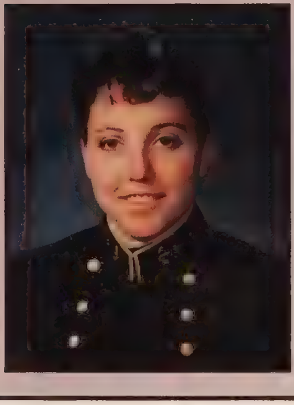
Bill came to our beloved home with a quiet confidence, "You don't tell God he's not God." He needed it because he was destined to become the oppressed Irish minority of the Pi's. Though he always denied his love for potatoes--he upheld the image of his race with a distinguished graduation from NADSAP plebe year. Why that cap, all those small glasses, and that chronic carsickness? Someone messed with his brain while it was logged in with Neisus. He emerged from plebe year reformed but still prone to playing credit card roulette and flirtations with such lovely ladies as Bass, Darlene, Janice, and Cindy. 1/C year he fearlessly coached 18 co. fieldball to a Batt. Championship. Bill is a great friend, roommate and Irishman. Keep on doing it "Your Way" in the fleet and keep the ZZ's off both cheeks of your life. The Paisans

**David Martin Helmreich Jr.**
**Milford, Michigan**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Dave came to us from Milford, MI. Head shaved, he looked like a duckling. Timber!! Sailing and racing back from Georgetown took up the rest of his plebe year. (toolshed) NL400 during youngster cruise (Was that a 4.0) Can that man pound!!! dial 911. The Comp Sci shuffle and youngster year brought out the genius in Dave (3 point What!!!) Financially, though, Dave was a mess- weekend trips to Colorado, windsurfer-"Hey, I'll learn!!" Snowboard, climbing- It just didn't matter-"I'm game!!" Lectures on temperance-Hey it was free!! Practical jokes-Not on me you don't! Statute of limitations-What's that??!! Weekend that never was-"no living outdoors!" And the ring dance fiasco-We shoulda gone fishing! Nuc would be good for your future- "*&$# the future! I'm going air!!" You ever see a nuc get . . .) Dave, may the road rise to meet you . . . You've been a great friend. RJF TWG

**Kevin Lee Hinkamper**
**Quincy, Illinois**
**Navy Pilot**

Hinkdog joined Navy giving up 2 yrs of college, a girl of 3 yrs, & weekly parties. We agree with one, but why the other two? Hink was the golden plebe-Barnes squad, nuf said. 3/C yr: sleeptalking, late night religion talks, a prof's emission, and V-day Ball blind date ("I'll call you." "Yeah,right"). Began VGEP studies @ Hood. Spring parties & a borrowed Bug. Thanks, Martha. The striper emerged 2/C yr when he fried 94. Transferred his VGEP credits to York. Spent hours advising Dizzy. A stint as a boxer (I'll give you a picture of the sunrise). Became a rate plebe summer as Batt CDR, warming up for 5 stripes. We liked your proposal for voluntary football games -too bad it didn't fly. 2300, gotta go. Thursday classes at York w/ class option. Don't forget us when you reside at the White House Thanks for the great times. A wink and a thumbs up. DPD ASL FEN



**Deanna Marie Hubert**
**Lancaster, Ohio**
**Navy Pilot**

Yo D! Nice tumble down the T-court steps (with the rifle). Nice alpha on the shelf clips! 3/c Year- shooting hoops and peeking at Cheers, the sense of duty came in and the power off. GO NAVY FOOTBALL? What? Repeat offender: yeah indy. Sportin' the chem goggles, D overtook 94. It's getting kinda toasty...How's your hand? The sports page was nice over the Mighty Severn- it should've been the comics. Words to live by: don't throw syrup at plebes. Nothin' like cruise in Pearl, eh? Stylin' with the ropers and huge belt buckle, D busted a move in Maggies to the beat of my drum. No Garth there. What's in your briefcase? Rollin' to P-cola, D will decide what's up? Could it be Lt. Mom and Maj. Dad? Where is your make up case, D? How long does priority mail take, anyway? Hope you'll be livin' but not thumpin after S.B. -- 500 bones comin' your way. GO NAVY AIR! DKI RSC

**Darcy Kay Irwin**
**West Linn, Oregon**
**Civil Engineer Corps**

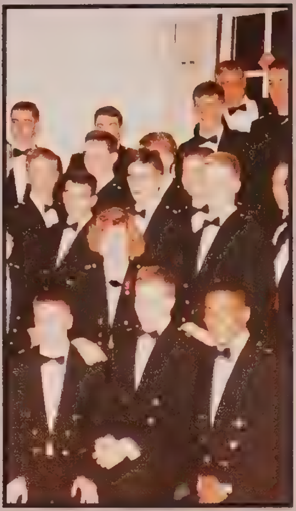
Plebe Summer...she found out she could walk onto the track team; "SCORE," she exclaims. "Let it just be known" that from this point forward DK would bring a new "jargon" to USNA. From Buster Brown to a civilian 3/c, to the anti-Christ of plebe detail. We'll just call 2/c year "memorable" and not mention our disheartened efforts with NH4. And then Daytona, chillin like a WTC! (yeah Blue Chip) How did that shadow "feel?" Are you trading in those Black-n-Decker sling shots? 1/c summer, Werner would be proud, don't cross the white line (the marine will shoot, and you'd be thru!) Don't drink and moped, and let's be a little discrete when doing UNREP down 50. Any more tonsil-hockey at the tailgater? At least you stayed in the major. By the way who was Forrestal? You've disproven the theory once you go...to 5-1... you can't come back, hope you don't miss the bus(s). We'll miss that cackle! RSC,VAS,DMH

**Donald Jerry Lane**
**Charlotte, North Carolina**
**Medical Corps**

This Short Hairy White Person migrated North for a free education after a year with the weekend warriors at N.C. State. The pitter patter of this chop masters feet were often heard leading Blomax, while shakin' all the way. When his 3/c sails were aluff, Dr. Doom was born. Long lab days were often finished with gyrating his booty in his NJB clothes. A high school honey named Nicole really tamed his shrew, but then disaster struck and he would die before going out with her again. Like a pheonix, Nicole perished and was reborn. Her enormous wingspan shielded him from many of the vices of the "boys," but his neck and back were always unprotected from her Hoover vacuum. The future Doc gave dorsal rubs to privileged company mates between his human alarm clock duties. Good luck playing Dr. Longfinger. Turn the computer off!! -the paisans.

**Andrew Scott Lomax**
**York, Pennsylvania**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

"Blo" came to USNA well bred and well fed (thanx Mr+Mrs L). He started his career brining us all to Reg tables after dragging at the O's game. We helped him spend free time plebe year copying down ALL the names in Memorial Hall. After being the "Top Tool" and "Wyman's Project" he graduated to fingernail polish tatoos and a barf bag cover. Andy started part time grad work at Hood and was on his way to the 2% Club. Early on he discovered how Sea Ice and Easyography led to a cakewalk at graduation. Ever the gourmet, he dined on everything from peanut butter cookies to "brie". He lived paycheck to paycheck, 2/c loan to nuke bonus. Nice gungecut. Go SWO, go Air..."Nuke's not so bad". Macdonough Hall and the "back nine" will never be the same, and neither will we. Good luck, Blo. DPD KLH



**Michael David Makee**
**Cleveland, Ohio**
**Surface Warrior**

From 185 to pushing 250 the SURFACE WARRIOR was from the beginning too cool for school. Plebe year saw this groundpounder take Ron Jones in what proved to be his last wrestling victory. Succumbing to other hobbies, he hooked a thrown back Bass in Carolina before seeing the Dark of the Moon and then tackled the Demon from Delaware. Don't forget the honey jam. I-95 was never so busy. 2/C year brought the Cripple Crown. MWOM was born. Who could forget "The Thing" on the Balcony of Love? Hey Mike, you NEVER leave your wingman. OPS BOSS took control our final year. Yeah, uh, Kent, uh,...you sit at, ...uh ...table 169. Are we having a tailgater? Through this time, the lovely Katie harnessed 9th Wing. The man we all idolize came tumbling down to true love. Yeah, you down with EPT, you know me. Remember baker, do it for RR. The Paisans

**Nikolai Francis Mulligan**
**Falls Church, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

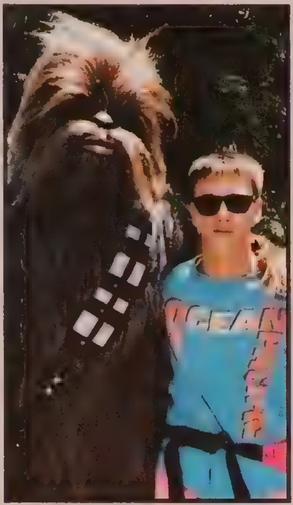
Nikolai "Hails to the Redskins" as he is a native of the Washington area. After a short stint at NAPS Nik found himself here at USNA. Nik's John Lennon look made him a standout during Plebe Summer. When he got out of hand Nik was easily spun by his roommates. Because of Plebe year English, Nik got introduced to summer school of which he became a three-year veteran. Nik spent part of his summer on a sub, loved it so much he became a die hard bubble head but soon academics changed his mind. Youngster year Nik got his first Form 2, from the Dentist. During the summer Nik attended bus driver school instead of fire fighting school. 1/C year he experimented with fieldball and found he wasn't unbreakable. Nik chose SWO as his livelihood. Stuck with duty service selection night, Nik's only consolation was a Spru-can out of Japan. Go easy on the geishas and enjoy Japan. Best of luck! SFS WTS & TCS

**Gavin Denis O'Hare**
**San Francisco, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Hey, "Old Boy." Looks like you were able to sail your way through the Academy. This unknown company mate never knew the meaning of Drill. I guess you got your free education and lived by the golden rule, "Hey man, we don't rate that!" and "Corn!" There were a few bumps along the way. The roving patrol and Georgetown, the Tennessee legal authorities "I'm not familiar with these roads," and who could forget the lovely Pigpen. Well, Gavin, enjoy SWO and by the way, "Does that ship go out a lot?" Pizon's

**Robert David Owen**
**Cary, North Carolina**
**Surface Warfare**

This sloth-like southern Democrat was accepted to this fine institution on his academics, athletics, & leadership ability. He soon found ways to slide through the system. Plebe year found teflon-man on many exciting adventures ranging from the Liberty Bell in Philly to the Koosh-ball on the shower tiles. Youngster year found Grimace succumbing to the powers of the rack & Hood College. Don't forget about Audra at ASU. "Rob...don't." 2/c year we discovered Rob's alternate self in the canine world, Turk. Gotta love that hair. He was also entangled in the Hood posse w/ a German breed. 1/c year brought 'red' into Rob's life and frequent trips across the Mason-Dixon line. Rob, you've been a great friend to all of us and we know you'll do well in the fleet. Don't forget about the fire in the hole.-The Paisans



**Glenn Forbes Robbins**
**Somerset, Massachusetts**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Glenn came from Prep and started his USNA career with four Napsters in the barn. For once in his life he had to look up to his huge roommates. Plebe year saw him as water boy and part time quarterback with the football team. Youngster year he met the dream of his life and became a mirage to 19. Marine engineering caused alot of hardship, but created a hard worker. 2/C year saw Glenn as a flamer in new 18 as well as a winning Batt Football player. 1/C summer he traded in good King Hall chow for tea and crumpets. Finally earning stripes as Batt supply, he kept 18 stocked wit TP. Though he didn't manage a pilot seat, he still will get his wings of gold. Congrats and good luck. RWT

**Matthew Armand Ross**
**Downingtown, Pennsylvania**
**Navy Pilot**

Softspoken & highly motivated, nobody did "How long have you been in the Navy?" better during Plebe Summer. 19th put us in a barn w/Willis T. and Smack's long showers, whinin', moanin' and SNORING (Throw shoes!) 2nd semester with D.L.-"Mr. Rotenberger has a walkman" and Den-"Guys,ya gotta help me!" 3/c year in the backshaft. I thought my women worshipped the ground I walked on but they never tried to worship me to I-Day. Well, Plebe Summer got her. Weekly letters from Ma too. 2/c year-new co.-not roomies! "They're always listening to Crue!" 2nd sem-back together-RINGS-Mr Intensity! 1/c summer and Airborne "My baby!" This year-training & Brigade Stripes-you deserved it! You set out from day 1 to be the best & you were! For 3 1/2 years you've been the best friend & roommate a guy could ever have. Your friendship has made this place worth it. Keep the skies friendly! -Rote

**Jeff Paul Rotenberger**
**Bowman, North Dakota**
**Marine Corps**

Just some scrawny guy from North where? No one knew that the mild mannered guy was actually the infamous ROTOMAN! Made it through plebe year to the dark times of youngster year. Great taste in women Jeff- NOT! Second class year you became the voice of the Brigade, then finally got a better taste in women. First class year started off on a roll and a roll and a roll- nice car Rote! Congrats on being WRNV station manager. Made the decision of your life to become one of the few and the proud The best of everything to the best of friends. MAR As Rote's other roommate, I can only wonder- why me? I'd like to take the opportunity to thank Jeff for his friendship and advice- but he rarely offered any. And how about those crazy, zany North Dakota nights? NOT! All I can say is you have always been there when you needed something. Take care, buddy. Good luck and I'll see you in the corps. (Supply that is) JDR

**Thomas Charles Sareeram**
**Honolulu, Hawaii**
**Surface Warfare**

A Navy brat, Sara-smack can't really call any one place home except USNA. A good friend and roommate since Naps, his 'doo was Corps, but his heart was SWO. A pro-god plebe year, Tom knew his ships, especially the Comfort and Mercy. He spent youngster cruise conquering Europe on the Tico. A barn rat youngster year, Tom was always near the volume knob: S.R, V.H., Crue rules! 2/c year Tom talked a lot about working out but never made it past the rack. Daytona this year, De-troit!, airborne beer,and the serape'. On a solo mission, the die hard Van Halen fan bought scalper's tix. There were many road trips including Philly, Arizona, and Michigan, all protected by Kombali Kumboli the god of the road trip. Service selection found Tom looking for his ballcap. Surface warfare has never recieved such a gungy SWO. Best of luck, Go SWO!,& eat the doughnut. SFS NFM WTS

**Stephen Frederick Schmidt**
**Bay City, Michigan**
**Navy Pilot**

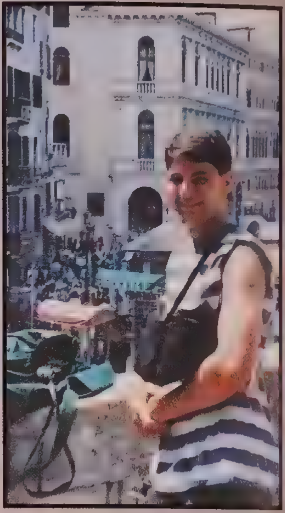
Steve started his career at NPS in Orlando, Florida. At NAPS he was quite the clown until he helped break the clock. Plebe summer Steve was still having fun as he belched us into an SIP. Plebe year's $50 salary proved Steve to be a financial wizard -NOT! The Luftwaffe is still looking for him from youngster cruise. That Christmas, he tried down hill skiing on his first trip to Montana. Youngster year ended with his decision to bring good things to life. 2/C year Steve tried his hand at CC and met his future ball & chain over Christmas. Speaking of cars, Steve started with the oil leaking Grand National at NAPS, moved to the roof leaking Escort, and now has the radiator leaking Porsche. 1/C year Steve disappeared spending most of his free time in Michigan. In the end Steve never worked until it mattered, but he got what he wanted. Congratulations. Fly Navy! NFM TCS WTS & DB

**William Thomas Shaffer**
**Helena, Montana**
**Navy Pilot**

Willis T. came straight from that thriving metropolis in Montana to the halls of Bancroft. Although he seemed to move in slow motion plebe summer, he was a natural at both athletics and academics. He made the Plebe crew team despite his bloody trip from the shell to the Severn. Youngster year in the barn included waterballoons from the fourth deck, recons thru the attick, and ski trips to the Rockies and Europe. 2/c year saw him turn 21 and give birth to the beer belly as he pursued a nocturnal lifestyle. Firstie Year involved much extracurricular work on his Trident rack scholarship, and many drives to Philly. Always on Supe's list, he was faced with the unpleasant situation of having too much to choose from for service selection, but he followed his heart, not his wallet, and went for the wings. Best of luck in P-cola! SFS NFM TCS

**Vicky Ann Sparrow**
**Zanesville, Ohio**
**General Unrestricted Line**

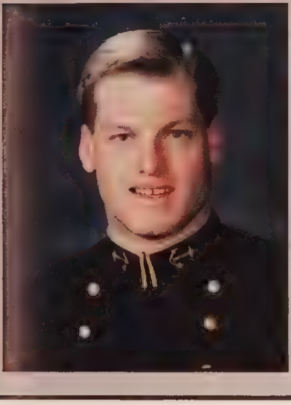
Plebe year...who could forget that USMC bark? (Lord knows we tried) From a gungy marine to a...USNA cheerleader...what happened? Obviously 2/c Gung-Pup's chats youngster year didn't influence you (nor did the 2LT's visits). Things that make you go....yarch! 4/c year was intense (by Lee's choice). 3/c year you were LOUD (what was that yelling about?) 2/c year your rack hours had an exponential trend, and firstie year? Well, let's just say, if there was a major in Harlequin Romance you'd be set! Fortunately I haven't become blonde by osmosis (how are those roots?) Sorry all those clothes you bought won't do in Adak, keep shopping. Words to live by...don't date men with handcuffs...conduct is key, and if you're gonna rob the cradle, grandma, (like you have any choice), stick to the 2/c who've moved out of company. You've been the best roommate an engineer could ask for (ZZZZZ!) RSC,DMH,DKI



**Michael Brendan Tatsch**
**Fredericksburg, Texas**
**Navy Pilot**

Toga Tatsch came to USNA after spending his childhood partying and playing football in the Lone Star State. During Plebe Summer, Mike was mistaken as Tom Cruise and Kleenex. His roommates became the holding pen for Tango Company. After a rigorous year as Football Manager and team tables, Mike skated to youngster year. As a 3/C he acquired such hobbies as acing systems engineering, cutting coupons and meeting "Real Nice Girls" with "Great Personalities." 2/C year enhanced his ego as a plebe summer squad leader, and by boxing his way to brigade finals with two broken noses. His pride and joy was his romantic red rice burner, which spent many weekends at Hood and Georgetown. As a senior he saw stars, did Friday night graduate work at American U, and was a real party guy. Hope your dreams come true as a rotor head. RWT, DPD

# XIX COMPANY



**Ronald William Toland Jr.**
**Tucson, Arizona**
**Surface Warfare**

Ron came to us from Tucson, AZ, via short tours of duty at the U. of Arizona and NAPS. Plebe Summer saw him looking like a thug and playing squad leader. On to Plebe Year, plebe crew, & a plebe girlfriend! 3/C year brought the sport of leather balls and darkening grades, brightened by meeting the light of his life. Due to this monogamous relationship, he was able to concentrate on lettering in rugby, though his knee was blown out by our bus driver friends. Nicknames abounded when he was 1/3 of the heaviest room in Bancroft, like Fat, Lard, Peenee, and Tols. His ability to excrete huge amounts of poison on command endeared him to friends, CIA agents, and the makers of charcoal pills and Beano. 1/C year saw an animal on the batt football field, Co. Cdr, Dant's List, and an FFG out of San Diego. Good luck to a truly awesome friend and roommate. MBT

**Kent James Williamson**
**Littleton, Colorado**
**Marine Corps**

From innocence to vice, it only took four years to corrupt this trusting soul from granola-land. Feared plebe year as the man who lost every roommate, Mr. Happy graduated to youngster year w/ his last roommate and then found his first true love. "Why did you fail that physics test?" That peacenik wasn't good enough for a man that could liven up a party w/ a round of "worm wars". Even though some women didn't like to do it, Kent entertained us 2/c year w/ the moonlight dance and powerboking contest. Kent also frequented Hood where he caught a case of jungle fever. He was assaulted on S. Break and became way to familiar with the animal kingdom but still managed to be the big cheese of 18. It must have been those T-givings w/ the beast. Well waterhead, you've been more than a roommate could ask for and we know you'll straighten out our 'Beloved Corps'. -The Paisans

**Gary Vos Allison**
**Eureka, South Dakota**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

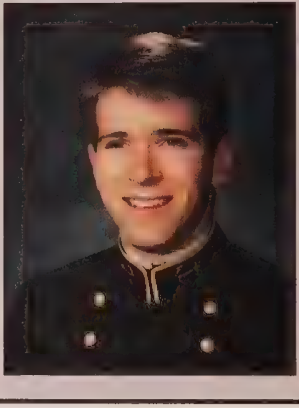
Gary Vos came to us from the Dakotas, where? He will always be our "sea layer"- I guess he did avoid high school. He was eternally looking for a better deal computers, uniforms, cars, whatever as long as it was a bargain. He was smart enough to bail from systems and find his true calling in history. "Vos" is king procrastinator and one of the few who can write a paper without reading the books and still get a radical grade. Explanation: "you just have to find the good quotes" yea right dude! USMC needs Gary, loony and psyched about large amounts of horsepower but laid back enough to be a pilot. A female Dakotan caught Gary's eye and a short time later he was hooked by Edee. You can drink the water by the way. Best of luck. TK

**Marc Christopher Baliotti**
**New Canaan, Connecticut**
**Special Operations**

Little Italy came to us as a big swimmer from high school, but couldn't find time for it here. Following an easy plebe year, Rick and Brett decided they couldn't handle the Connecticut man (They kicked him out!). His partying youngster year took him on a continuous road trip: Hopkins, Lynchburg, Catholic, the L's, and South Padre (while sleeping on the beach, he got a great view of his friend-D.F.!). Marc hooked us 2/c and 1/c year by finding billets which helped us increase our stock in AT+T, as well as provide all of us with home entertainment (T.V.,Nintendo). He service selected SpecOps, the first one to go! We know Navy Air will always be in the back of his mind. (What If...?!) We know you'll enjoy SpecOPs and we wish you all the best. Whatever happened to the Trident Six-Pack? Nice Teeph! M.M.F-er, Good luck - DMJ, TAF, MHM, AJS.

**Judith Marie Baumgartner**
**Denver, Colorado**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Once upon a time, a French Queen left the mountains in search for adventure on the sea. One month later she was 2Kmiles away, cheering for her new baby brother Booboo--as I've learned to refer to him. And he made 7--KIDS. My personal acctant and financial advisor...Jude's first year was spent "lookingforaclue" with a broom in her hand. "The Juder", as her fellow Chem majors called her, taught me about Bach,bleach and buttons. The plebes chose witch hats on HatDay for JMB^2. Who is Bruce? And why is your hair in dredlocks? As the "PureRoom" moved from 7312, 7335 ,2432, 4434, Jude insisted that the cold in CO ISNOTTHESAME! And I believe it Jude--& I believe in EE and bedbugs & in the phrase, "Goodnight..." R there Bedbugs in Naples? So many questions since July 88, & now the answers. NVR forget, 3 deep breaths, a laugh & a prayer. Smile all day and watch the Lord bless you! He blessed me with JMB^2! KAL'@

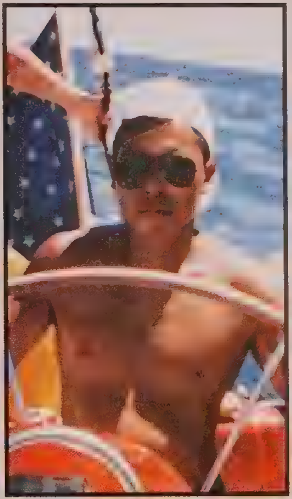
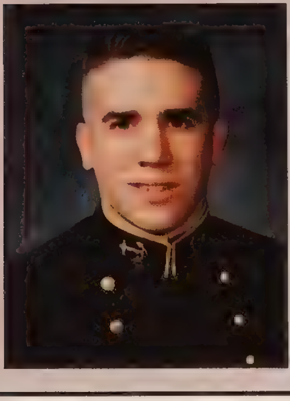
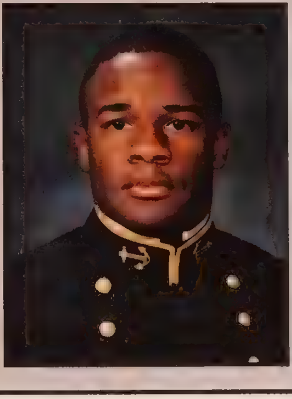


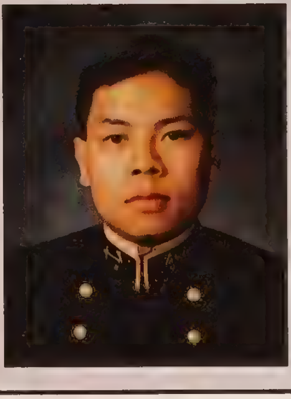
**Devin Roy Brakob**
**Virginia Beach, Virginia**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Brink has been a role model for all future aviators. Life on the edge has been his trademark since plebe year. The ski trips have been a blast--but don't ever have him try to take your picture off of a jump! He is a master of the art of multiple dating. I'll never forget the Brakob Slurpee and M/D and Bacardi. The surprise trips to Atlantic City, VA Beach and Cambridge have been wild. He'll never know how close he's come to being killed in his sleep on all of the nights when Ocean-easy had him racking by 11 while I studied until 3 AM. A true cowboy (too bad he lives in the East) skiing out West, partying and pool are some of his favorite pursuits. Devin is more like a brother than a friend, and the good times will continue in Pensacola! You can finally have the dog, pool table, and give surfing lessons while we check out the Country scene in P-Cola!--CPW

**Michael Scott Buchanan**
**Martinez, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Leaving behind the beautiful beaches and California girls, Mike hit the Boat School at Mach Two setting other peoples hair on fire. Plebe year included more food, great grades, stellar performance, LT C, and a football player (OH NO). 3/c year provided Billy Ray (not a C?), striper boards, scuba, Sooooole, "fire in the hole", and Jail (Thanks LT G). 2/c year brought more stars and bars, 4-4, Dacz & Brug, Airborne, NAFAC (class?), and "I know more than you think I don't". 1/c year: Air(heads) SWO(tails), WHO ARE YOU KIDDING? Class option, guardrails, the B's, a biker, the same old football player, and of course, a FLIGHT JACKET with Ray Bans. I'VE GOT YOUR SIX, AND YOU CAN LAND ON MY FLIGHT DECK ANY DAY OL' BUDDY!! HEAVY



**Brett William Coffey**
**Edwardsville, Illinois**
**Naval Flight Officer**

I knew there was something after the liberating Induction Day ceremony when we avoided those people who demanded answers at the top of their voices by running in circles on 3-3 and ducking into our new room every so often. Mama- a new species of man. One who looks like a truck driver with the "I Love Mom" tattoo and has the greatest concern for the finer things in life (sweating room inspections or the Jack). Thanks for keeping that disciplinary hand over my head or vice versa. My mamma and roommate of 4 years took on many challenges: Boxing, Rugby, Powerlifting, Naval Architecture, and General Science. But the most important challenge was TATI 101-401. Congratulations. WE HAD GOOD TIMES. WE MADE GOOD TIMES. AND I'M SURE THERE WILL BE MANY MORE. YOUR BRO -SLICK

**Ricky Cottrell**
**Indianapolis, Indiana**
**Medical Corps**

On July 5, 1988, I walked into my new room and saw Slick sitting in his Crackerjacks reading midregs. I thought Plebe year NO PROBLEMO with such a squared roommate. As we all know the illusion soon faded as my room was flamed upon for Mr. Cottrell trying to hide his dirty laundry in his con locker. Well the flaming still hasn't stopped -but either have the memories. . . D.C., Baltimore, Colorado, Oceana, Atlantic City, Physical Fred, and the many nights out with our buddy Jack. Word of warning to U of Kentucky - Watch Out! Watch out NAVY, he might be your doctor someday. FIRE TWO GUNS, NAH HELL, MAKE IT 21 - HE DESERVES IT!!! love, mama

**Glenn Michael Crabbe**
**Crestline, Ohio**
**Navy Pilot**

Graber has always been a short man able to fill a tall order. Known as K-9, he was able to zap his way through Plebe year. The next year brought the Karate Kid out in him. Riff and Bone worked well at his corruption. Army Week was great with football and the whiz quiz! It was now our turn to lead. Our flame was almost exhausted early with Richardson, but it was rekindled by the magic number 21. Trips to Fat Tuesday's were a good release. "If it hadn't been for that 7-11 DOG ..." Then there's the Ram's Head. You must have been the fastest person to complete the WBC! Soon we stepped up to our final battle as FIRSTIES! Interesting year, US and THEM, Chi-Chi's, STRIPES, and not soon to be forgotten - DA POUND! TOP GUN was our motto for service selection, but we'll have to rewrite LA STORY with our own version first. BULL

**Chuong Trong Do**
**Grand Prairie, Texas**
**Navy Pilot**

T.D. Do came to USNA from the corn fields of Iowa. Plebe Summer gave him the name of Mr. Do or was it Mr. Don't. He liked TAIKWON. Surviving the rigors of the summer, he set some records for Boxing using his head or was it the combination of carrier landings and the O'Course. Mr. Faust whom we all know and love was his favorite squad leader. Academics started off rough but they only got easier for him. As an Aero he converted to Astro, where he went from 2.2 to 3.4. Most mids including the 1st regimental CDR on down used his advice and brilliance. The Nukes don't know what they're are missing. He went from everybody's drinking buddy to the DAPA. The red Probe was his hot rod machine where he mastered the stick shift. What everybody will remember most is that he is a great guy. Just remember us little people when you make your first million as head of DO INC. See you buddy. SWW

**Angela Marie Dobbs**
**Baltimore, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Who would have thought that a shining star, that took USNA by storm, could be a Baltimore "HUN" as well. Angela or DOOBs as she is affectionately called, voyaged to USNA via NAPS After expending all of her polish on boon dockers, she made her way to Annapolis in search of more! This 5'9" lady took over the women's b-ball team and molded her talent into three striper libs by 1/c year. Even though we had strong supporters like MoBeak (Do __!) B. and Sasquatch, we still had our doubts about making it through. Maybe it was the late night mewing plebe year or the "I'm not leaving until they kick me out attitude" that helped us through Yet within the walls of 2435 I found my best friend. Bill doesn't know what he is in for but he is going to have one hell of a room mate!!!! KAW

**Christopher Patrick Duffy**
**Churchville, Pennsylvania**
**Navy Pilot**

"THIS BEAUTY IS A BEAST" 4/c Dooferdog left the comforts of home for 7 3 (serene 18) "NO GUTS NO GLORY" With plenty of energy and kid left in him, he became everybody's friend (Everybody's roommate: Frosch, Harry, Sooole, Weeede, Lunchbox, Heavy, and Mike) "WILD THANG" 3/c year he decided to make Michelson his house of pain (thanks Law & Slaw). Cycling became a way of life. "YEAH, IT WORKS" The blood, sweat, tears, and more blood kept him focused on his goals (despite the advice from the CDR). 2/c year included a trip to 4-4 where he told the plebes "I'll CRUSH YOU LIKE A SPRING CHICKEN YEAH, HERE ME NOW BELIEVE ME LATER" Our very own miniature Arnold (except for his lifesize thighs) 1/c year brought LIQUID FIRE, a half-dozen roses, Heavy and Mike, and a Flight Jacket (Whooo Weee). "BLINDING SPEED. NO ENGINE. JUST GUTS." Turn and Burn ol' friend!!!! Heavy

**John Daniel Dunaway**
**Chapel Hill, North Carolina**
**Surface Warfare**

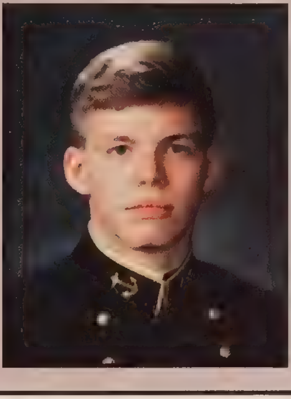
Coming to us from God's Country, "Heavy D" did Navy the NAAA way, 'kind of Plebe year found Dan gaining weight (sandwich issue was key), studying (a "B" in Chem--for 20 min.) and cleaning (can you get that dust under the desk?) 3/C year: Hev goes ocean, studies hard, starts Right Tackle, and wins an N*. 2/C year was a battle: New coach (now Left Guard), beat EE and Engine Math, Army Week (fix our sink!), 28-to-1 (Security), and goodbye to a "dear friend." 1/C year brought another N*, a new shoulder (PE Dept--kma!), three stripes (he's not here to "fog a mirror") and the ring. NOT A MAN ALIVE WITH A BIGGER SMILE OR A WARMER HEART. YOUR POSITIVE OUTLOOK AND WINNING ATTITUDE WILL INSPIRE ME ALWAYS. I KNOW YOU'LL EXCEL--BOTH IN THE NAVY AND IN LIFE. A GENUINE FRIEND, YOU TRULY ARE "A DIFFERENT TYPE OF SHOW." I WISH YOU ALL THE BEST AND KNOW YOU WILL FIND IT. GOOD LUCK AND GOD BLESS. MSB

**Thomas Antony Frosch**
**Mt. Clemens, Michigan**
**Navy Pilot**

Where does one start and where can one stop when describing Tom. He started plebe summer at Reg tables but was quickly ushered off to A.C. and mandatory naps in Ricketts. While still a Mech E.(plebe yr.), Tom figured out how to squeeze a shower handle through a drain cover during a late night head call. Youngster year he mastered the ability to pull five straight all-nighters to study for a wizz quiz and NS252. He never did learn how to change Texan sheets or chug cheap vodka. '90-'91 was spent assembling shrines to his Hose Forsch dedicated his Filofax to running his own credit union and his large financial estate. The gimmicks he tried: KY and Slim Fast. 6 semesters of EE got him his own Geek Box and a non-chit W.E. It all paid off when he debuted as the largest starting punter in the NCAA. (Helped Beat Army) Wipe Down You- AJS, MHM, MCB

**Matthew Jordan Harrison**
**Columbia, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Jordy, Jordo, Guido, Historian, came to us from the far off city of Columbia. He immediately made his presence known with his enthusiastic love of plebedom (SMACK!!!). Youngster year saw Elvis re-born, whiteworks, many hours of unneeded rack, and the departure of his favorite CO. While not playing left-out for the lax team, Jordo had no problem keeping himself entertained. We'll never forget 2/C summer, Friday's at Davis', pool at Big Al's, and Jordy trying to keep track of his better halves--Jenny, Lynette, Shannon, Wendy...wasn't it Lori who taught you the finer points of modern dance? When the nukes decided they couldn't handle his temper, Jordy made his trademark slow strut to the SWO community, one hand permanently fixed in his trou. The surface line is getting an outstanding JO. Good luck, start practicing man overboards, and we'll see ya on the bridge!!! The SHED, FIST, BOTS

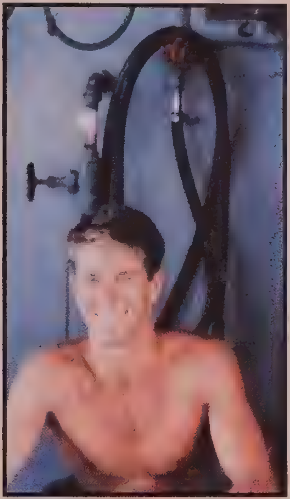


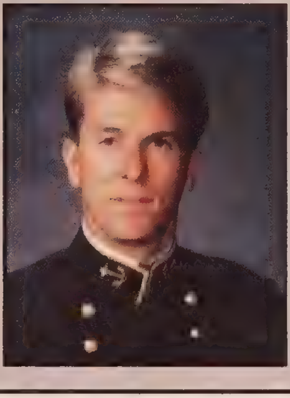
**Timothy Michael Hill**
**Owensboro, Kentucky**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Country One or Cooter, for short, came to the Naval Academy straight from Owensboro, KY, with his hick accent and all. He survived three and a half years of Bancroft living with me, Dallas, which also included a year with Vos and one with SWO. He then graduated down to 4-1 and Striper Alley to live with Buck. Women are definitely not Tim's forte. Yet he has survived through some unpleasant blind dates, and even an off and on?? engagement. Tim has always been a by-the-book guy for as long as I have known him, so how he lived with me, and my neatness (NOT!!!), I will never know. It might be because of those late night talks after a three hour fight on the phone with Mary, or maybe it's because we sing G-N-R so well together. Whatever the reason, I wouldn't trade it for the world. Now that we go our separate ways, he is just hoping he doesn't find me on his six. DALLAS

**David Matthew Jensen**
**Painted Post, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

Dave came to us from God's Country (Corning!?) via Naps. He became a legend there by going a week without showering, writing to CJ on the flying squirrel, and being the first Napster to have a beard. He started out Plebe Summer by nearly getting his head ripped off by Faust while proudly singing the MC Hymn. Ac year, he quickly established himself as a scientist who needed a haircut. Reality hit him 2/C year in the form of the L-Man, but he quickly recovered by spending time with Big Bertha. Rack and Lax (in that order) was his life until 2/C Halloween, when rack became the meaning of life. Dave was always able to analyze everybody's lives (especially the Company Commander's), but in the end it was his own insecurity that placed him amongst the SWO's and not in the beloved Corps. Good luck to you in your long and distinguished career Dave.





**Timothy O'Connor Kelley**
**San Diego, California**
**Special Operations**

TK sailed into Canoe U after prep school and lived to ensure USNA retained its first-rate dingy team... "We are first in the nation!!" Fully intent on making the grade, no amount of geeking was overboard for this sweat (remember the physics final equations T-shirt) although TK did finally get talked out of Narc into Gen Sci at the start of 2/C year. Always on the go weekends--sailing parties, Georgetown med school friends, shopping for that perfect set of wheels (utility?!), mountain biking, scuba. Tim was never one to waste his time whether hard at work or play. Army was about the only football this man saw, "Do we swing our arms like this to march-on?!" But your classmates got you good Youngster Army week--Bull hoisted the pie!! Don't forget what barbers are for, we really don't want your CO using his ruler. Financial advice? Call me anytime and dive deep for Navy! VOS

**Kevin James Kennedy**
**Lancaster, Pennsylvania**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Kevin arrived at USNA wrapped a little too tight for this Napster. He finally started to wipe down as a Youngster after a sweaty Plebe year. For 3 1/2 years I tried to lead you in the right direction (SWO), but always knew that you weren't cut out to be a SWOrrier. Good luck with your high and stupid, and prepare to wipe down for the next 5 years. Bark Bark. I hope you don't fly like you drive. DMJ

**Kenneth Gerald Kopp**
**Conifer, Colorado**
**Navy Pilot**

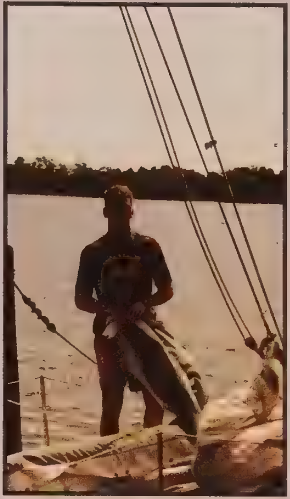
Grandpa Koop, President, came to the academy from Conifer, CO, after a distinguishing career as an enlisted glow in the dark warrior. After ridding himself of his excess baggage 2/C year, we were honored to hear of his exploits with such beaus as Gorilla in the Mist, step-sister, and Pasty-Kate. Ninja man will be remembered for his cat-like reflexes, gastroenteritis, and stealth attacks on the Shedmates. Always known for being the focus of humor after a night out, Ken could be found in a state of naturalness somewhere. Ken, we are still wondering, what would happen if you tripled it? Also, are you unsat if you have two D's? Among the turmoil of first semester this last year our fearless leader remained a stoic pillar of serenity. We wish the best for you and may the detailing god grant you with a SEAL billet somewhere down the line. GOOD LUCK!!! The SHED, FIST, BOTS

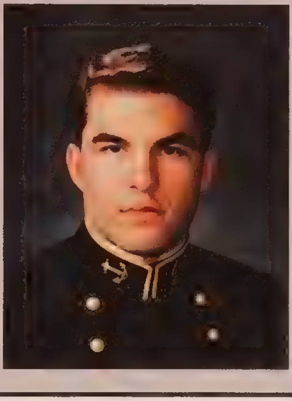
**Jonathan Bronson Laubach**
**Tabb, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

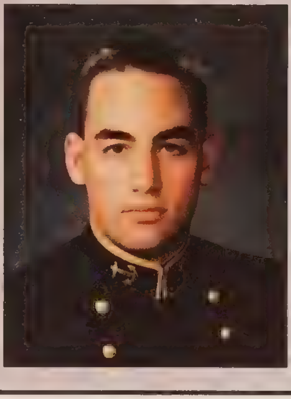
Jon bounded into USNA with a positive attitude, and plenty of motivation. Plebe year tested his desire to remain, but he soon found his niche on the Rugby team as he moved on to bigger and better things. Leaving a trail of destruction wherever he goes, Lunchbox has never been a man of many words. So I was told... Flashiness just isn't his style- Olds Cutlass?!?! Jon has diversified into many activities including mountain biking- whoaah, and rock climbing- Duff you're crazy!!. After 1/c summer in L.A., he perfected the combat roll, and his cowboy swagger. This year, he has been gardening with Weed, and partying with the middle aged man. His outlook on life has never been better. Service selecting Navy Pilot can only mean one thing. Pensacola, BRACE FOR SHOCK!! Good Luck Jon, all of us in 19 know you'll take the aviation community by storm. DOOF

**Dan Edward Lawrence**
**Arlington, Texas**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Dan came to us sportin' boots & a straw hat. After four years of change, the boots and hat remain weekend fixtures. Results of our dinner survey - you win. Flame-throwers through the shower vent in the room wars. Glasses gave us the beer-can spatula (no thanks to Ranger Rick), but for a guy with such uncommon common sense, he had his rash moments: field ball, Juliet Bravo Alfa in the Corps? Yut. Finally sold out & took the dive. Trisha teased and Cindy...,two-steppin with Stac, a penchant for wet nuns, "his girlfriend." Your friends told you you're too young to wear that ball and chain (rhymes with Mitch), so now you hang your hat in Tenn. Let's go into business after the Nav as the Diamond Brokers or Bill and Ted's Escort Service (No way, Bill. Yes way, Ted). The best roommate and friend I could hope for - Thanx! In the words of a certain O-3, "You're gonna make a helluvan officer." Amen. SLAW







**Kathy Ann L'Italien**
**El Cajon, California**
**Supply Corps**

From the sun of El Cajon to the snow of Annapolis, Katalina came to USNA with 2 things in mind-major in EE and become an astronaut. By Spring though you decided to make Sampson Hall your home-maybe it was Plebe Chem for majors! Even though Summer 1988 was hot you were comfortable in the back shaft-was it the sea air? By the way-How long have you been in the Navy? Do you want your cherry turnover? Teesh Nut-everyday was an adventure-discovering that peanut butter can be used on anything from apples to pretzels, a daily dose of The Far Side, or learning the art of making popcorn. What are we going to do without calzones every 6 weeks?! From the sunrises of 7th to the sunsets of 4th, you were never Queen for just a day, but everyday. Queen Sheba thanks for the deep breaths, big laughs, and the appreciation of the little things in life. May God Bless and Keep You in Athens and Always! JMB^2

**Marvin Hurt McGuire IV**
**Weatherford, Texas**
**Supply Corps**

The Lone Star State sent us the "Greatest-Best (WORST) Story Teller Ever". Marv brought many Texan traditions, including a sudden love of country music. Can you two-step to AC-DC? Many laughs started as early as plebe summer (Balto Orioles, Smoke Hall "Yuk It Up McGuire!") We hear McCartney likes your Civies. He excelled in Baseball Plebe year but made a "CORPS" move by joining the powerlifting team. (How's that back?) After G-Town we thought you'd made a move to the medical corps. (Pump-Cath) Did Gillespie ever inspect your training wall? We are sorry for killing your last night in Padre. (Peep-Toms) Marv bought many jewelry items for his women. (Pearls were his favorite) Marv got extremely Crabby after beginning his trips to College Park. We appreciate his E.I. on the Oriental Back-Arch. Were you VGEP at U. MD? Supply Corps has no idea what will hit'em. All the Best- TAF, AJS, MCB, KJK.

**James Dallas Neal**
**Tappahannock, Virginia**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

DALLAS--need I say more? Yeah, I think so! The end of Plebe Summer brought two engineer-wanna-be's from small southern towns together in Serene 18. Dallas (as he came to be known) was one of the easiest going guys around, but how he lived with me will never be known. Youngster year saw wild weekends at Trinity (remember Toby??) and the discovery of your future wife. After losing to Mech Eng, 2/C year brought a new major (Gen Eng) and a spot in 19th Company (but the same roommate). Bulldog and alot of last-minute sweating as a firstie, he finally got his wish to both wear green and a cool leather jacket. From crooning on P.C. Beach and running with Ed and Clutch to talking at all hours of the night, we've been there and back. But we made it!! You're definitely the brother I never had. Semper Fi and check six!!! TMH (Cooter)

**Wade Michael Page**
**Chagrin Falls, Ohio**
**Navy Pilot**

The Indians and Browns lost their biggest (and most naive) fan when the Beav left for Annapolis. "Just wait 'til next year!" They almost got him back after a few hours with Faust during Plebe Summer. Clifford won, and the pile began. Scott, are those show-tunes? The Wade Workout was a hit. "Just wear this sweat belt and you'll get into shape, even in the rack." You don't have to wear the hats too, do you? The pile grew. Trips to Indiana and Micky-D's were unfruitful so our man went to the Ring Dance blind. True Love? Fatal Attraction The pile overflows. Coastin' through Firstie year, Wade-O knew something about everything, except airplanes. Hope you get your Hoover. (Why wouldn't you, no one else wants 'em!) You've always been a great guy to talk to, and talk to, and talk to,... Good Luck! DEL

**Christopher Todd Petrock**
**Evergreen, Colorado**
**Navy Pilot**

Rock, Rocket-Fire, Rocket-Man, Security Officer hailed from Evergreen, CO. The same school as Koop, just a decade later. Always quick with some witty sarcasm, Rock will reign in infamy for his brief stint during Spring of second class year and New Years Eve's. Pam, Ken's step sister, Liz, did we forget one or two? After three years on the circuit we were glad to see Rock retire and Jimmy make a comeback. Late nights spent alone with your computer were the norm, but you did pull those 4.0's. "I know I got a C on that test." NOT!!! Firstie year brought on the additional demands of the Training Committee, How was that extra sleep? We were glad to see you finally turn 21 and drink that first cool one. Never forget the World Championship Stick Figure Contests and the Divinyls Concert. GOOD LUCK in P-Cola and just squint if the charts blurry. Signed The SHED, FIST, BOTS

**Thomas Matthew Poindexter**
**Rockville, Maryland**
**Marine Corps**

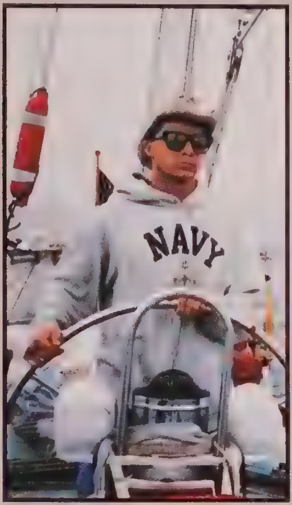
My name is Poindexter, Tom Poindexter. Tom, Dex, Pointe, Investigator, brought a wealth of fleet experience with him to USNA T-Man quickly distinguished himself with his SWOtivated attitude and his ability and willingness to fall in love. "I think this may be the one, guys." Where have we heard that before? 2/C summer found Tom enveloped in a dark love affair Tom's love of the beach, baseball games, concerts, and bars kept him busy Never one to turn down a beer, Tom thought he'd test out the Brigade conduct system before he left. Well, it works. We can't fail to mention Tom's "real one"--Susie. We haven't seen much of him lately...how does that Social Distortion song go? 1/C year found Gertrude always a half-step ahead of Dex, but this didn't deter him from choosing to don the Green of the Corps. GOOD LUCK!!! The SHED, FIST, BOTS

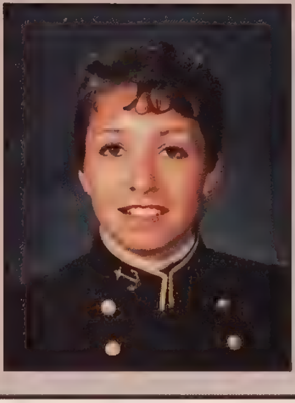
**Anthony James Salgado**
**McHenry, Illinois**
**Surface Warfare**

Tony came to us a topnotch water polo player from deep in the heart of Illinois. From a 158 pound pushover he grew to be a 185 pound heartbreaker. Plebe year held many exciting experiences from 2/c Riffice to aeronautical engineering to Trident Six-Pack adventures. Youngster year saw a huge transformation with reggae music, BB, and many roadtrips (let's not forget his duty deposits). 2/C and 1/c year held many academic challenges (-2.15) and a new level of pigdom. (Use your imagination Tony) You will always be remembered for setting the standard on your 21st Birthday! He certainly locked on once they locked him up! (Conducted D.C. training over Christmas leave; he plugged all leaks in his shower) But all in all Guido has been a great friend, a lot of fun, and never quit anything he started (Especially his Major: toughest of all). Good luck, the SWO's got lucky- MHM, TAF, MCB.

**Christopher Web Slawson**
**Maryville, Tennessee**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

19th Company Class of '92 got a new classmate Firstie year. They called him Slaw. They told us he'd been here all along. Commuting from across the river I guess. I've got something big to tell you. Me too! Welcome to life, campin', and carryin' on. (Like guys do when a bunch of 'em get together.) If you're so darn smart, why'd it take a comic strip to convince you that pants come before shoes? Too many head-bangin' tunes? I sent home a puny man for Christmas in the foothills of the Smokies. I got back a shake drinkin', amino acid takin', weight liftin' fool. I'm still more huge. Much more B & J's at Steerage and we'll both be pretty huge! Large bodies yield opportunity for higher neutron flux. Excellent! Let 'em flux with the bucks, spending it all on yourself, until we steal his girlfriend. Congrats on your successes here & those to come. The Navy, no doubt, got Murvill's best. LAW





**Ronald William Soule**
**Waldorf, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Soul-Man is one of the quietest guys I know--until you take him out on the town! That night at Shooters will go down in infamy. Just don't wear your contacts when you're leaning over the sink next time, and try to have a roommate who won't be able to crush you for the damage you do. In four years Ron has had more girls with him than most guys date in a lifetime. We all suspect that Ron communicates directly with his computer--at least he talks to it all the time! As for guts, how many guys would get their wisdom teeth out and then play fieldball 5 hours later? Even for a mid Ron must hold the land speed record for the Annapolis to Baltimore run. SWO is the career for Ron with his expertise at Harpoon and Navtag, and we all wish him the best at it. Take it easy Soul-Man! You think, therefore you are.--CPW

**Kimberly Ann Walz**
**Crownsville, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Kimberly Ann, more affectionately known as the "Wooozer" came to USNA from nearby Crownsville after a quick stop in Newport, Rhode Island. It didn't take long for me and Kim to realize that if we stick together we would make it through here. From plebe year study "snack binges" to first class "get me outta hereitus", Kim was always there for me with her usual high spirits and pep talks. In between there somewhere, Kim found true love right across the Rotunda. Wow! Incredible hamstrings! Though it was sometimes a struggle, Kim found her knack 2/C year. Hey Kim, you're an academic stud and we didn't even realize it...LR, SL, DR, MR, I wish I could see their faces now! By the way, thanks for EVERYTHING Kim, you've been a strong point in this turbulent stay! Fair winds and following seas Woozy! Your eternally grateful roomy. AMD.

**Colin Patrick Williams**
**Bozeman, Montana**
**Naval Flight Officer**

"Big Daddy" Williams hails from Montana, Colorado, Alaska, or anywhere else cold weather and even colder beer is abundant. Not known to pick up the most sane women he did pick up some good ones in New Mexico, so I've heard- I'm probably the only one who disn't see. I'll never forget his excursion through the cemetary or his unique understanding of baseball (especially the dugout). You were the only person I ever met who couldn't hit a golf ball or could fall asleep at a baseball game. We are the only surviving members of the Shooter's Midn Club and hopefully one day we'll get to open our own Canadian Sports Bar. We'll make our Long Island Ice Tea a little stronger though. Stay out of the sun, in the bars, on the slopes, in the dugout, but always remember taps is at 0100! Your pal and roomie for 4-? years. DRB

**Scott William Wright**
**Patuxent River, Maryland**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

Scotty came to USNA as a hard charging aviator type. After a bout with asthma and a bum knee, he wanted to go CEC--only to find out after an interview with the Admiral that the Admiral had other plans. Oh well, Nuke's not so bad. At least you got accepted. Even though we didn't really become friends until youngster year and start rooming together until 2nd class year, its been great, despite all the late nights with you and the rest of your wet civil engineer friends. Don't J yourself too much, roomie. Looking forward to Newport. Good Luck, Bud.--The Masterful One

# XX COMPANY

**Shannon DeLong Anderson**
**Louisville, Kentucky**
**Marine Corps**

Sparky came to USNA via the Kentucky Derby, Balt'mer, and NAPS. Plebe year was spent sailing and spending 10 minutes on a 5-minute chow call. (Isn't there something wrong with a plebe standing mute in the middle of the P-way?) Youngster year meant turning 21, rack, telling off a LCDR, rack, comp sci, meeting nice girls (NOT) in town with Gator (Hey, midshipman, want a ride?), and almost proving that spending 12 hours a day in the rack = half the time at USNA. After chatting with the Admiral, Sparky made the jump to G-sci and discovered weekends. 2/c year was when he met his beauty and Sparky was never the same after. After a summer spent in Colombia, he came back an engaged man. As if that wasn't enough, he decided to marry the Corps, too. Best of luck to one of the best guys in the world (even if he was arrested in Panama). KMK

**Carl Frank Brasek**
**Centreville, Virginia**
**Special Operations**

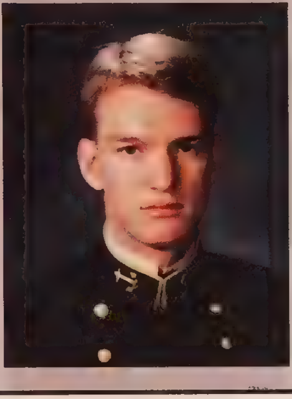
We few, we merry band of brothers, Team Schwanka, first assembled in the hallowed corridors of 3-2 to experience the joy of plebe summer. Little did we know what a long, strange trip it would be. Venturing forth from the badlands of New Jersey, Schwanka-Junior came to us via MMA and soon established himself as an underground musician destined only for the future wooing of women and various Third World groupies. Carl's introduction to the team was slow in coming due to his strong devotion to an orthodox standard of conduct, a product of an oppressive upbringing. This former cross-country standout quickly adapted himself to the rigors of the pistol team, but not until Thailand and through his introduction to the team that he achieved a higher social strata. Despite his numerous trips to the training command he has proved a valuable, if not incomprehensible asset. His manuevers to...(see Guido)...

**Larry Joseph Carpenter**
**Springboro, Ohio**
**Surface Warfare**

Joe Carpenter comes to the Naval Academy from Little Town, USA otherwise known as Springboro, Ohio. Joe quickly found his niche at the Academy by joining the Severn Greyhound of the YP squadron. His prowess on the high seas of the Chesapeake didn't carry over to the classroom. For five semesters he pulled out desperately needed hair until he descovered the comforts of General Science. At the end of second class year Joe finally earned his small craft command pin. He went on 1/c year to take control of the upper deck of Luce Hall putting fear into any O-3 who overstepped their bounds. Class of 92's preeminent SWO is now headed to the USS Thayler where he will pass on some of his ship driving knowledge to his commanding officer. Next stop, flag rank. Have fun roomie! MKR

**Bruce Corcoran**
**Fallon, Nevada**
**Uncommissionable**

Coming to us from the tropical metropolis of Cut Bank Montana, Bruce passed through NMMI on his way to Plebe Summer. (Stillion! Stillion!) After plebe year, sailing cruise in Nantucket established the man, the myth, Loopy del Fuego. Spring Break youngster year found Bruce using all the right study aids in Daytona Beach; it would later earn him youngster of the week honors from his new CO. He was alway willing to take a walk in the park. His trip to Boston to find A.J. Smith was unsuccessful but not uneventful. During 2/c year he got a quick jump and became president of the Talon club. 1/c summer led to a fateful encounter with the big M, but it's a good thing you (or she) weren't smoking at the time. Firsty year, food poisoning at Mums left him mostly comatose, awaking only for certain phone calls. Good luck out in the real world, hope you find a job. (US)

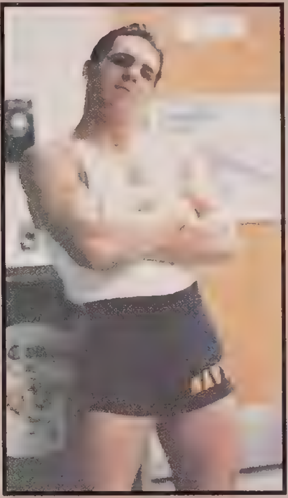


**Patrick Vincent Foege**
**Edwardsville, Illinois**
**Navy Pilot**

The Manly man found himself very “uncomfortable” early on plebe summer. It must have been quite a change from Edwardsville, or was that Shermer? This dopey soccer dude coined the beauties “Foege loves Foege”, and “You guys won't believe this, but...” Known for being calm, cool and way-cool, Pat was a charter member of the Econo survival team. His luck ran out when a telephone pole decided to “reach out'n touch someone.” (See exhibit A above). Quigley appreciated his customized technicolor decor via the men's room, quite vogue. Don't lose control or we'll hog-tie ya. Recovering from a gray-hull Christmas, Budman soon had models knocking on his window at “Oh...three hundred.” By the way, what was her name? No sweat, P.V. will pilfer her purse in the morning. Truly a great friend...fly low, stay cool, skin that cat and keep in touch. AJ, EJ, MS, and JB

**Michael Scott Greene**
**Roswell, Georgia**
**Surface Warfare**

Scott came to us from Rhode Island and his family tried to fool him by moving to Atlanta during plebe summer. He was confused for a while, but now he's the only Yankee I know who's proud to be a Southerner--must have something to do with exposure to Victorian culture and those late night trips to Grandma's (through the window!). Many trips to UVA and W&M taught Scott all about profanity and corruption and showed us all we never missed anything at Navy (not). Remember riding the Beam at midwinters and the Williamsport comedy show...may the Accord rust in peace. And those mandatory Navy social affairs--he still swears she was the best-looking girl three years ago! Scott never disappointed us at a party (i.e., impromptu Newspaper Stand inspections) and is the only surviving idealist at USNA. He's been smiling even more than usual since that night in Mum's last June--I guess if you stick to your dreams, one or two are bound to come true, huh? Congrats and good luck with SWO. And, hey--thanks for the inspiration...keeping up with you got me thruough this place. Take care, bro, and ride the peaks out there. --JBW



**Joseph Kearney Guido**
**Wyoming, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

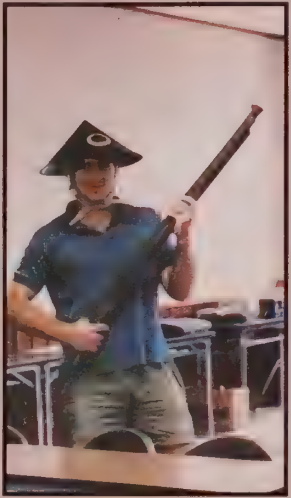
...Secure a SpecOps billet were second only to those used on an un-named. Schwanka-Rex was just a small-town boy hailing from the valley when he first arrived. His trip to the Naval Academy was only one of many previously experienced. His prowess on the volleyball court made him a plebe starter and eventually team captain, but he couldn't escape his O-rep's form-2. Always one for revenge, he visited his punishment back ten-fold, which secured his perrennial MVP title on the team. Joe fell short of his goal of a perfect conduct record, most notable, as whistle-blower for the notorious Moondogers. 75 demerits and a third plebe semester later, Joe re-entered the social scene, but without his grass-stained uniforms. he chose SWO, but since the last BB had been decommissioned, he picked the Seventh Fleet Command ship out of Yokosuka...(see Kapusta)...

**Richard B. Hughes**
**Davidsonville, Maryland**
**Navy Pilot**

Now Rick you have to listen to US for a change! The man with a Cressida and a castle...WOQ! Two things vital to our social lives. How can anyone sleep so much and get good grades too? Must be the attitude. What's with you and Jack anyway? How was Doug in the Keys? See any policemen on the Interstate? (or did you spend that $150 on something else...) You and Frank went to town in NY, and everything was free! Then came the transformation- Jack drawl and the Hughes-step (two-step?), he's even got the boots. After numerous attempts at love, Rick wanted the life of a racecar driving bachelor. After Impulsive failure with racecars, he has decided to try his hand at a more sedate life of driving jets. Hopefully in the future you will keep track of your Mess Dress so you won't miss any of those pilot dining-ins. No Non-Flying Objects. FLY NAVY! (US)

**Louie William Johnson**
**Fallon, Nevada**
**Surface Warfare**

He came engaged. Lou's the kind of guy who would rather ride a horse than a curve but has plenty of experience on both. But Lou's favorite past time was taking walks with US in the park youngster year, at least most of youngster year. The arrival of his fiance took up a lot of our friend's time but her humble abode got US out from under the bridge. Between racking and reading he still found a little time to beat the Systems. After a not so rememberable birthday bash in St. Johns on First class cruise, uh we really don't remember what happened after that. Firstie year found him mounting a mag wheeled monster rice burner that may not have four on the floor but fit eight in the back. Over Christmas leave he returned to the land of opportunity to pad his bank account and purchase a Robin Hood starter kit. When Lou looks back on these four years his response is: "Wasn't me." YEAH, right. (US)

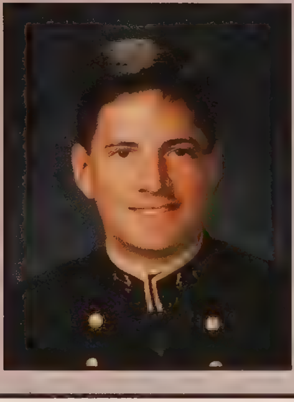


**Philip E. Kapusta**
**Alexandria, Virginia**
**Special Warfare**

...Japan. Schwanka-Throwdoll's arrival at Annapolis was the product of two years of soul searching conducted at Georgetown, following a childhood of Jesuit education. A father figure to more than he will ever know, he left his Army ROTC unit to join the Team in Stalag. Phil acquired an ERG for pain through his experiences at the boathouse, and his time with Michelle number one. Finding his true calling in the SEALS, Phil pursued a life of soberness and sadistic workouts. Phil's enchantment with the Orient was enhanced through his excursions in Japan, Thailand, and the PI. His unique diplomatic style with the locals furthered the Team's cause. Ascending to the ranks of 1/c Co. CDR brought Phil a whirlwind of unique challenges and fatal attractions. Phil will be joining the Team in Coronado, but due to his aspirations to reach the Senate, his role in Team operations will be strictly..(see Rivera)..

**Keith Mamoru Kitagawa**
**Irvine, California**
**Nulcear Power - Submarines**

Here Kitty, Kitty, Kitty. Keith hit the Naval Academy with a true So Cal attitude. "Aye, Aye Sir" was replaced by "All righty Sir" and he continued by learning about personal hygiene from his Square Root club, rowing roommate who never changed his socks. Youngster summer brought the challenge of qualifying a 688 sub, while also watching every movie during the entire cruise and sleeping through GQ. Youngster year, "No Sir, there's nothing in my jacket." (what a recon) Goodbye VGEP--Hello sweet wheels which he scammed out his 'rents with some story about his roomy and crab town beauties (not). 2/c year, the year of Quiqley's and title of room rackmonster. 1/c year brought his 21st and his first real drink (right?). He was undoubtedly the only mid to read a surfing mag at his Nuke interview. Good luck in the Nuclear Navy. God help 'em. Dive, dive, dive! RDP, SDA.



**Frank Joseph Kochenash**
**Bethlehem, Pennsylvania**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Fief didn't select Nuke, Nuke selected him long ago. After reaching orbit with Sputnik, Frank crash landed and managed to get his oars back in the water once again. First and foremost a Navy lightweight oarsman, athletics caused Frank some serious academic problems, notably a 'B' plebe year. During a memorable second class summer Frank could be found checking the latest Bourbon Street fashions. With his tie making its own statement Frank had his hands full. First class year saw him become not only the Pres. for Tau Bet Pi, but also a member of the Talon club. Frank's performance as a Batt Staffer earned him many laurels including honorable mention in the LOG magazine. It's been four crazy years, with you the craziest. Congrats on the Marshall, hope a little time sipping tea will show you that America doesn't start in Pennsylvania (US)

**Edwin John Landherr III**
**Temple, Texas**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Let's face it, Johnny knows everyone and has been everywhere, and if he hasn't done it, he sure knows somebody that has. The transplanted Yankee came to us from deep in the heart of Texas and was a late blooming cowboy. Four months of separation earned him the Heismann following 4 dry years of wasted effort, but a mail order from Seattle laid to waste 18 years of sensitivity training from 3 older sisters. A pycho from Atlanta, hunters from Texas, an Elvis head, a mid's sister, a 6 foot mouth from Georgetown, a small car, numerous bar women, and a trip to Quantico have formed the lean mean manly machine we know today. The guy who made mixes, talked on the phone, or did anything to avoid study, emerged as 20's hard charging co. cdr. To the loyalist friend we'll ever find, good luck in the Corps. PV AJ

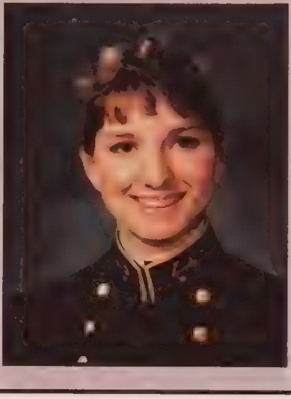
**James Arthur Lavender**
**Aliceville, Alabama**
**Surface Warfare**

First I'd like to give thanks to the Almighty GOD without whom I would never have made it. To my mother and father, thank you and I love you for all the support that you have given me. Thanks to all my other family members who have been instrumental in my making it thus far. My best friend Mark we've come a long way hommiee. And now for my krue. My boy T-Bone! OPP, KB, Chud, Uncle Willy, Squeak, we've made it through south central. Unfadable baby. UncleWilly sshhhh, be vewy quiet, its wabbit season. 2 the young Renegade stay outta trouble but remain strong and never forget where u came from. 2 tha 1's who stood on line with me, neva B-faded. May 27th i'll be Audi 49000. peace and RuThLeSs!ness

**Robert W. McCormack**
**St. Charles, Missouri**
**Marine Corps**

Once a Marine always a Marine, better than a derelict anyway. Drill is heaven on earth. I wish I was back in Lemoore, oh well, four years of TAD with the navy isn't that bad. Rob's plebe year shaped up like a Ford Taurus and a Chevy half ton, all compliments of AmEx. His input was crucial to the success of youngster (younger?) years. After an outstanding youngster cruise (NOT!) Rob was just in time to meet his new CO for some carpet dancing EI. When resistance in EE got too high, Rob proved that sooner or later, you'll go general. Moving to 20 or was it the ATU loft, Rob began to show traces of a sense of humor, but can you blame him? First class year: no formations, a new race car, and no King Hall (Combos again!?) Along with his new Bride, the USMC, Rob will venture forth a worse Mid but a better man. Good Luck, you'll always be MOTO man to us even with a sense of humor. Semper Fi (US)

MELISSA
CITY LIMIT
POP 557



**Melissa Ann Miceli**
**Rudolph, Wisconsin**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Mel started her Academy career at NAPS. Why? "because I thought it would be neat?" INDOC was O.K. We love Zohlin She decided to fall in love! It was a great year! Off to Europe, Never forget Venice, and THE SPOT! You climbed it, it's yours! Plebe summer - No eating allowed! Sad Sundays! Made it through though. With lots of talking and support. "I don't think I like this military stuff!" Youngster cruise-"I don't like this ocean stuff!" Second class year-"I hate EE!" First class summer-"I'm a masochist now!" First class year-busy, busy, busy, worry, worry! Musicals, weekends, Messiah, friends, Murrays, diamonds, GC pres, Rob, and recovery! We've been through lots of good and bad times. Through it all she has been loved by all and loved for all! RWM

**Christopher Cushnie Newman**
**Hilo, Hawaii**
**Surface Warfare**

OU Sooners 1991 NCAA Football National Champs, NOT! Need we say more? Plebe year found Cush with a crooked head but if you ask him, the world is crooked, and he is normal. Cush found himself in Daytona spring break plebe year, shortly followed by part II youngster year where he became a proponent of cross fiber alloy technology. "Excuse me, can I borrow a towel, my car just hit a water buffalo." (they actually said yes) After walks in the park with US and Billa, the truck held the next best place in Cush's heart... until the Big C. You struck fast and moved swiftly (textbook). We won't mention his summer cruises, they're still a sore spot in many pocketbooks. "1/c year is everything I dreamed it would be and so much more." The Navy is a springboard for a career in politics, he's already mastered deficit spending. We know you'll be an asset in the fleet, if you survive June Week. (US)

**Eric G. Olson**
**Cedar Point, Kansas**
**Marine Corps**

Eric ran track at Chase County High School. After graduating, he joined the Navy as Machinist Mate Nuke. He came to the Academy knowing that he would some day return to Nuke Power, unfortunately they felt differently. Eric should have been an all-American athlete, but he tripped on the blue carpet and couldn't get up. He still remains a big fan of football, just ask his buddy JD. Nobody really knows what happened on service selection night, but we all know he'll make the best Marine-NOT. Eric or shall I say Brandy made us all very nervous when he brushed on his rouge, slipped into his tights, and puckered up his pink lips. He enjoys cuddling up to a warm fire with a glass of Cognac and a copy of Bret Easton Ellis' American Psycho. Skippy

**Conrad Frederick Orloff**
**Royal Oak, Michigan**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Let's see, where to start here... First, how did you lose your wallet? Why did you come to our planet? You've always been heads and shoulders below everyone at a whopping 4'9" tall. That's okay cause we're all equal partying on our sides. He loved to take walks with US in the park Hey, I hear you are a preferred customer at Red Roof. Ever eat a bottle rocket? After 1/c cruise the great white north will never be the same. I'm sure a certain Porsche owner would like to meet you too. What a wacky blind date it was, who'd have thought it would have turned into a pilgrimage to Messiah? Too bad MTV couldn't have seen your performance at the Palladium. That was a night to remember...Talon club VIP, NARC with an attitude, and founder of his very own dance move, The Conrad. Thanks for donating to the NPF, the SCF and to all of US who knew you. Good luck, bubblehead! (US)

**Michael Kenneth Rice**
**Fontana, California**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

This bright, blond-headed, bushy tail hails from Fonatana, which I've learned is located in the ONLY real state. Mike soon shed high school love for the monastic life of USNA. From aero homework to the manly sport of fieldball, Mike excelled in his endeavors, yet always had patience to help classmates. Never a part of the Boys, Tau Beta, or Us, Mike was everyone's friend. Despite his many identity crises - aero major, airborne, nuke power, sub ambitions, and mighty fine Surface Line decision - I knew that I have had one fine friend since I-day. Good luck on the Lone Star crusier - haze gray and underway, not flourescent green on your watch! Stop by anytime; we'll pack a big lunch for you and take stupid pictures of you. I can't believe that we made it this far, this fast! Mike, Best Regards! LJC

**Christpher R. Rivera**
**Renton, Washington**
**Surface Warfare**

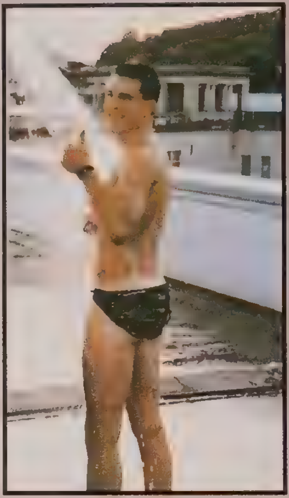
...covert and further testimony withheld. Leading the charge to Coronado will be the team founder, Schwanka Czar. Hailing from the great Northwest, Chris took a one year detour at NAPS before landing in Crabtown. His fan club followed him into Mem Hall, but St. Nick soon discharged this anchor and set sail on the course that made him Team captain. Surviving the Econo-Lodge with throw-pig, this airborne swarrior gave up his nightly outings and systems follies to become a Group 3 guru. Always one to outdo his previous best, the Czar fulfilled his goals with a new shite Nissan and a skinny cat from San Fran. This tongue tied and twisted earthbound misfit could always be found in the dark recesses of Annapolis watering holes or on the ski-slopes. Our exodus from Annapolis marks the end of our collegiate training, and the commencement of our worldwide empire. CFB, JKG, PEK, & CRR

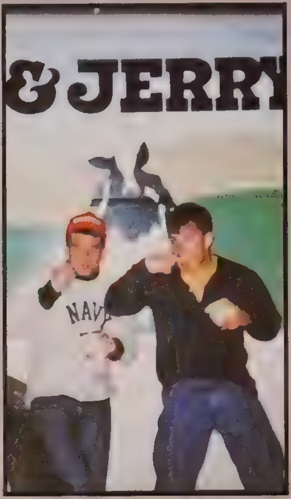
**Jennifer Marie Scott**
**Seattle, Washington**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Jennifer Scott left the coffee shops of Seattle to become a midshipman at the Academy. She was trained by one of the best. As a plebe Jenny weathered the tirades of "Swo" Hendrickson surviving with the distinction of being one of the few he never really rattled. She escaped the hall the first year by running cross country for the first time but found it not to be a challenge, finishing her rookie season as an All American. She retired from the sport to avoid the knives of Navy quacks and submerged herself in oceanography. First class year Jenny and I discovered that you can know someone for three years without realizing you are supposed to be best friends. Who would have guessed a great friendship could be built on conversations over drinks of a potent ice tea? Now Jenny, feeling like she's given enough to the U.S., is headed to London. Friends always. MKR

**Rodney Michael Skirpan**
**Coraopolis, Pennsylvania**
**Supply Corps**

Rod, esquire, ladies man, stud I could spend countless lines of verse illiterating on Rod's extensive technical knowledge. Let us just say, "jack of all trades," doesn't do this virtuoso justice. Electrical Engineering, quickly mastered by Rod (second time around), has enabled Rod to develop incredible analytical abilities. It may seem hard to believe that Rod has remained a nice, humble, down to earth guy in all of this, but he has. Just ask him, he'll tell you. Rod is the best. I'm sure that he'll excel in Supply School, just as he has at USNA. Soon Rod will gain his degree in fiction, diction, and deriliction, and the world will be his oyster. Rod. The name speaks for itself.





**Aaron Jay Smith**
**Canyon Lake, Texas**
**Marine Corps**

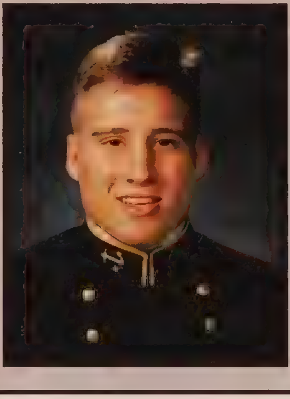
It was a long road for the late AJ Smith. Between UTSA, NAPS, and USNA he finally got a degree in Systems Engineering, NOT! If he wasn't spending his weekends cataloging CD's, organizing notebooks, or making trips to airports to visit foreign girls, he was out distributing to minors. Instant dinners at grocery stores, climbing Mt. Fuji, jeeps-guns-sailboats-cowboy boots, hats, and dancing were just a few of his desperate but futile attempts at developing his own unique identity. When he said he loved us, we wondered. He was always searching for the perfect wife, though, and he finally found one in a Texas beauty that, with prayers to the Football God, will provide him the Blue-chippers he longs for. To the best dude a guy could ever hope to meet, GOOD LUCK, BUD. EJL PVF P.S. Hey, AJ, what ever happened to my disk? Take care. Matt, the editor.

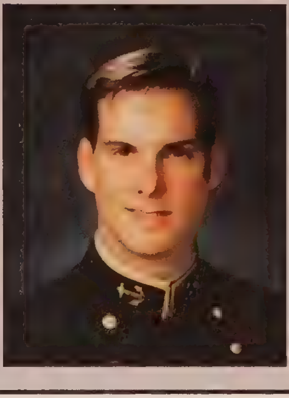
**James Benjamin Wellons**
**Victoria, Virginia**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

A product of the Southside, this smalltown mamma's boy had to squelch his Deadhead aspirations before slip slidin' away to the boat School. We should've seen the Grunt thing coming early when the words of the 1st Sgt. "brought out the best" in the young camper. With the help of the Hot Nuts, those Philly flops (man, what were we thinking), and that revolutionary Ben and Jerry's diet (12 pounds? No problem!), J.B. developed into the goofy grinnin', beer chuggin', five stripin' Honor Chair we've all come to lovve. What about the ladies, you ask? Tough question. Let's just say the man finally met his match come firstie year. It's about time, Wellons, but who would've guessed? Bottom line is this, the future Gov. of Va. (yeh, you can quote me on that!) has been and always will be the best friend any of us could've asked for. Hey buddy, it's been a RRRRRockin' Good Time! God bless you. MSG

**Steven Leslie Wood**
**Savannah, Georgia**
**Surface Warfare**

Platoon drill is today, "But sir I'm not on watch." (Yes you are!) Another NARC with an attitude. Steve took the august postition of the accountability officer in Daytona on Spring Break, what a blast! We should have partied at your place instead, think of the money we could have saved! Though always a hard worker, Steve could always shut down the AUX pumps and take a stroll in the park with US. Due to the change in plebe indoc policy, Steve was content to haze the conditioning squad. Even though he spent a lot of time with plumber and corn, he learned about toilets and barley from US. As a 1/c he chose to run with the Stangs instead of fly with the Talons, until a (L) Gator decided to take a peek in the back seat. Steve gave his John Hancock for the real one, good luck down south Georgia Boy! (US)





**Jon Jay Antonelli**
**Berkeley Heights, New Jersey**
**Marine Corps**

Jay (aka JJ, Pisan) was delivered to USNA after a short trip down the Jersey Tnpk. He was followed by his entourage of about 50 of his closest relatives. This following continued to trace his progress thru the duration of his stay. Jay, or is it Jon? got Plebe yr off to a great start. Beer, cool clothes, and a nice car, it wasn't even September yet. Jay had plenty of time to contemplate his actions in the Mitcher LA area. Jay's biggest love was not girls, food or his car, but wrestling. He had the tenacity and skill (with the help of ICE) to gain the elusive N. Jay's greatest assets are his friendliness and generosity. With Jay, what was his was yours. Jay and his friends shared many great times in VT, Sunday Pasta dinners, and days on the boat. Semper Fi. Remember Dec. CMH, JRM.

**Mark Arnold Bragg**
**Aliceville, Alabama**
**Supply Corps**

Mark, better known as Gunny, came to us after spending a frigid year in Newport. After a year on the JV and Varsity basketball teams Mark found his true calling youngster year, who can forget the long nights spent studying with Jeff. Second Class summer saw Gunny make his mark at Quantico and earn his new name. With the start of 2/c year Gunny found himself with three different majors within two weeks time. But who will forget 1/c year, which saw Gunny learn how to converse over E-mail and our late night debates. He never did pledged Tau Beta but that is forgiven because of his acquaintance with the Red Bull. He meet his match, Ashley (When does she get the ring). In the end Gunny has been a good friend and roommate and has taught me a lot. Good luck on the future. P.P.

**Robert Dirk Cooper**
**Tulsa, Oklahoma**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Dirk came to USNA from the land of tumbleweed and Sooners, having never before seen a large body of water. He adjusted well to the confines of Mother B, breezed through Plebe year, and has never looked back. Coop was mate during RD, but it wasn't his fault. As an Aero major he has the World Rack record in hand. As a youngster, worldly Coop became a legless cadre and joined the Boxing team to vent his frustrations. He loved the Ring so much that his roommate(s) wished he would have left it in MacD when he was done. That is not to say that his lessons weren't appreciated! That isn't all this Oakie has given us, though, as he taught us all we know about the Real World of Finance. Coop has evolved into a player, but finds it hard to let go of the ladies after he's introduced them to his friends. Despite this, Coop's a great friend and deserves to be an officer of Marines. JLM

**Christopher Adam Cordero**
**Arlington, Texas**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Chris came as a foreign national from the Republic of Texas. He arrived with a football in one hand and a burrito in the other. Thinking that Econ was a Group I major, Chris dumped it to persue his enlightenment in Poly Sci. With his incredible charm and personality Chris brought fun and excitement to an otherwise dreary place. Cord did have his dark moments, but we don't have to go into that. While in New Orleans, Chris gave up the life of wine, women and song for a lovely Texan named Nicole. Probably the smartest thing that rocket scientist ever did. Since four years was not enough we decided to follow each other down to Pensacola for a couple more. Chris, thanks for a great four years. Just remember: mexican buffets, Chickenhawk, Coors Light, Miller Lite, etc., country music (who knew?), #22, Remember December, fresh, and well alright. May you and Nicole be always happy. Luv ya man. DOZ

**Richard Stephen Davis**
**Gautier, Mississippi**
**Surface Warfare**

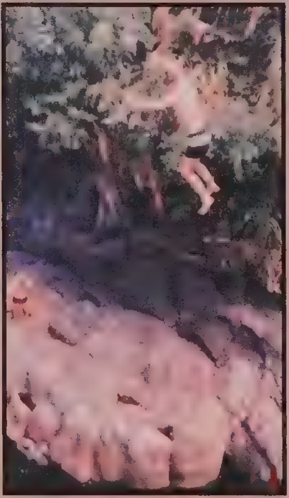
4.682 trillion megabytes of memory?!" The man HAS a computer! The man of many names ("Ricker", "Ricky D","Crash" "Heavy D" or just "RD") has a heart almost as big as his appetite (and that's saying something). He's never turned anyone down in their cries of help, whether it is to save their program, report that's due in an hour, or build an electronic system to rival our Nat'l Security System. On the flip side, he won't hesitate to pile-drive you through the spring during TRW or squash your puny body in field ball. He's not perfect, though. Give a blind man a low interest loan, and he loses all bearing. First he buys a sleek 1967 RS ("Oops, was that a red light?"), then forgets how to pay bills, and was too smart to need something as mundane as a watch ("By the way, how long until TAPS?"). Just remember in your quest for speed, "It's good enough, leave it alone." DF. DAM

**Curtis Desmond Diaz**
**Los Angeles, California**
**Marine Corps**

Curt took his time getting to the Academy from L.A. as he meandered through Newport and Naps. As usual, he was in no rush to get here and after our reception into Sweet(?) Sixteen who could blame him. Bo really did have the last real Plebe year and JD put him through the works daily. As plebes, Bo's caroling on the bulkhead signaled reveille and made us sad that Christmas came but once a year. His high-and-tight, carefree attitude, and persistence drove the second-class crazy. Having left plebe year behind, Bo's midshipman career took off. Navy Karate, history books, and the Rack claimed most of his time before the 'Dawg. One thing about Bo is that he never quits and although he often can be seen on the scenic route of life, not even the Marines could deny him a commission in the Corps. Bo has realized his destiny and it is Semper fi.

**Brian Christopher Dozier**
**Mt. Airy, Maryland**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Doz came to us from a terrific family, only his dad left out a few details about his alma mater. We met on that fateful day in the summer of '88 and have been together ever since. Saus challenged himself and became somewhat of a paradox, a systems major and lax letter winner. A Renaissance man, his turtlenecks, polos, and his Saab convertible won more than a few female hearts. Doz has been but a victim in the dark. Together, we toured the country 2/c summer, even lost that loving feeling with Boot down in the Big Easy. We've dreamt about playing Pebble Beach, wondered about the growth (Fer Sure) in the back of the Corsica, and ate our fair share of happy hour buffets. I never thought I'd see the yuppie in a pair of boots. I did and I'm proud of ya pardner. Remember, "Can I stay at the Condo?" Remember December, and above all, those trees planted in your backyard. I love ya man. Chris



**Paul Drake IV**
**Gulfport, Mississippi**
**Marine Corps**

The Drakester came to us from Gulfport, Mississippi for several years of eating, drinking,... The Tau Beta Club can finish the rest. Boss spent his years at USNA training for the ultimate experience, being a charter member of Tau Beta. It took guts, determination, and many Gumbays, but he survived and excelled. Being a hardcharger, PD jumped into the shortest of lines. I know he just did it for the cash. Just remember don't do any surveying at Quantico. USNA is bad enough. Its really too bad we didn't get a chance to tag team after you would make that phone call on those drunken nights. I'll never forget the 21st birthday. I don't how all that beer disappeared by the time we got out of DC. Be sure not to ever reveal our secret technique for studying for finals (Kings of the Beach). Also, remember to always keep those eyes moving and above all remember December.

**Carl Harvey Ebersole**
**Redding, California**
**Navy Pilot**

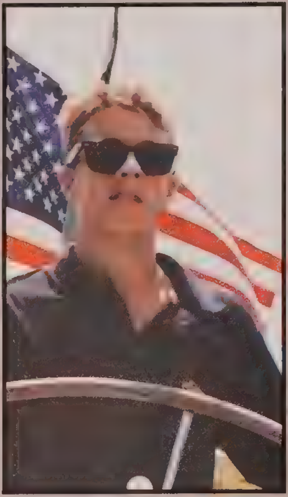
You might get a glimpse of his cloaked figure stalking through 'Mother B' with nothing showing past his hood but a wide, glaring grin. A figment of the imagination brought on from watching too many Def Leppard videos? Hardly. It's just Harv searching for that ultimate cup-a-jo that will help focus his mind during long hours spent with his buddies Bessel, Euler, and Fourier. Not satisfied with just being a 'mathlete'. Harv seeks to "Live the Adventure". After classes, you can find him fighting the Reds in the Navtag room or working out so that he can impress Florida's beach when he reports for jet-jock training. Weekends, you can find him parachuting or tearing down the ski slopes. One thing's for sure, he goes non-stop from one thing to the next, from launching a major campaign against burnt out light bulbs and broken ceiling tiles to helping bring home Navtag and disk victories. The fleet's waiting for you, Harv. Give 'em hell! - D.L.

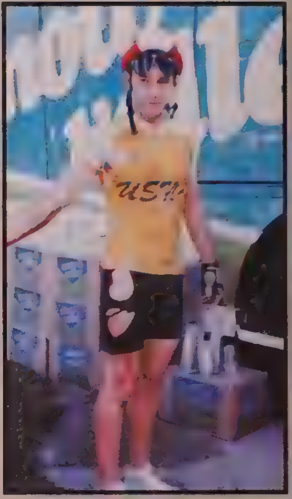
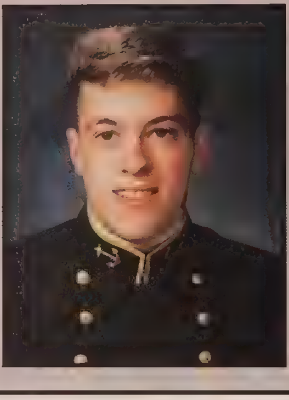
**David Alan Ford**
**Dallas, Texas**
**Oceanography**

Dave (AKA "BUBBA","FORDO") took the "long route" to USNA. Having roots in TX, CA, and HI, he decided to stop first in Newport for a year at NAPS. After having fun fun making snowMEN, Dave was ready for USNA. His first year here was an adventure... from TRW, to his "camping" trips with Matt, to several hospital pit stops for his lung, his ankle, other assorted injuries, and him "knocking himself out" over his Chem. final. Early on, his classmates knew he was flamer material ("Where's my lighter?") and is a person who enjoys life at its fullest. From SCUBA, to riding, to bridge jumping, every experience is "the best [he's] ever had!" But the adventure he's enjoyed most started last year--even though he refused to admit it at first. She's a good catch, Dave. Hang on tight. Good luck...remember your persuasive style may not work as well with the Profs at SWOS. --DAM,RD

**Peter John Frankenfield**
**Bethlehem, Pennsylvania**
**Navy Pilot**

Pete is the friend we all have in Pennsylvania. He came to us from Bethlehem, a lover of everything in his state from Philly cheesesteak hoagies to the Philadelphia Flyers. While at the Academy "Frank" has been fine tuning his physique and dedicated to achieving his maximum density. In support of this endeavor he has endured four long years of Navy galley warfare. He established a love/hate relationship with that machine made of steel called the "erg". He is one of the few remaining members of the brotherhood pulling for Navy. Speaking of pulling, the few who know will never forget the rack ripping that occured after those festive nights. Or worse yet when the head just wasn't close enough (Buck knows best!), but Gunny's rack was. Now, as a veteran member of the Rams Head World Beer Club, Pete has decided to spend his time in the air - Navy Air. Romeo Delta, and the best of luck always. -RLN, JRM



**Matthew Lee Grahl**
**Peachtree City, Georgia**
**Navy Pilot**

Mikey, a man from all over but ended up where he ought to have been all his life. (The SOUTH) Co-founder of the Tau-Beta club. I still don't believe anyone can hang with us without blowin'. I can't believe our luck with Maryland types. We could not even go out without being attacked. (Maybe we should have taken more flack from them-NOT.) Remember the ride with Ohio. (Your buds always will.) You've broken hearts all over the country. I guess that comes with the package when you are a ---- and a player. You got in the long line for service selection. The perfect call sign for you is Marauder. Paint it on your bike helmet but don't kill yourself on it down in P-cola. Thanks for putting up with a redneck, you've been a great roommate. Even got you to start listening to country music. Remember to always keep the eyes always moving back and forth and above all else RD DRAKESTER

**Christopher Michael Hamre**
**W. Springfield, Massachussettes**
**Naval Flight Officer**

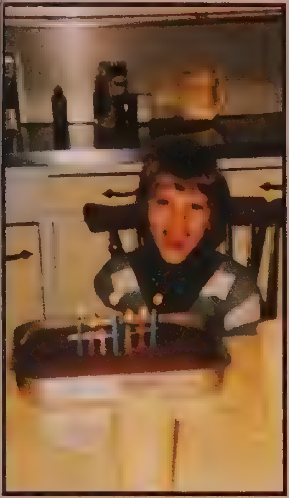
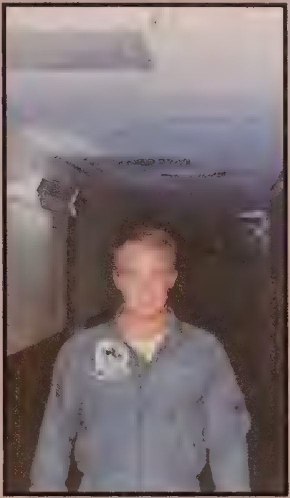
Chris (aka Ham, Hammer) hails from the Hamre bunch of God's country, W. Spfld, MA. Before arriving at USNA, he spent a year of enlisted service (ie Naps). So upon his arrival, he had felt he had already studied enough. Ham's first year was "as significant as a fly on the wall." We all knew better, as did Chris. His youngster year was not without clashes with his favorite 1/C "leaders". His illustrious Boxing career was cut short due to an injury but Chris carried his fighting skills onto the disk fields. Chris had an interesting way with the girls; "I'm the nicest guy I know, just ask me." Well, Hammer found a place in the hearts of our mothers, sisters and ours as well. His unending Loyalty and amiability has won him many friends for life at USNA. Remember Dec. JJA & JRM.

**Chris David Hayes**
**Virginia Beach, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

Haze came to USNA from Va Beach-hailing from a long line of Irish-American naval aviators. He majored in Aviation, Graduation, and Julie Henkel. He had his problems plebe year, a talk with the 'Dant helped----but not much. The only factor to slow this fast-paced life was a girl from Baltimore. Julie was the major calming factor of his life--and he soon became domesticated. Every free second was spent with her and the Ring was given and the M word asked in the winter of 2/c year. That year, he also found his other precious possession--the Saab. It was not too long before he lost it, "don't forget to get Cord, and drive safely". Ditto for the jeep. Boxing was fun, who can forget the battle of plebe year. Then Hammer tapped it--"See...that's my cartilage". It almost cost him his Aviation billet; luckily for Navy Air, it did not. God bless ya Chris and good luck. Remember December (RD) Keif

**Jacob Christopher Hinz**
**Binghamton, New York**
**Navy Pilot**

Darth descended from the land of "no one cares", but he being a strange creature did care. He always played by the rules and often enforced them, even if he was strongly opposed. Somehow at the end of the tour his attitude ended up reversed. Maybe it was his love (1st real) or not getting enough stripes (though they were well deserve) we never knew. He went from "I never wanted to......till I came here." to "91 THANKSGIVING at my house and then Europe." Youngster year Darth began to stray over to the other side. Over the last three years he has left a trail of blood. Will the madness never stop? Good luck in tri-athlons after all you trained here (swimming, cc/track and cycling) probably the only school in the nation that offers this training plus, crew on the side. Just remember what John Wayne said and you'll be head and shoulders above your peers. RM&BP

**Scott Joseph Keifer**
**Ashland, Kentucky**
**Supply Corps**

A naive Scott came to us from Kentucky, embarking on unfamiliar territory for the Keifer clan. And why did Scott come to USNA? "To work for the CIA, sir." Scott rode out plebe year with a load and motivated fascade. But, with the advent of youngster year, Scott began to slide and ride the halo. Dirk and Jay had fond memories of pillaged care packages, that overused, yet effective line on road trips and the imfamous 'stare of justice.' Second class year Scott moved up in the world. Lawn chairs, the grill and air conditioning, what a life. He continued to excel in academics and even borrowed stars for a semester. Then came the first big decision: the car. Or should I say 'car of the week.' He made that decision in time to pick the 'service selection of the week,' avoiding a coin toss and putting on his coat and tie. The supply corps will be proud. Remember to work out before you go to the beach and R.D. HAZE

**Paul Peter Lawler**
**Onalaska, Wisconsin**
**Navy Pilot**

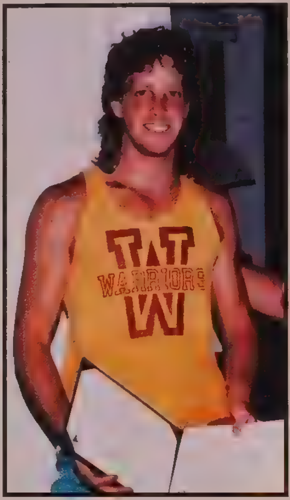
PeePee came to USNA from the great Midwestern state of Wisconsin. Assigned to Sweet Sixteen as a plebe, he jumped with enthusiasm into everything including the famous Gary Bruce recon. Paul, along with his other plebe comrades, quickly found out that 16th Company was not so sweet. Youngster year brought Paul his first taste of restriction. I'll never forget the look on your face when Lt. Croce sentenced you. But nevertheless you persevered. Second class year brought us together as roommates for the first time. Paul burned the candle at both ends second class year, but that sure didn't detract from his weekend adventures to Frannie O's. It was all worth it though because here you are, a future pilot, destined for greatness. I must say that its been real and I'm going to miss the good times. Thanks for the patience! Good Luck! MAB

**David Lum**
**Los Angeles, California**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Dave came to USNA from the Fleet, as a certified nuke, but before that he was from the City of Angels in God's Country USA. As a pleber, Dave distinguished himself as the class artist in Salem 16. He also had the great misfortune of being one of Gary's kids, but weathered the storm and quickly earned a reputation as a hard-core oceanographer. He spent his youngster cruise sailing up and down the Bay taking mud samples and counting the jelly-fish. Then it was on to youngster year where he completed the last real pre-airborne only to find himself doing Detail instead. He got his scuba qualification so he could dive into his subject. As a fun-lovin' 2/c Dave got into a row with Good-To-Go that kept him from partying at UC San Diego after graduation. During his last summer he earned his jump wings and that fall his Small Craft Command qualification. Following May 27, Dave is goin' back to nuke school--the only Corps is the Reactor Corps!! Happy Hunting Dave!!! -- C.H.E.

**Ramon Ortega Marin**
**Leoti, Kansas**
**Navy Pilot**

Ramon came to USNA via foriegn lands. Born in Mexico, raised in Kansas and was a NAVY enlisted in Panama. His physical prowess drove him for years toward a desire for SEALS, but instead he used his energy to run for NAVY, sleep during those "JUNGSTERS" and choose AIR. A hard man to keep down, he rose to great heights even after a small run-in with a truck. "Raymon" loved great cars and money, so he bought a cheap blue 'stang. You must really have your sponsors snowed because we can't figure out why you got a home-cooked meal delivered daily. His desire for nachos, salsa, and chocolate often led to the words "I ate too much." It must not take much to fill a 117 lb runt. His education dealt with the politics of Central America. A future dictator perhaps. (Ramon ORTEGA Marin?) The oldest in 21 (ex 16) is respected as an elder. We'll miss you roomie. GO NAVY AIR! DARTH, SWORRIOR (JCH, BEP) RD



**Donovan Albert Martinez**
**Sparks, Nevada**
**Navy Pilot**

Study...rack...study...rack... study? Nah! RACK! "Dino from Reno" is known for many things. He shoots daily...and has bull's eye accuracy. Oh ya, he is also on the rifle team. He could rival "The Fonz" with his quick-draw comb and his '50s doo. He is living proof that POLY SCI=Q.P.R. High. He has given his hand to a sweetheart (All 4' 11.5" of her) of eight years. Heck, he got pilot, what else can I say? Dino has had an interesting four years. He spent three and a half years in the rigorous Honors program until both he and the program decided enough is enough. He WAS a head honcho in NAFAC for three years, now he is enjoying his last semester, the way all first class should. Dino, you probably worked harder than anyone to get pilot. You deserve it. The best of luck, and remember, always, HAVE FUN! RD, CH & DF

**Joseph Richard McMullin**
**Silver Lake, Ohio**
**Navy Pilot**

Joe (aka Mic) came from the heart of it all. Walking on as a punter, Joe got used to team tables- so much so that his peers couldn't get the food around fast enough for him. His plebe yr can be summed up by "Oink, Oink, I'm a pig sir!" After ruling the NFL out, Joe looked to crew to escape drill. Rowing in the cold & dark was more appealing. After 3 yrs on the water, Joe's rowing days were cut short by a shoulder injury. At least he got a cool scar. Joe's the kid who wants to go everywhere & do everything. From Europe to Japan, cowboy to bush pilot. When not working on academics, Joe made time for the Ladies- a true sailor w/ a girl in every port. His easy going personality made him a big hit with the girls as well as his friends. His drive will make him a success at everything he does, his personality will make him friends wherever he goes. Remember Dec. JJA CMH.

**Jason Lea Morris**
**Glastonbury, Connecticut**
**Marine Corps**

Following in the footsteps of his father, Jason checked in to USNA and "sweat" 16. The red hair yuppie from Conn. had no trouble breezing through Gabriel, Sweet-the flaming 3/c, and Romeo Delta (still here, Gary). The summer sub cruise almost ended it for JayMo as visions of "Nuc" and $$ filled his head. Upperclass years brought J. many things: Wild Bill, Stars, sailing, Disc God (t.w.t.), Bull-doggin', Cuervo Club w/ women of VA, Tau Beta, Ram's Head World Traveller, CC, and his new true name - SKINNER. The would-be NUC hit 1/c year & cind. libs w/o missing a beat. No Aero class could keep this man from Larry and bartabs of justice. Who else could play like that and still keep stars?! 4 FEB came all too soon and Skinner's destiny was met...NUC? No way - Semper Fi, Baby!! - RDC1...J., It's been a blast these last four years! More years to come!!! Take it easy! Dirk

**Richard Lee Needham, Jr.**
**Croton-On-Hudson, New York**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Living his life on the Hudson River, you would think that the Son of Johnny Fever would have opted for the West Point grey. He didn't, however, and Annapolis will never be the same. The Ricker (or is it Roy?) was always looking out for his buds, tightening? loose racks on Saturday night with the help of PJ, fixing them up with glamour girls from West Virginia, or just making sure everyone got a "good deal" on ski t-shirts. Rick is just one mohawk short of Glen Plake on the ski slopes and is well prepared for international competition as a member of the World Beer Club. He'll will be heading down to Orlando after becoming a tenured professor at MIT. Rick is a great friend to everyone and proved "A Northern Boy Can Survive!" Good Luck Buddy! -PJF, DRR

# XXII COMPANY

**Bruce Edward Peterson**
**La Verne, California**
**Surface Warfare**

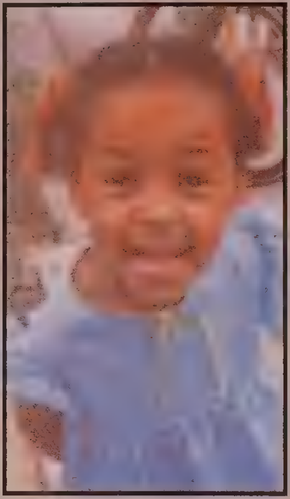
The Warrior, Peterthun, came to us from the land of girls and sun. For three and a half years he was much like the Sahara desert, then suddenly he turned into the wetlands. He made his neighbors jealous (p.p and king buzzard) both with his spare time activities and weekend exploits. Among his great accomplishments was the ousting of an ex-roommate and the completion of a course... twice. Remember who made you a man and you still owe me a pizza, I___. If it wasn't skiing, then it was Fran O's or the movies. No one can say that he was not a man...about town. We think you'll look good in gray. Especially punching holes in waves. His popularity had a lot to do with his ability to butt-walk and get into other contorted positions with his limbs. How can to people from LA be so different? Is that why you liked each other? The incredible racking man will surely be missed. Remember, she's a nice girl. (The S-man,Darth)

**Douglas Ronald Rogers**
**North Andover, Massachusetts**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Buckaroo Bonzai hails from his self-proclaimed God's Country in Massachusetts, but ended up a Jersey boy from "Pretty Good" Meadows... After one week he was dubbed Buck and now we have no idea what his real name is. Youngster year he introduced us to his flamer Morissey music but has since been corrupted into a country fanatic. While here, Buck was on a mission to find a wife who would provide him with a linebacker - of course every girl he met through his teddy bear finesse was "the one". When he was not busy surveying he was on the field - first football, then rugby. After rattling his brain at West Point a light went on and he became a charter member of the 21st company disc team. Now he drives an Explorer (not the XLT!) after showing us how well he destroys engines. Buck will probably be the largest submariner, but he's got a big heart, too. Good luck and Remember December. -RLN,PJF

**Timothy Lon Allen**
**Omaha, Nebraska**
**Surface Warfare**

O.K. son, read the clearest line from the chart on the wall. Hey Doc, where's the wall?(KTM) ALLEN,GET DOWN HERE! (Lambrecht) Only man alive who could put up with #79 for more than 10 minutes. (MTS) Carrying the goober; NOT. (MAD) Nice scar. (JJD) Damn arm drag. (MTS) He's got a hard head, huh Blake? (MBZ) Yeah, it broke my freakin' hand! Hee-Haw! (JBS) Now that's a fire! (TRT) Call it a *&%@'ng furnace. (TRT) Smokey says: Don't throw burning logs into tents! (BLL) Cover your wife!!!! (TRT) O.K. I am Jason Van Matre. (EJR) You tailgater "*!#*@"! (SBP) Slow down Waldo! (KTM) The Power Table. (JJR) Where's the Tennessee Moonshine? Tim, that was the gutsiest Anderson turn I've ever seen! (DEB) Nebraska "Cornboy" (SD) Girly Man (TRT)



**David Erick Bergstrom**
**Annandale, Virginia**
**Naval Flight Officer**

"Plebes, your rooms stink! Your rates stink! Your uniforms stink!" "Oh, You DID??????"; Paul M-o-r-r-a-s-e-t-t-y Pie; Calculus II Final; Funnelator and running from BOOW; Bottlerockets; Your Secret Admirer; "Open Arms"; All Calls for Shifty--"You F.D."; Joe's rescue from 16th Co's upperclass; Joe and Dave's rescue from 16 Co's upperclass by company officer; T.J.; OCF/Miller Haus and bowling alley; DANNY!; Sparky: "Smiles everybody, smiles!"; Ted Bundy in electric chair; Toe in the gas turbine; Dave's quality friends; Johnny Cash vs. Tone Loc (Tone wins by a small margin); "And it burns, burns, burns in a ring of fire"; John: "I owe two, you owe three, and Joe owes minus one"; Dave's size 11 room fresheners; "Burn me out a copy!"; In STEAM -- Ahhhhhhhhh!; "Michele, Jaa, Kim, Bergstrom, Johnson"; FLY NAVY!--Mike and Joe (FO God and SWO God, Respectively)

**Timika Lynn Burnett**
**Paulsboro, New Jersey**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Our "little girl" was like any other - sugar, spice and everything nice, and would never let anything keep her down. We realized early in life that you were a leader, an independent thinker who always worked for the good of the whole. Though we may have doubted that you really were going into the service, we never doubted you would succeed. We know these last 4 years have been especially difficult, but you never let it throw you; you buckled down and gave it your all. You could be deadly serious but never too serious to give a smile. This balance of spirit, this toughness, this gentleness has molded a wonderful person and we love you. And now the time is here...you have arrived! Your success is shared by many but your fortitude is between you and God. Carry out your duty diligently and with dispatch. May fair clouds be above your head and the wind at your back. Continue to pray and no matter where you go, our prayers will always be with you. All our love, Mom and Dad

**Michael Alexander Crary**
**Tupper Lake, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

Crazy came to Uncle Sam's School for Growing Boys from Tupperlake, the smallest town in New York. He soon distinguished himself as a headbanging force to be dealt with. Youngster year started our three year odyssey as roommates. Crazy and I made for a strange duo: one a quiet, tall skinny, pale New Yorker, the other his complete opposite. And those weren't the only differences. Crazy's a Yankee's fan (he can quote any statistic about his beloved team) who ragged on me for being a Met's fan. And our study habits never seemed to match, probably because Crazy had them and I didn't. 3/c - the asbestos room. 2/c - Crazy catching up to my weight. 1/c - no more waxing the deck. Despite our differences, we've put up with each other through it all and formed a good friendship. Crazy, it's been great, and I wish you luck in the future. SCH a.k.a STEIN

**Michael Angelo Davis**
**Jacksonville, Florida**
**Marine Corps**

I'll take the top rack! Dust all horizontal surfaces! Whoever gave you that tuck bilged the *!@+ out of you! Off to Ricketts back for reveille 0330 (I'm surprised he is still alive today). Plebe and youngster year in 15th company saw many transfers: Duarte, Edwards, Patterson, Kaplan, Burroughs, Turner. Who has the stronger curse. If we're roommates our curses may cancel. Luke seemed to survive although he almost left the hard way, thru our shower drain w/ your help. Army-Navy and your injuries. 22nd Co. and the failed "game corrections." Firstie year. The room with no water pressure and the band butchering good music below it? Last game and you end with a BIG win over Army. Despite the bad foot you got a star (sewn it on your sweater yet?). After 4 yrs. carrying your wide load I'm glad you finally found someone who can continue for me: USMC. Good luck. See you out West. T.L.A

**Jeffrey John Dolven**
**Idaho Falls, Idaho**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Arriving from the land of snowy mount'ns and fishing lakes, Jeff brought with him an easy-going attitude and a big, mischevious grin that got him out of a few of his many speeding tickets. A great, trustworthy friend, Jeff has been the perfect companion flying across the U.S. in mustangs, skiing in CO, tanning in FL, gambling in NJ, eating brats (w/champagne) in WI, or just sitting in the window watching the rain and lightning fill T-court. The rough times, i.e. phone bills growing e^x, cars breaking down, country CDs mysteriously disappearing, etc., all took a back seat to the battle royale between Jeff and WILD BILL. An ESE major w/a talent for english and a passion for reading, mostly SF, Jeff bridged Group I/III major gap. Take your country boots and your gold wings, Jeff, and head West where we both belong. Nice jacket, stud. BLL

**Sean Dennis Donnelly**
**Bonita, California**
**Surface Warfare**

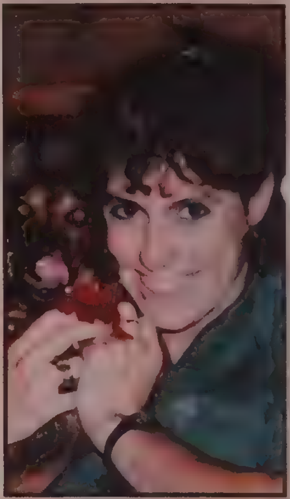
-Are you bored Mr. Donnelly?
Yes sir.
-Mr. Donnelly, your roommates are bringing you down
-I need those shoes
-The Hershey Fountain
-Dear God! Sean's been here
-Boy am I sore
-Yeah, she was ugly
-Leading the company in demerits
-He's at lacrosse
-I'm smarter than I ever expected
-Positive leadership
-Nice watchband
-I swear it's not gonna happen this time
-What's this about cleaning?
-Doing favors for a friend
-Sean, what are you doing on the floor? You spilled the pitcher!
-It's a different size in the morning.
-OW! My knee!
-Do you have PE today Mr. Donnelly?
Sean it's been a real experience being your roommate all these years. Keep your great attitude and you can't fail. MJS and SBWP

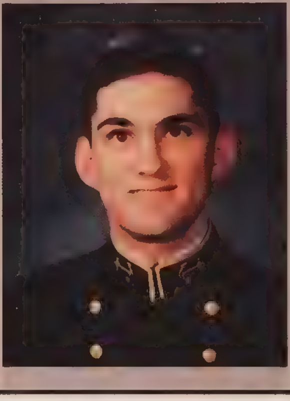
**Warren Keith Fridley**
**Moonbi, Australia**
**Surface Warfare**

Warren reported fresh from cuddling Koalas, wanting to attend CanoeU his entire life! (Really!) Nobody understood a bloody word he said. Nor now. The only way he got here:some ADM with a sense of humor. Breaking every known reg, and then some! How'd you dodge AxBoards, restriction (mostly...), censors, scavenger hunters, Uncle Tom, Snuffy, tidiness+- Legionaires? (possible) 130mph, no pix! Radar detector! (We caught Blake?) Log Room? Who this w/end? Her name? What DID she look like Monday? Mags. ES-Only friends? Ring Dance Dates. B's is B's. Got 25c? Midstore? Hide the videogames! Stereowars, what IS this? 2 Passports? French in Canada? PubCrawl, 9 Bars 1.5hours! (Oh,I feel like) Culture? Hospitalized? Rugby's great! Car auctions/Car repairs. CLEAN YOUR ROOM! B'day slams, whine+cheese parties, HUGE watermelon. Marathon Train?-Nah! 7th wing rappelling! When are we diving? Floor sleeping confuses mice. Frog+Sam! Japan Ho! MAM

**Anthony Maurice Gray**
**McLean, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

What's French, Southern, likes rap jazz and classical music, suntans constantly, and wears PJ's every night to bed? Why, it's Tony Gray. Tony is a true work of art. With his charming personality and his body chiseled of stone, he had no trouble swooning women. Tony didn't fare well acedemically Plebe year. But, with a major in Poli Sci, it didn't take long to recover. At least he didn't have to stay up late with his engineering roomie. With 1/c year, the hard work, professionalism, and velcro tie payed off with 3 stripes, Leslie, and his own YP Friday mornings. I don't think anyone sweated a SWO billet like he did. Well amigo, you did it. Good luck and God Bless. "Now let's blow this popsickle stand! And don't step in the poo-poo!" RDP





**Michael Martin Hocker**
**Gaithersburg, Maryland**
**Naval Flight Officer**

"Chocolate pudding with grapeaid topping"; Funnelator and running from BOOW; Lipskin by twilight and Joe's punishment; Rifle team lounge; Coverless at Army/Navy half time show; Survived Youngster Cruise in Bangkok, P.I., etc.; 47 movies for $45; Kerr Lake trip and waking up in tent alone with salsa; Sparky : "Smiles everyone, smiles!"; Bundy's Executioner; Mike's view across the hall; Mike's poker prowess; "I always be the same Flor you always wanted to be"; "Mike I hooked the heck out of us!"; Mike's onedurfull spel checker; "Mike got the Heismann from the girl who wore these!"; Flying F-14's in Daytona; 200 out of 100 on lab; 6wk: C, 12wk: B, Exam: B, Semester: A; BIG fun at Virginia Tech; Keeping your sister cozy at Roanoke; Okay, you've twisted my arm -- I'll go out! FLY NAVY!--Joe and Dave (SWO & FO Gods)

**Scott Christopher Hottenstein**
**Greenacres, Florida**
**Surface Warfare**

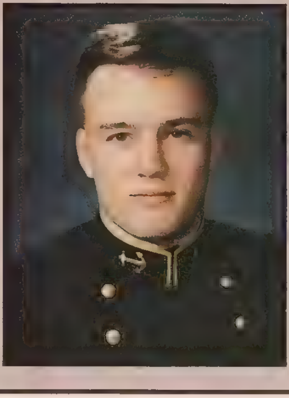
Begin bio.
End Bio.
The Editor.

**Joey Jon Johnson**
**Phoenix, Arizona**
**Surface Warfare**

Eyes in the boat machine; Shifty's chow call; "You F.D.!"; Canova and raspberry bars: Tug-o-war; "I have zero integrity, Sir"; Funnelator; 5th Wing Gargoyle for a Nav partner; narbs; steak-kabobs/drop trou; "Open Arms"; 6,000,000 rounds; Congrats on dumping Diana; Congrats on M.C.; Congrats on Nuc Power; Congrats on engagement to Holly; T.J.; 47 movies for $45; Blowing chunks in station wagon; Lambrecht: "Sorry, I almost hit your Johnson, Johnson"; Alphaville - "Forever Young" -- Mike and Dave (TWO FO GODS) Frick: Who would know this day would come and I'd be engaged to Joe Johnson? Looking back on the two wonderful years we've shared together here, I see a lot of frustration and joy, but through it all, it's been you and me! And so ends our "four years together by the bay," but another forty-four and more years are only beginning.... I love you, Joey. -Holly (Frack)

**Kristine Marie Keffer**
**Rockford, Illinois**
**Navy Pilot**

Plebe year, you were only Kristi from Rockford, IL, fastest on the track team who never came into Benion Country, nor lived up to the agreement (you figure it out). 3/c was being wild in the hallway and power-racking. Through all those wild Glee Club adventures you met your one and only--Mike "Four red roses..." 2/c was a new Kristi. No track, a musical, and lots of friends in '91. Grades even improved! 1/c libs let you spend your last moments with Mike before P-cola. Sept. 10th you knew your love would last forever. Independence Day was set and service selection lets you join in FL...Fly Navy! (Where's your jacket?) We admire you for your determination, your spirit and thank you for being a true friend. May God bless you and keep you close. Timi & Shannon



**Shannon Lacy**
**Satellite Beach, Florida**
**Supply Corps**

Shannon, we never had any doubt in you. We feel a special pride knowing you set a goal and accomplished it. We will miss the yearly crying we've heard since K-garden, about how hard this next year is going to be. You have passed every test anyone could give you. Leaving you I-Day was the hardest thing we've ever done. Plebe Parent's weekend was crazy-all you did was sleep. Youngster and second class years whizzed by. Aren't you glad you didn't go to West Point? Our most fond memory was 1/c parent's weekend. We were so proud of the mature woman behind all those stripes. Words can't describe how happy we are with the way you have handled the challenges of your young life. We feel confident that you are prepared to face whatever the future holds. Now a graduation and a wedding. We now you will have a great life, because you are a great person. Love, Mom and Dad

**Brian Lee Luke**
**Bend, Oregon**
**Naval Flight Officer**

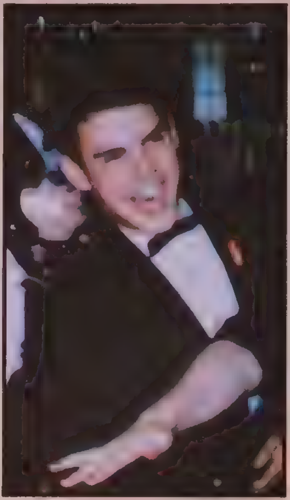
When Brian entered these hallowed (right) halls a few long years ago he did so as a fun loving lad. In between time spent with the Glee Club and fencing for Navy, Brian has managed to find some time for other pursuits, like piling up a 5.0 Mustang and running up HUGE phone bills. Brian has been a constant companion on some awesome cross continental escapades. From spring breaks in Florida and Colorado (lose the snow board, Luke) to long journeys in new Mustangs, he has been a great friend and a willing accomplice in some crazy stunts. It has been a great experience to share my cloister here in Bancroft with Brian, but graduation will only be the end of a chapter, not the book. Soon room 2137 migrates to Pensacola in quest of wings, excellence, and fun. To a true friend and an awesome guy, let the good times roll. (JJD)

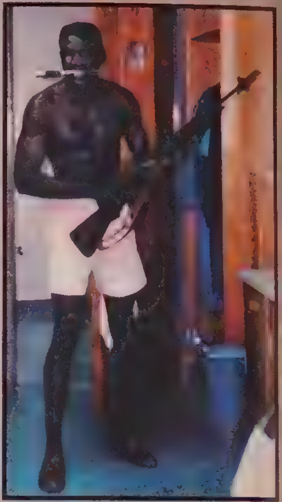
**Kyle Terence Mathews**
**Columbia, Maryland**
**Navy Pilot**

Maximum Bob, one of Maryland's finest, established himself early as a true star. 4/c year, sporting only sweats, Bob dazzled us with a Blue and Gold rendition of Swan Lake deserving of an Oscar. Youngster year found Bob courting the Indigo Girls and landing helos on Hospital Point. 2/c year, Bob surprised us all as he developed an affinity for R.E.M. and cancer causing agents. Livin' large in Delaware, Bob was nary seen frequenting USNA. That is, until one cold night in December, when Bob was seen in "spirit gear" dashing by the God of 2.0 himself. Bob was last seen in his 'Vette, heading out Gate 3 in search of the elusive Croco-Stimpy. Sleep with brown eye open, brother...JJR

**Matthew Frederick McLaughlin**
**Scotia, New York**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Matt (MAC, Matty, Cheese, Knob) came to the U.S. Naval Academy after 2 successful years at Cornell, and his 4 years here at USNA have been even more prosperous Highlights of his USNA career include: surviving (barely) Plebe Summer with a "Crazy" roommate; a whopping 42 seconds of playing time with the Varsity Basketball team (against ARMY); got a "B" in HH105 (How can you live with yourself?!); resided in the 15th Co. Pig Sty with Sean, Scott, & Jamie; proposed to Kerri using NAVY cheerleaders; rigorous 1/C Summer in Holland; only 1 class first semester Firstie year (I'm gonna throw-up!); ranked 2 high in the class, Matt has achieved a TOTAL of 2 stripes Firstie Year -- now that's military prowess! Matt, it's been a great 1 & 1/2 years rooming with you Congrats on all your accomplishments, and I wish you and Kerri all the best in your marriage and careers! Sorry you can't GO SWO!!! -- JJJ





**Mark Andrew McMurray**
**Tucson, Arizona**
**Surface Warfare**

Nugget came from Arizona wearing out of fashion woodland green with aspirations to fly, but the nightmare of Sparky sent him SWO. He wasn't Luke, but he liked Star Wars.. especially RED, after we weened him from his Teddy-Bear. Nocturnal in nature, he tried to sing and dance through the Boat School. 4am:Rack? What's that? Happy b'day..slam! Oh, it was last week? $500 speeding ticket? This room's a pigstye! Sam's. Is she rich? Marmaduke's. Bullfrog? Not =Christmas cruise. Was the phone worth it? Prief's ice cream party. hypnosis=smoke anyway. 4 parking tix in 1 semester? Quit=44Corps? Not! B's is B's...we lived it! Here's the bucket...you clean it up! That's music? DM? What's that? Catching Blake at 130mph. Yuppie! I'm soooo broke! It's a modern world we live in, so why do they pick on me?... Mark, good luck finding that rich girl, you still owe me $100... see you in Japan. WKF

**Robert David Patton**
**Kingsport, Tennessee**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Davoe! Pahtone! General! Dave Patton, the Navy's future foe ace. After convincing his mom that crash landing 12 tons of screaming steel on the pitch black deck of a darkened carrier is actually much safer than cruising in his candy apple red street machine at his usual 75 mph, Dave came to the academy with his walkman (Don't open til Herndon), a Sheena Easton anthology, and a rabid hamster After the hamster sprung her cage youngster year, the mild mannered southern gentleman enlightened us with his fly boy/grizzly adams fighting spirit. That fighting attitude got him his NFO billet and the ring that America's last of the dying breed pratriots needs to keep the friendly skies free. Dave, you have been a great roommate, friend, and Big Brother- thanks for the hex. May God grant you those wings of gold- Peace! -Tink Tink

**Scott Bruce William Pearson**
**Perry, Florida**
**Marine Corps**

Pass the chips Pearson
-knee slappin', yee hawin'
-I'll beat ya
-Seriously Sean, by the end of the semester...
-Where's Pearson? With Reese and Talbott.
-I'd work out if I had the time
-Reflecting on the days events
-That was good! Here's $40.
-Don't fold up the tablecloth
-Sleep til you're hungry. Eat til your tired.
-She's old enough.
-There goes Pearson again.
-God my Jeep's a sweet machine.
-You guys want to drive tonight?
-I don't smell any gasoline.
-Is he really as nice as he looks?
-Where's Pearson? Check the Jeep
-Pearson, who's shoe is that?
-Pearson's hit list!!
-Reese burned my face!
-10.29 . The Sloth!
-Take your uniform off before you shower.
-Get Pearson out of the fire!
-Yeah, Mom, Pearson's the DAPA.

Scott, your easygoing manner and pleasant personality have been a pleasure to experience - take care, JS+SD.

**Marvin Reed**
**Oakland, Mississippi**
**Marine Corps**

Reactors and Subs. Enough! Top Gun got under his skin. ROTC or the Academy Wrong Choice Marv. Plebe year. Fun and Sun. YP's and Beers. Pizza+Olympics+ Study Hour=Tours and Demerits. Lost you as a roommate after I told the truth. Replaced by Edwards. Atleast you got away from Sparks Off to Airborne and cruise. Return for another year. Allnighters and temper tantrums made it interesting. Beer and fun made up for it but never again. Herdon for '93 and sleeping HURL whatta night-recovered yet? 2/c year-where are you? The Point and Woops. It wasn't the same without you. Spring Break and 20 times around the block in DC. Got mine what about you? Oops it broke. Grades not any better than mine. First class year and 10 stripes. At least you stayed normal. Hey what happened to Navy Pilot? Labotamy and off to the Corps. Guess you took too many hits to the head in boxing. Stay cool.--DCR.

**Eric James Reese**
**Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Uhhh, Fire! Zot! With brimstone and a cloud of smoke, Eric, a man with more decibels than Bose' finest and a head resembling Cro-Magnon man, swept to the Academy in the one-eyed proboscis. After much indecision- a reunion with his favorite vices and a lot of goading, Bubba remained among us. Little did we know that the high tempered, swearing, spitting don Jewen would climb his way up to become the Double Deuce company commander. From the North, Jurgend, better known as demon-spawn, brought his many talents with him: a singer of great talent and an athlete extra- ordinaire. Life was never boring with the parrot tattoo wielding lover of little, egg-laying birds and I can't wait to continue our great friendship on the way to the gold wings. By the way, has Abington Heights ever forgiven you for that field goal. Words to remember him by...Croc-Stimpy...Phemer...Where's my wallet? ..Let's go to Frans!..Move, now, do it, dummy!.. Where does that blue fuzz come from?!? Beleric, always remember the Will and the Word. If you ever see a blue-banded hawk, you'll know it's me.TT

**David Christopher Robinson**
**Los Angeles, California**
**Civil Engineer Corps**

Dave stumbled into Canoe U from the USMC Recruiting District of San Fran. Plebe year was an easy validation term in 15th--just asks SPARKS! Youngster year began with your everlasting quest to dominate the otherside and ended with a display of mating calls! Words cannot describe the missions you attempted in ANNAPOLIS--you should get a medal. You even led a few others astray--JBS at Triton Light--enuff said. By years end you had more demerits than credits. 2/c year Darth found an exponentially decreasing GPA and more hazardous excursions to ST JOHNS. Remember Spring Break '91 in DC. 1/c year, Darth helped many aquarocks and a few others improve their stroke on the sub-squad. Well its been fun, it's gone quick and I would change a few things. If we had to do it all over again, we wouldn't. Hey do you still owe me some cash? SEMPER FI! MR

**Jamil Jay Rudkin**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Jamil J Rudkin, alias Rudekin, Rudeman, Rudude, Rudester, and Rudog. Plebe year saw him furthering his professional development on excursions to such exotic ports of call as Philadelphia and Baltimore. On the latter, misfortune struck as his borrowed Calvin Klien's were reported lost at sea. Youngster year in the infamous 5137 brought countless hours of r&r on the outside windowsill, waxing reminiscent and indulging in vices. Unfortunately, Rude's 2/c year spelled turmoil. While battling in the trenches of EE warfare, Rudog caught a round in the buttocks and was sent back to the rear for a semester. After conquering Japan, El Rudo returned to USNA in his Volvo of love with tales of romance & deceit. Our hero was last seen headed to his FFG in Hawaii. Who knows what perils lay ahead, but wherever he goes, he'll surely have plenty o' black socks. -BOB

**Milton James Sands III**
**Farmington, Connecticut**
**Surface Warfare**

"What's life without women?" "Listen guys, this is the greatest song." "I'm in love, this is the girl for me." "Where's my car?" "Sands, she outweighed you!" "Let there be hope for me & Chuck." "It must be rough being short." "What would I do if I wasn't taking care of Pearson?" "Carried through by Donnelly." "Fatal attraction at O'Laughlins." "#1 on the AP Poll." "Creighton, sorry about the bedspread." "Pearson's asleep, right Jamie? - Of course he is." "Of course she's looking at me." So Sands, we've finally made it. It's been great knowing you and I Know you'll be the life of Newport when you get there. Good luck and save a few for us. SDD and SBWP

**James Blake Smelley**
**Baton Rouge, Louisiana**
**Navy Pilot**

Powerful, rugged, fast and bad to the bone! No, I'm not talking about the Thud, but rather James Blake. Clad in his boots, jeans and leather jacket, Blake turns heads wherever he goes. Women like him and guys fear him because he's a bad-boy, a modern day outlaw. 3/c year, in true outlaw form, Blake fought the law and the law won. Behind bars, he vowed vengeance. He returned 2/c year, 6 shooters a blazin', but was leveled by a stray EE bullet. Nursed to health by several gorgeous women, he again schemed revenge. 1/c year Blake screamed into town behind the thundering might of his '89 deep metallic red Vette, shooting everything in sight. Georgetown prayed he'd never return, while the state of VA declared him a 'wanted man'. As USNA aviator #214, Blake gave us quite a scare, but he would have it no other way. For that is Blake, living on the edge, moving at the speed of heat. Long live the Thud! Z

**Timothy Richard Talbott**
**Bozman, Maryland**
**Navy Pilot**

Tim (aka Testharrowwer, Outcast, Unclean, Piece, Mechanism, Tool, & Knob) hails from the outhouse side of Maryland where he spent his early days pillaging and looting the surrounding countryside from his Whaler. Plebe year was largely uneventful, aside from the Herndon fiasco, which left our hero and his compatriots scrubbing the yellow submarine. Youngster year was spent in the Icebox, which sooned warmed up with the move from 15 to 22. Over Spring Break, Eros spied our unsuspecting hero and smote him a death blow with his arrows of love. The Jolly Rogers enjoyed his prowess in battle over Firstie Cruise, and service selection gave the Navy another future Ace. Tim's future plans include a bid for the U.S. Senate and a time share somewhere on Kerr Lake. With a primordial victory howl, our hero was last sighted running through Gate 3 with a picture of Shane Burroughs in his clutches. Yo. EJR

**Mark Bradley Zinser**
**San Diego, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Z-Man, Z-Pig, Gunther Prime. "Z" my fellow conqueror of G-town. Truly a fascinating individual, a product of the wrong era, wrong war and probably the wrong world. (This one's not black and white, and there's no too-ning or F-8 Crusaders.) "Z" came to USNA a headstrong champion of CV-63 and traditional American values: morality, sanctity, and chastity. What happened!?! "Z" was always quick to form an opinion and defend it to the death, especially when it opposed TRT. Remember, though, you're really better. He will just never understand. "You can't be wearing pants with no pockets," and "If you dip you lose." (Nice pants Luke!) "This says nothing to me about my life!" was the cry often heard emanating from his room, especially when rankings came out. "Whot? Aye-aye sirrrr!" "Z's" real claim to fame was being Crazy's #1 mentor. He pursued this with a fanatical passion. "Fly Buick, Crazy wheels." Well, man it's been a wild ride with you as my partner, and I've enjoyed every minute of it. I wish you 5 red stars on the side of your crusader. And you, my brother, are truly the last of the gunfighters. JBS

**Mark Douglas Best**
**West Chester, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

M.D. came to us from Mt. Olympus (Think about it) and after 2 wks of Plebe Summer lost 20 lbs; don't you wish you could lose it now! Spring Bk. brought out the real you. UNC: I think your friend is sick, making the log, Key West: the Hotel Camry (which certainly beat your vaunted Sea Trail) dozing under the phones. 3/C Yr gave us "Black over Brown" and still no girlfriend. Chance meetings w/girls who "didn't know what they were missing." Although he quit the baseball diamond for academic pursuits, the Blue Angel Dia. resurfaced in Ohio: CDR Buchanan calls "Ready-Break!" He brought us all 101.9 yet still read to sleep daily. 2/C Yr. he was the fall guy for the Ho-Ho's and did his time. 1/C Yr. you became BA's Striper Richard and fried Chad -"Mess with the Best..", got a shiny Mercedes but still no girlfriend. The luckiest person we know-of course Pearl would have DD's avail. Try the lottery. BEST 'o'luck, get a wife. "The Fellas"

**Duane Wren Boren**
**Price, Utah**
**Navy Pilot**

I'm going to remember Duane Wren Boren as a series of contradictions: serious/frivolous; geek/bagit; P.E. stud (re: hugeness wannabe)/rack sloth; the list goes on and on. One thing, though has always been the same: SWEAT! Duane's what you'd call a true believer. Baby New Year wasn't always so straight, though. This is the kind of guy who got lost in Matamoros while that witch action was going on (But he did have fun dancing with the spotlight!). It took him forever to even settle on "just that right" hair style, but I guess it paid off, since it helped him meet his match at the Safari Club. All things considered, Liquid's what you'd call a heckuvaguy. He'll drive the mice out of your room with his singing. He'll pay back the $$ he owes you. The Sgt. Maj. would say it best: Duane Boren: a good piece of gear! AWE JL

**William Ernest Burgess III**
**East Greenwich, Rhode Island**
**Surface Warfare**

Bill came in with a huge attitude and "Tau Beta" never really lost it. He was nice enough to "rent" his butt to the upperclass. Bill couldn't go to the Beach, but took lots of "pictures!" Spring Break. After cleaning up the "shrapnel" and surviving Skittle Warfare, he made the forgettable trip to the "Paint Store". Spring Break, tequila jello, 6 hot dogs, "lets just keep this between us." Found time between bassoon lessons to create youngster wardroom. Jr's favorite wore WWB to his Striper Board. Oh well, he never was striper material. Bill got plenty of gouge from Kristin but never revealed Buddha's identity. Created the "30 minute rule" firstie year and burnt up "The Bronco." He was generous with his popcorn and pretzels as long as it didn't have cholesterol. Best of luck and much happiness in the future. Stay away from the junk bonds.-CM, RM, MB, AJ, MG, BS, BA, HG, ME, FF.

**Daniel John Clabbers**
**Roanoke, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

"Dutch" Boy from Roanoke via Santa Barbara. Northwestern Prep. No stories?! Plebe Yr great start--catch Sugar Bear, scratch one fine knee (bye wrestling, Spec-Ops). What's next? Baggit, V-Ball, friends on staph. Denny's 2am, Precomm (eat) fast. Versatile! Santa Barbara, Syracuse, Pittsburgh, Syracuse, Colo Springs, Annapolis, Fells Point, Va Beach, Amsterdam...You sure travelled a lot. 2/C driving, slept thru a whole day, Rip. Some restriction, daily libs at AACS--HER old high school. Way to go, Coach. Roommates, Oingo Boingo Ban, Nice guys, no GRUDGES 1/C. Jr out. Dancin Bear in, slept thru everything, squad leader! Raquetball chump. Yes, I ran today. I Wanna FLY (off the Yarnell??) If you were GenSci, you could fly. GO SWO! Hope your ship goes to the FAR EAST. Surface SWOlection night- remember? Gonzo and I do. All that "work" down the drain. Fair Winds and Following Seas! SDP

**Timothy Prescott Day**
**Hamilton, Massachussettes**
**Navy Pilot**

Timothy! The man with a heart to serve others...Born to be a pilot, Tim will head to P-Cola w/ his WIFE, Cheryl and probably choose P-3s in order to make a crew out of all his "little ones" to be. The SuperCalc-King, Tim whipped up spreadsheets in less than the time needed to prepare a bag of microwave popcorn. An Aero major in the midst of Bull majors, where he could be heard speaking spanish. Driving the Green Machine, Tim picked up many a mid for church on Sundays. He's a man with a mission (Matt 28:18-20) which may lead him to the likes of Costa Rica someday. SAE. Tim, 2 yrs of gashing our minds away w/ those endless aero nights. Got scared when we started thinking alike. I will never forget the #!@, slam, stand, flick, and Whoa! You're a great guy. Friends to the end. C-ya in P-Cola. GYP.

**Holly Michelle Dobslaw**
**South Bend, Indiana**
**Civil Engineer Corps**

We were gouged not to validate anything here, so when we heard you validated 17 hours, we were sure your USNA career was already over. You ended that first semester with a 4.0 and your attitude changed. The "Burley" woman! Determined to excel in crew--how desperate we were to wash your clothes! The team lost an intense rower to the love of your life. (SL,TB,KK) After trying her luck in Physics and Mech E, she finally found her home in Ocean E. Holly is best known for her moral courage, never overly concerned about what people think when she stands up for what is right. (SE) Holly, Youngster Year we got to be good friends, but since that fantastic 2/C Summer, we have become best friends and more. I may not share in some of your memories prior to 3/C Year, but I promise you that I will share with you all of my hopes and dreams from here to eternity. I love you very much! --Joey

**Jared Vaughn East**
**Salinas, California**
**Special Operations**

The Golden Boy deserted sunny northern California in a moment of temporary insanity and traded his volleyball for an HP. 4/c yr: God's country where no one can hear you scream, Gosh's squad, stars, Easter in KY "...and I wasn't alone." and a dream date for Chad. 3/c yr: laser tag, long hair and water-skiing. UNC-"I'm sober..." "get some Jared!" "Hey man, we really need a goalie." Spinning in Monterey Bay and swimming with the Sea Lions. Water-skiing in April and indoctrinating the masses in the ways of the wind. 2/c yr: Suzuki and 4wd drag racing in Severna Park. Still skating, living in Hollywood, the barn with the Boozer. Scarfaced "all because I love to snowboard." 1/c yr: Skipping the Vigilant, blind date-"Hey where's Jared?", team dirtbag, service selection nightmares. Who says the days of the Hoo-Yah diver are over? A mine is a terrible thing to waste. Good luck in PC. -Kief and the Poacher

**Alexander William Ellermann**
**Laguna Niguel, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Alex, you are a man of contrasts: engaged before you were a firstie with all the experience of a medieval theologian. You jumped the wall a lot (no doubt because of that St. Johnnie blood in you and St. Johnnie woman on the other side) but only got caught once. You geeked to get pilot and got stars as well. (You really can do anything you put your mind to.) You make Barney Fife look like a weight lifter, and yet getting fat obsesses you. You sing endlessly-no, not when you read Shakespeare until 2:00 in the morning "FOR FUN!" but altogether a great guy, a good friend, a hell of an English major, and if I had to describe you in 23 words or less: "Deferential, glad to be of use; Politic, cautious, and meticulous; Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse; At times, indeed, almost ridiculous..." -- T.S. Elliot DWB. DN.

**Shirley Ann Eubanks**
**St. Louis, Missouri**
**Interservice Transfer**

Coming to Annapolis from the "Brady Bunch" of the midwest via NAPS, Shirley has been on the go for the past four years. All nighters? No problem!! Daytimer in hand and running from Navigator meetings to rehearsals to classes and even taking a 26.3 mile detour through the USMC marathon, she was never too busy for a smile or a friendly word. The busy baker of 23rd Company, she kept us all happy with birthday cakes and oatmeal carmalitas. First class year found this English major more willing to solve matrices in Astrodynamics than go to rhyming E.I. for creative writing (Romans 8:28). An airborne wanna-be, she tried parasailing in Mexico, even practicing her language skills over the phone (1 order of pan-stickos, por favor). With her significant other wearing a blue bus driver suit in the Rockies, it's no surprise that Shirl will be aiming high after graduation! Romans 8:28, Psalm 62:5-8 PK

**Michael Anthony Evaristo**
**San Diego, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Well Tommy you survived 4 years of living with me, which isn't easy. You however still never completed your plebe year since you still haven't got your probook signed off. Remember the late nights talking about the floatie boat navy? Remember the great time you had at the Notre Dame game? I'm sorry I forgot you didn't make it. You did spend most of your time here in your rack. I will have to admit you are quite a guitar player, even though I never told you so. I can't wait to send my kids to you for dance lessons. I'm sorry for all the pranks with the mice and roaches, but it was hard to resist. Service-Selection night is a night you'll never forget if only you could remember what happened. Remember to breathe when you soak your face in the sink. Please don't fall asleep in the cockpit. You might as well pay me the $50 now. Your friend always Gonzo.

**Frank Thomas Flores**
**Newhall, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Fast Frank washed up on the shores of the Severn with a smile on his face and no one has figured out why, "what are you smiling about Mr. Flowers?" Roomin' with the Roach...regs? What regs? Once you start, never stop. Youngster year, track team girls, restriction, and who's House is this anyway? 2/c year, Jr's favorite "You just don't listen do you, Mr.Flores?" The miracle man in white works with nine lives and more racked up some outrageous stats while he was here: 6 F's. 23 hours of summer school. 3 hours of extra credit. more demerits than credits. six N stars. 92 ounces of beer, and three stripes that should have been. 1000 club and sweating taps on service selection night, but in our book you're #1. Happy Smurf's stuck on the wrong coast with the gator fleet, but what can they do, send you to the Med? You're too sexy for this place...-Da Boys

**Gregory Kent Gaskey**
**Clover, South Carolina**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

From the first moment that Greg walked through Gate 1, his southern charm and powerful image has awed those around him. His fierce competitive nature has driven the company's 3 on 3 basketball team to victory after victory. But the fight never stopped there, as Greg has successfully navigated the treacherous waters of the Systems Engineering Department. Greg's deep sense of pride and responsibility made him an example for others to follow. His dedication to the Lord and faithfulness to loved ones are marks of his great spirit. Yet there is so much more. Sound judgment, caring reflections, and patient understanding all characterize, Greg, one of the Academy's finest midshipman. And as Greg passes out of gate 1 as an ensign, his new career will begin, under the water, as one of the Navy's newest submariners. NAI

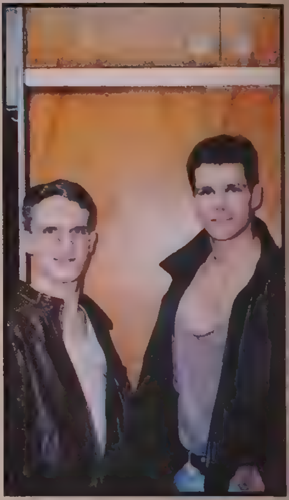
**Henry Lucio Gonzales**
**San Antonio, Texas**
**Marine Corps**

Henry/Hank/Spank/Gonz/Gonzo/ Psych/ Psycho spent a year enlisted & a year in ROTC before entering USNA. Plebe year proved fun as he got on the good side of our 2/C. Fieldball earned him a mean reputation, but didn't help him thru academics. Summer school and acboards became a way of life. Yet luck always sided with Gonzo; the axe never fell nor did the Form-2. Henry trimmed down via SlimFast and he kept in shape by running to get items needed to make Rice Krispies treats for friends in the company. (For his enemies, physical/verbal abuse/chokeholds resulted!) He didn't stop there. A homemade Mexican meal (CO's not invited), a stocked wardroom mess, and Hank's Backshaft Cafe stuffed customers with milkshakes, grilled cheese, etc. If things go as planned, a life of death & destruction in the USMC awaits this T-court bandit. TOMMY

MUSTANG
RANC

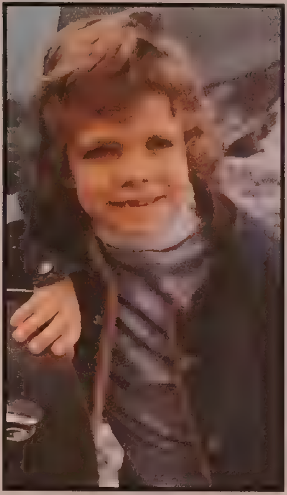
**Mark Allen Gregory**
**Livingston, Montana**
**Naval Flight Officer**

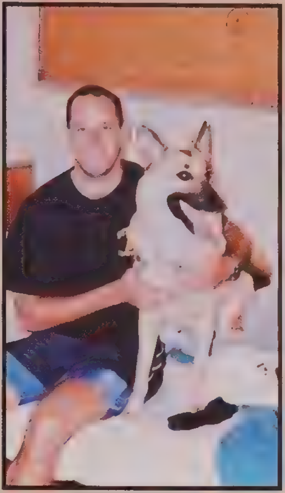
"It's a little known fact" that Mark came from Livingston with Nate in tow and went through roommates faster than his front teeth. Got to make Duane's rack plebe year and mopped up Duane's "mess" with "Buckets" of sweat. Youngster year in the barn, he chased his roommates with a bayonet in pursuit of Dog Zebra and met a real nice "enlisted" zoomie. After we found the Bronco, Mark braved (and wore) the snow in NH. The master impressionist moved in with the odd couple 2/c year and shared the Bathing Suit when he came out of the "book bunker". He made the Log after quarter pitchers at College Park but luckily didn't ruin the paint. He hosted the crew in Montana and turned us all on to Garth Brooks. Montana wasn't as bad as Bill thought. "It will all be worth it when I get my wings." Good luck in all you do and get us free airline tickets someday. Check your six, dude. -RM, CM, BB, MB, AJ, BS, BA, HG, ME, FF



**Nathan Adam Ives**
**Livingston, Montana**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Nate (Burl) Ives came to us from those great rolling hills of Montana with a personality uniquely his own. Being the gentlemanly sort, he was liked by everyone and was always eager to talk...and talk...and talk. If he could run as well as he could gab, he'd have a world record...but that's another story--a really l-l-long story. Perseverance and long nights of slaving over physics problems has finally paid off, though, as he now has a "license" to legitimately complicate engineers' work in the future, and now can proudly claim membership in the elite force known simply as the SILENT SERVICE. One of the most reliable individuals I've ever known, Nate could always be counted on for any task. If he continues to be as good of a Naval Officer as he's been a friend, he'll be the next CNO. Good luck fella. The rifle team is gonna miss ya'. GKG





**Paula Kristine Lair**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**Civil Engineer Corps**

Paula's (P.K.'s) home was 14th CO. Plebe Party Central (Re: the PA Ceegar Boys?). As "Paula Plebe", she's known not only for the chow call chin maneuver but also, as a walking Ships and Aircraft book. Taking Plebe year a little too seriously sometimes, Paula inspired her classmates' song which began, "My name is Paula...I live up on 7-4" P.K., remember going to your advisor after that final exam, telling him you wanted out of Systems Eng., "NOW!"? Thankfully, he wouldn't let her go and she persevered and endured the sinusoidal battle. Rowing crew, P.K. will never forget those 0-dark-30 work-outs, braving the elements of Sea State 5. Plebes from Summer Detail call her the flutter kick fanatic. Even P.K. had her turn at restriction and the lesson learned by all: don't ever send E-mail to "Paula"! Still, she recovered and shouted "Fourth Ba-Tal-Lion" during 1st semester. Loyal and honest, P.K. SAE

**Alvaro Lee Lima**
**Price, Utah**
**Navy Pilot**

Comin from A/C, the enlisted flying studs,he entered the Tom cat Co. Buddying up w/his age group, upperclass, he snaked his way to 4/C CC. This wasnt enough. He had to have WEs. "YP sqdn, here I come!" The only 21 yr old 4/C he was a beer splurging fiend. 3/C came & YP sqdn was 2 much work...he had WEs. A large grlfrnd catalog, Stats, & Dynes created a few grey ones, pluck! Then this beauty came and swept his scrawny 142lb bod away. True love, aww. From study hour, to lunch, dinner, WEs, & skiin' Al was w/her. 2/C yr started diff in Hard Rock 23. He turned back to good ol' Al; ya know, flirtin, drinkin, & mornin' flatulations followed by THUNDEROUS belches. The thrift ball that he is, he never bought new folders-trash cans were full of used ones. Always borrowed stamps, shampoo, CD's, etc. Now he's more Salty now than when he came. Best of luck. Hope you find that special girl! See ya' in Pcola, DUDE! ENUF SED. GYP & SLR

**Jody Kimberly Lloyd**
**Arlington, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

A product of NAPS, Jody experienced the good old days of New England wind and a lot of liberty and fun. Running Cross Country for NAPS, Jody probably ran the circumference of the island at least a couple times. USNA somehow created a Queen of Crafts in between EE and her summer training cruises. Jody can also put any Mexican cook to shame with her own Chimichangas. And let's not forget the way she makes Cappacino--she's got it down to an art! Yes, that's our SWO Momma! But we may see her in the air yet! Jody is a friend that stands by you through thick and thin--making the good times greater and the hard times easier, with her awesome smile and open heart. She's earned her pay and survived many a storm, but her attitude toward the Navy is that of a hard-charger, ready to hit the deck plates running! Give 'em all you've got, Jody! (You've got so much to give.) -SAE

**William Gregory Maier**
**Bethlehem, Pennsylvania**
**Supply Corps**

GEG was another prime ex. of a NAPSter who didnt know that academics was a part of this five year evolution. Start out as a SM005 Mech E major--Geg AND Dean Shapiro quickly saw that Gen Sci was the way to grad. Plebe year wasnt hard for him, older bro Mike was a 2/C and start lineman on the ftbl team. We did have a lot of fun drivin your bro's Supra on the wknds. I wonder if that was vs. MIDREGS. Who cared? We never understood them anyway. He was a member of the 7-4 rumblin GOON Squad--Geg, Max & Roach. Yea, you could say he was a sweat--he sweated off 60lbs to a lean, mean 205lbs. by 1/C yr. He's gonna be the fastst SUP-O around--8:48 1.5mile. Known as Geg, he set the stndrd in the Brigade as 23rd Co 1st LT. After grad he was seen smokin the tires of his red '90 Vette into the sunset with a blond gasping for her breath in the passenger seat. "GEG and MAX '92" -Semper fi DFM

**Eric Marcel Mantion**
**New Milford, Connecticut**
**Surface Warfare**

What can I say about Eric Mantion? He's come a long way from Milford, Conn. He used to be a die-hard aviator. Then he was going Corps. Now, it's reactor core. He used to be independent. Now the dragon lady rules his life. He's put up with a lot of guff from all of us, but he remains one of the most considerate people in the company. Just don't get him drunk ("Is it raining in here?" --KM)! Eric's full of secrets -Victoria's, that is. & that's the pedestrian stuff. You never know what kind of "literature" you're likely to find when you wander in his room. Or dare brave the perils of The Blue Fort. Inspector gadget has more uses for a coat hanger than a New York car thief. He can always count on his friends to take him down when his head gets to big for the doorframe or his tongue gets too big for his mouth, but we'll miss him. Good luck.

**Demetrius Frenchie Maxey**
**Parris Island, South Carolina**
**Marine Corps**

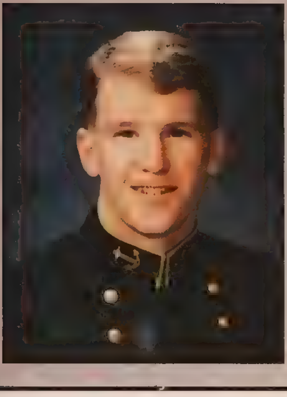
Max was a Marine NAPster who didn't know that academics were a part of this 5 year evolution. The warrior found his fame in the boxing ring. Two time All-American & Natl Hwt Champ, all the blows went straight to his head--unfortunately Russian lang didn't. Si Senor? Hablo espanol? We hope that you DID learn that your green '75 Corvette wasn't going to help you pass EE!! Speaking of Vettes, we're sure glad you took back that '89. He was always the financial wizard of the group. If you hadn't spent all of your money moving your girlfriends around the U.S. maybe you could have paid the guy at the midstore. D-it was our pleasure to provide you logist. support for the last 5yrs. CYA in the Corps. Never forget we are B.I.A. AO-JP-MP "GEG&MAX 92" Quotes: Marines!! EE! Gotta run in the morning. Got any food? DAMN I MISS THE CORPS!

**Kurt Alon Mondlak**
**Daytona Beach, Florida**
**Surface Warfare**

We can't figure out if Kurt Mondlak is blessed or cursed: he's been to every single board except P.E. and he's still here! Whenever we pass this black Nster in the Hall, he's got this bemused look and persecuted smile. We're almost afraid to ask him what's going on now. Somehow, though, Kurt keeps driving along ('til he wrecked his car -no, sorry, Porsche!). Maybe it's some curse brought on by the devil music he listens to or the new age voodoo-guru/woman he dumped because she saw nothing wrong with burning the flag. Kurt's excited about going to his new duty station in Staten Island, NY. We'll miss him because we can count on Kurt to help us out with a class. He knows the stuff 'cause he's failed 'em all before. We'll always remember Kurt for his friendliness, helpfulness, and, most importantly, FOOD!

**Russell Benfield Mosier**
**North East, Pennsylvania**
**Supply Corps**

Russell came from North East where two grapes growing on the same vine makes the front page. He is still looking to thank the tech who slid him by after he failed the test on I-Day. He was always up for a "challenge" and seldom disappointed. "Vogel's favorite" got Bill in a pre-Spring Break rig and earned everyone's respect. During 150's, "Mr.Personality" could touch his backbone from the front. After the season, he was granted first ever Steerage Gold Card. Don came and went,nearly taking Mos along. Candidate Mosier and A.J. teamed to form the odd couple turning 6 weeks of leave into 10 days. "It's Best's fault!" Charter member of the Brain Trust. Took him 3 years to get permission to spend Spring Break with the guys. We are fortunate to have known Russell and he will no doubt be a credit to the "Corps" Best of everything to the "doughboy." BB, CM, MB, AJP, MG, BS, BAT, HG, ME, FI



**Robert Chadwick Muse**
**Kent, Ohio**
**Special Warfare**

'Shane', came to USNA from the North Shore of the Mid-West. 4/C yr brought T.O., CD's, 2 KO's in the Lairs' Bathroom, & Shoe. 'With all due respect..' we almost lost Kief. 3/C yr wasn't any kinder w/ rugburn, Pepe, the five stages, a park bench at Hood, and the Accordian. A frigid April meant skiing and windsurfing. Our hero joined the crew team as a 2/C and missed springbreak but caught up with late night MPA meetings, the corner stall, and the Blue Angel Diamond. 1/C yr: raging rollerblades, 4 striper libs. and shredding Montana with Da Boys. After surviving honors history he left his rough and ready roommates for stripes of dubious origin and became a fry magnet.At the end the King returned to us briefly before being abducted by the SEALS. Good Luck w/ BUDS. We'll be looking for you at CLUB Malacca. The Diver & The Poacher

**Andrew Jung Paige**
**Mesa, Arizona**
**Marine Corps**

A.J. Squared-Away never figured out how he got in here and spent 4 years wondering why he stayed. He terrified classmates during Spring Break with his unique driving style. Survived trip #1 to the long table and did his time as a "leg". 3/c year he shocked all by making Dant's list but it was short lived. After trip #2, he jumped off the "grenade" and into an entirely different mess. 2/c year brought trips #3 and #4 but he got his gold wings. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't convert 4060 to music with any beat. After breezing through Bulldog, he suffered through jaw surgery and the geeker incident as drill officer and made the "fat boys" jealous of his metabolism. Luckily, the weekend hurricane only hit half of the room and he survived #5.Drew will be the next Commandant of the USMC if there are no written tests. Thanks for being a friend and SEMPER FI. MB, RM, MG, HG, ME, BS, CM, FF, BB, DM

**George Yannacos Philopoulos**
**Kalamazo, Michigan**
**Naval Flight Officer**

The Greek started 4/C summer by hitting on 2/C VanDyke. "No, yer first name." Varney kept him in line 4/C yr by hazing him hourly -3/C yr they and the devil were buds. Straits of Malacca, SIR! So Philo, what is a DSRV? Can't find your jacket? Must be on the wrong hanger. 18000 at the seawall. Pocket to trou ratio. Philo, your sis called, again, and again...Oh, did I slam your drawer? Let's use my printer, its so much better. Racquetball reg. champs. Best power naps in the world. Better eat, Philo, before the withdrawals. Get your pants fixed before they explode. Fat & happy. Ski Michigan! Mac flight vet: Germany, France - EUROPE (SB). When your really sad, there's only G.M., not country! St. Johns party. Philo, can you give me a ride - Whoah, wheres your ring?! Skiing. All these memories are a part of the philosphy of life. We hope you find that Grk s.... wife. See ya' in Pcola, DUDE. SLR & ALL

**Steven Donald Fong Pon**
**Ann Arbor, Michigan**
**Surface Warfare**

From Wolverine country, Steve came to Annapolis wanting to be a hardchargin' Marine. Plebe Yr--Brigade Champ 112, sweat, splash-downs, human football between Mike and Max! 3/C: more sleep, the "Major Re-Selection Night", wrist rockets, upside-down anchors, most uniforms do include buttons and socks. Do AcOffcrs have class option? Save me! Rescuer. 2/c-experimental room in more ways than one proved that it couldn't work. (STOP TAPPING, I CAN'T SLEEP) Hedge clippers! Reveille, Reveille. My eyelids don't work. Noonan. Denny's, precomms who eats more. Marathon again. You idiot, kneecaps aren't supposed to migrate. Supply, please? Kelbe, Binhlam. 1/c-Sign the AcLog NOW! Jackhammer or stereo? Who's house is my dinner at? GO SWO! You'll be the first Asian, minister-boxer to hit the fleet. Wishing much happiness, friend. Fair Winds and Following Seas! DJC

**Sean Lee Rando**
**Las Vegas, Nevada**
**Naval Flight Officer**

From barren nothingness of Nev. to the stench of plebe summer, Rambo emerged. It began when he got cheesed. "THE ATTITUDE:" the stud pose, the mirror, the curled tongue. 4/C yr was spent in the stereo shop. "The Ultimate Sound System" "I GOTTA HAVE IT"...He got it. (sniff) Thanks LT. Never again work over leave. (upgrade) 3/C yr is when boredom settled. Confidence. Dissed by the Greek. Fieldball, NAVTAG, & YPs. CD's..5 missing. Now THE Computer..I gotta have it..He got it, used it to draw and play, and gave it back. Lizard. (upgrade) Biting humor gettin worse. Oh no..the STEALTH..I JUST GOTTA HAVE THAT. 1/C yr HE GOT IT!! (sniff). Now shoes, leather jacket, shampoo, paper. OH I jus' luv that smell. The Lair's..everything. Anyone got my 10 CD's? Just being a kid..the Mall, eating habits, rubics cube. Arguments from hell. Good-luck finding the best woman. See ya in Pcola. DUDE. GYP & ALL.

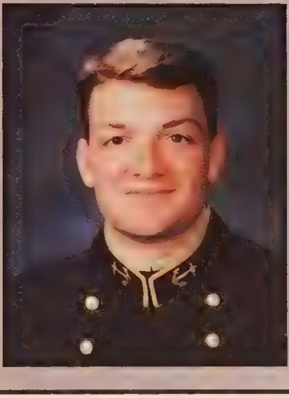
**William Brett Stevens**
**Cambridge, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Will came from Cambridge thus carrying on a family tradition. He became the conscience of the group, but never hindered our progress. He "fixed" lots of "days" plebe year. Youngster year, Will made sure all incoming mail did not use his "French Name." He's a combat veteran of numerous Skittle and shaving cream campaigns and an expert at 18:29 deck waxing for formals. He became proficient at playing the Accordian and enjoyed weekends for the first 6 weeks of every semester while changing majors bimonthly. 2/c year, he went back on his vow to "never date a mid" and we were introduced to the extra roommate, but they hid in THE CAVE. 1/c year he enjoyed taking SI630 and enjoyed weekends for a whole semester. Thanks Will for being a great friend and roommate. Best of luck always."The Geology Lab" -MB, BB, RM, MG, CM, AJ, BA, ME, FF, HG

**Boon Ann Tan**
**Republic of Singapore**
**Foreign National**

"B.A.", "Booz-On", "Ira" came to us from Singapore and in four years has failed to significantly improve his English. Famous for power racking, chicken poopoo and love of beverage. "Feed me lines." "I'd like a pitcher of beer.-How many cups?-One." "I hate waking up." "The Non-contender." B.A. broke the sound barrier without a license in the Accordian. He will be remembered for having the biggest garage sale in the history of Commissioning Week after buying a windsurfer, snowboard, truck, and roller blades all of which are useless in Singapore where he will be a craftmaster. Stood in line with nothing to pick and hand jived with the Supe on Service Selection Night. Mugged Don Ho and stole his wardrobe. B.A. led the company in sleep to work ratio yet finished in top 100. B.A. has been a great friend and a ton of fun. We will miss him until we tie up in Singapore and poach off him. -"The Fools"

# XXIV COMPANY



**Kenneth Walter Brown**
**Waverly, Virginia**
**Supply Corps**

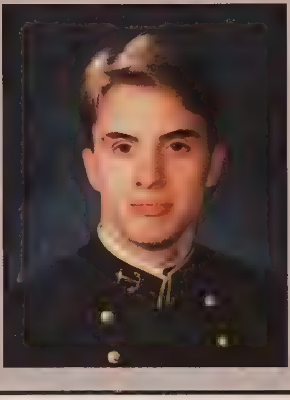
THANX...
4 my life-GOD ALMIGHTY
4 LOVE, VALUES, & GUIDANCE-MOMS & POPS
4 directon AND perspective-DAD
4 TRUE friendship ALWAYS-"ME"
4 anUNLIMITEDfuture-NAVY f-ball
2 U.Willy, Squeak, BIGGER, AC-'92
2 JJ, GUNNY, TW, JAL-theNEWhomies
2 OT, BO, GR, ME, VS-MY Boyz--
4 con-10-uing THE HerndonLegacy
4 AN easier stay-ALL the LADIES
2 THE LT-4 being A part
2 M-X-4 ALL this Knowledge...
WE declare OUR rights on this earth, 2BA MAN, 2BA HUMANBEING, 2B given the rights
of A HUMANBEING, N this SOCIETY, on this
earth, N this day, which WE intend 2 bring N2 Xsistence, BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY.
Keep this dream ALIVE-PEACE!! "KB"

**Patrick Robert Byrne**
**Kingsport, Tennessee**
**Naval Flight Officer**

RackBurn, SmackBurn, LoveBurn, BurnDrunk, Burn H__. The Marine Corps JROTC CDR, straight out of Daniel Boone HS, came in skinny, motivated, and not needing a haircut. Taco-Bell girl. HS Bus rides. "My YP cruise is leaving early" 10:32 Conduct virgin. Planet Claire. Stay away from cold medicine. No Potential! Tabasco sauce. Steerage Pizza. Pay Dirt on a Byrne Afternoon. "Could you buy me a Foster's?" Royal Navy Rum. Some how you skated through here never going to an AcBoard, a restriction muster, but you did have a few sub-squads. Hope you can stave off marriage for a few months. Oh, yeah,...Good job jumping the 10-meter HIGHTOWER!!--POSSE

**Steven Henry Carrington**
**Atlanta, Georgia**
**Navy Pilot**

Cheese**** came to us from the peanut capital to earn his Wings of Gold. Discovered domestic beer overseas. MPs weren't too friendly, but Steve managed to find at least one attractive ECA at USAFA. Sold rice burner to learn the finer points of four wheel mud boggin'--I didn't know your Jeep was red?! Cut from the USNA swimming team, Steve bare-ly made the last spot on the diving team. Steve wouldn't let sleep keep him from sililoquizing at USNA. ERJ, 2a. Ballroom dancing, Orioles games, "anyone interested in going to the Miss Annapolis Pageant..." Hey, Steve, how'd your striper board go? Was that Gumby? We know Steve will return to USNA as the Company Officer from Hell - it's just a matter of time (paperwork is your calling). Until then, keep seeking perpetual motion. Oh, one last thing: don't EVER offer something for free. Ludmilla lives!!! KMG MCE



**Jeffrey Lee Corder**
**Ravenswood, West Virginia**
**Supply Corps**

Dog, Cooter, Pig, Posh, Hog, Woop-wanna-be, Grey Trou, Drink boy. Dog rolled in from the sprawling metropolis of Ravens-wood. Did you ever have a plebe year? Fix on your b-day. Gouge sun. Beer can trail. Finally saw Hamlet, no thanks to you. A star (traitor). Biggest bilge in the posse. Where's Jo? "Hey, you guys can sleep in the Bronco." Excellent driver and better navigator. "Coxy wake up, we're gonna die." "I can quit dipping any time I want." "I'll meet you guys at Pat O'Brien's." Best dancer of the Posse. Pichy-winchy. 69 oz. coffee. SDB's shrank a little, didn't they? Spring Break GOUGE plebe year. Dog, the restaurant business in Annapolis will hate to lose you, but you're perfect for the Supply Corps. We'll be calling you for free stuff. POSSE

**Willard Jefferson Cox III**
**Schaumburg, Illinois**
**Navy Pilot**

Coxy, Chicago Kid, Guillermo, Shady, Another way to spell Cox. Hailing from the town which boasts the largest shopping mall "Under One Roof," Bill has been on a rampage since his early days (age 15). Smoke Hall Bathroom. Bucktoothed and barefoot? Aero colleague. Heart-shaped from behind. Nothing doing at Delaware, so he dumped her. Gouge boy's Sister. Skateboarding with Danni. Now you "Really Like Candi." Where were you when you first admitted your love for her? Where, where the heck is BIll? Not on Spring Break. Christmas in Annapolis. Banished to live w/Edgy for 2 years. Who's w/Bill to the Sgt. Major's Door? Here's to the breezes, check six, carry raingear, and see ya in the cradle, if you're not robbing it! ---POSSE

**Mark D'Ambra**
**Livermore, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Talk about a guy who could put away some chow! Two Pounds of pasta in one night - thanks pal! Coming from a huge family, you were a speed demon on the track team and the best friend and roomie a guy could ask for. Highlighting your track career were the three legged race during Plebe Summer, the 55 high-hurdles against Army youngster year, and the mile relay against Army indoor firstie year. Even though you were incorruptable here (Denephew almost had you), you will lose our little $100 wager. You were my tutor and academic savior, many times over. Somehow, you always got stuck with the C's while I got the B's. How that worked out, I don't know, but thanks for not holding it against me! A man of unending patience, you kept a smile when you got stuck here over Spring Break, youngster year. Thank you for everything, and best of luck! The USS Deyo is Lucky! Always Friends! IGT

**Marc Christopher Eckardt**
**Cambridge, Maryland**
**Oceanography**

Bones, Eckabart, Medical Man, Ray, Bug Flex. Well versed in the nuances of dental hygiene. Medical volumes I-IV at National Archives. Frostbite, 3rd degree burns, & Greco-Roman blinness all visited our buff roomate from the Only Side of the Bay. 4 years after seeking the physique of cousin Arnold for his own, Bug's affinity for the finer remains skewed towards the younger generation. Mixing bluegrass, jazz, & anything with a beat. Kept the phlegm from his Hohner but had trouble keeping his mandolin away from an unforgiving physics property (Covered in SP211?) As Academic Traffic Cop...STOP FRYING US!! Without his own potable water, showers onboard CG66 will be a fraction of his current half hour shower. If he can keep his colored pencils in order, he should thrive as an 1800, until crushed under the ever increasing weight of his medical records ERJ91. NKOH. SHC/KMG

**David Vinton Edgarton**
**Fon du Lac, Wisconsin**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Edgy, Inbredgarton, Young Dave, Givemeh___garton, The Edge, Crank, Sandpaper. From Fond of Crac in the heart of America's Dairyland, Edgy wasted no time in making friends plebe summer with his upperclass. I'd like to report an intruder. The most unsuccessful smack. Sideburns. Capt. Jentz and chow packages. Hockey equipment. Road sodas. Mr. Obnoxious. Great driving rhythm. Slave to fashion. "You don't know what it's like to be in love." Bahama mama. YP cruise. Biggest TD in the posse. Second class year chauffeur. Pick up the tab, Dave, we'll pay you back. "All we need is TWO points!" "Hey, where do you girls go to school?" Edgy came to the Naval Academy as a Fourth Class Midshipman, and that's how he's leaving. As the Posse's social director, ski instructor, and full service bank, we all owe you a lot (Good luck collecting, partner.) POSSE

**Gregory Eugene French**
**San Diego, California**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

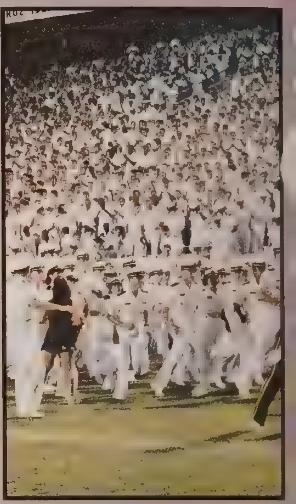
Hmmm. Greg came to Canoe U straight from London. Arkansas that is. It didn't take him long to change his address to San Diego. The summer was a breeze and he blessed our plebe year room with his shining personality and a state-of-the-art sound system. By the way, I wouldn't lend it to the human tuba anymore. What happened to youngster year? Second class year came with more work and less time, not to mention a fine example of how not to lead. "Okay, what do I do with it now?" Oye! His prayers were answered in St. Croix. No more wasting time in meaningless relationships. Weekend after weekend, Greg set new land speed records to Wayne, NJ, home of Steph. May the state troopers be few and far between. See you in Orlando. Take care. - MMM

**James Philip Gardner**
**Woodward, Oklahoma**
**Naval Flight Officer**

At first you would think J.P. would be at OSU rather than USNA. His shortlived baseball career ended with the arrival of his precious baseball cap. The rifle team and room volleyball matches carried J.G. through plebe year. Youngster year brought the radio and Jim attempting to take the lead in OKLAHOMA! or become another M.C. Hammer. A blind date then changed his life. Dis'em Jim was dazzled by her. Every weekend was taken up along with every penny. Brigade Champions in Fast-Pitch. Dieter would move on to his new found love Ultimate. Firstie summer would allow Jim to ride alongside the legendary Tonto. During Army week he became an infamous five striped company CDR (yea Omar)! Jim's revolving door was always open. Service selection night, Jim became a brown shoe. He oughtta be good after all the simulation time in his Spitfire. MJM

**Steven John Gauerke**
**Muskego, Wisconsin**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

POSH, Gurke, Gurkin, Gork, Schwinn, Car-Key, Gerschwin, This little Cheddar Head came to us from Wisco (or was it Germany?) with a desire to be the best at everything, but 2/c Summer proved this to be impossible. Plebe Summer Fudge & your first room inspection. Little Hitler. "I thought I locked you in the car" Mr. Koolaid. "Put your cover on you're giving away our position." Throw the grenade! Miller on Belay/Garke on rappel. High Blood Pressure. Racquetball outbursts. Sub Trainer. Lab Partner. Get psyched UP for your Lift Routine. Tetris Head. Alley Cat from Easton. Thanks for sending me to formation in the wrong uniform. Crotchie's special plastic cast cover. Chem labs from Hell. LT Staff. Philly O-Club. Crush your head like a grape. Steve's hard work paid off and got him a spot in Nuke School-he'll do as well there as he did here and sweat just as much. BUUUURRRPPP!!!! --DOG



**Kenneth Mark Gustavsen**
**Kinnelon, New Jersey**
**Surface Warfare**

If there was one thing the Academy could not force on Gus: Hanes issue-briefs. He always had skinny legs in the wildest of tropic, paisley, neon, etc. boxers. Outside the hall was a different story: Gus shed his beloved boxers for revealing laps around T-Court, cube diving, or 10 M platform reaming. Hope the photos never catch up to his career. Got the gouge for plebe year Spring Break. "Jeff, what are they doing?!" Musical majors (Hist, PoliSci, OceanO), defending the Gummy-Gator and ChiaPet, ERJ part I & II. Expert driving advice ("Sure I can drive this Navy Van!", "Hey C.D., let's go Wheelin!"). After 2 years of blisters, violated rack time and hard work, it was time to say goodbye to Ltwt Crew and move onto the better things in life...like Muz. Once an avid hater, Gus wears the ball & chain with pride. -MCE.SHC

**Judson Elliot Johnson**
**Binghamton, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

He came down here from the other New York as cocky as could be. The first trip to Lejuene brought him down to (or below) earth. It was a comeback from then on. Through the challenges he got some of the best friends in the world. To the fellas goin' to Athens & Cali, hope to see y'all in "Ebony" (KB, MB, TW, & JL). Keep on strivin' cuz we are going to make it!! To the dudes in the lockeroom, hope y'all learned a lot in BA101. And that ill nickname *C--D* is now officially gone.--From my Halloween '91 outfit, y'all will know where to find me in the future. Thanks to the most supportive parents around--They did the real work long before my time. PEACE '92- JJ

**Daniel John Ladrech**
**San Rafael, California**
**Marine Corps**

Landshark, Dann-o, Shark, Larouche, Ladreck, Darth. Landshark came to us from the waters of sunny San Francisco bay, stopping at NAPS for a brief rest stop. The "invisible plebe" spent his freshman year at soccer practice. 13 days before Herndon, Dan paddled to the frying pan with a few of his friends. Youngster year found Darth making all kinds of friends in the yard. Tequila night at the beach with Trip. LM2500 speakers. WEEEEEEEP! "Too cool for school, sir." Ac-Board veteran and gouge master. Fieldball brawler. A master at "waxin'." Once proud bachelor is deemed next on the list. Have fun at TBS and take care of Sandy. But remember: "If you try, to get by, you'll be trapped..." "I'll crush you like grape." POSSE.

**Michael David Matson**
**Wyalusing, Pennsylvania**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Herr Matson came to us with his heart set on a career in the submarine force. In furtherance of that goal, he worked exclusively on his 'physical' abilities. Mike worked when everyone else slept, but he knew when to stop for a break. Around 0330 was always a good time for some relaxing guitar music. Mike's road to success was not without bumps. Youngster year he was plagued by rugburn, an he spent 2/c year on his back. His 'cobra was out of control. Mike is a helpful guy. His handiness with a 'screwdriver' earned him the admiration of a broken-down go-go dancer, and a few area waitresses. In his free time, Mike was a sailor, but in the end the Nuclear Navy prevailed. See you in the fleet Herr Matson. You're one of a kind, a true friend.

**Mark Muir Matthews**
**Grove City, Pennsylvania**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

It was a dark and stormy night. Mark stood gazing across the crests of the mighty Severn in defiance of both gods and nature as he prepared to carve his destiny. "Wheatthin," (or "Spews") as his friends called him, survived plebe year with the help of a little out of company stereo time, and the Addams family for sponsors. Youngster year he got involved in ECA's s he quit the Pa. chapter of the 2% club, ined the N.C. ABC club, and was committed to the Md. chapter of the 98% club by the beautiful Jennifer. His proudest moment of second class year was breaking the heart of a lovely young cheerleader, but he really came into his own as a firstie. With his spear and purple helmet, he won the adoration of his classmates, and gained the respect of his underlings. His deeds in the silent service will surely go down in the annals of history. Here's to Spews, a legend in his own mind. -GEF

**Matthew John McDivitt**
**Houston, Texas**
**Marine Corps**

What can you say about a guy who has everything: a sane girlfriend, a fast and stealthy American car, a gungi career?, a new guitar.... How about-MOVE TO A NEW STATE!! Anyway, it's been a fun 4 yrs. Matt. From the plum-uniform races of plebe summer, to the box fights with T.C., to the never-ending roller coaster. Too bad she had to strike again before her saga came to a close. And who could forget all of those hard knocks (nose, knee, chest, etc...)? There were a few times when I thought you were after a medical record to rival Bones. As coach of the (championship??) soccer team you carried us on to victory in disc. We really had some GREAT times, and I'm sure we'll make more enemies before the season is over. I just hope Cheryl and I and the whole gang are invited to next years commissioning week. I look forward many more of the good times. Take care. FLY NAVY JPG

**Christopher Almond Middleton**
**Laurel, Maryland**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Chris entered Canoe U as Alex P. Keaton and slipped through as Homer Simpson. After a year's feeding frenzy on horsefood and numerous PBJ's, Chris advanced to a liquid diet. Making Dant's list plebe year was the last of his academic success. 3/c Cruise brought Jump Wings and a trip to the Gulf. Upon his return, he experimented with the ball and chain concept: NOT. Streaking from Farragut to 24th CO as Co CDR, the plunge to GE was complete and the $5 bet was won. The party scene combined with boxing found many brain cells migrating to the corpus collasum. Quantico found you w/o hair and Coronado w/o clothes again. 1/C year brought 3 stripes free of charge. You studied at Franny O's, John V's, and w/ the Aussies. Recons with Fr Mac led to the Mules, lawsuits, unsatness, and the PEP rally sprint. It was lots of fun w/ Mom, Daddio, Jules, Junior, & Naid. Best of Luck - The Maggots - DDR & ALP

**Thomas Charles Muldoon**
**Syosset, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

Dooner, Doonuz, Dice-Man. Tom came from a Neo-Nazi military institution on Strong Island, knowing nothing about the Navy, or its ships; but he was born to drill. High School with mafia leaders and 3rd world dictators. John Sununu was a grad. "Hey, you're lucky you have a Napster room-mate. President of Japo-Irish society. Voted neatest man on campus. Space-Age alloy LaSalle ring. Beer-bottle collection. Royal Navy rum. Lyle and Lucy. Christine. Political Scientist. Civilian drag. Scranton. "Tom, are you engaged?" Cheesy 80's music. WHAAAT?! Dwight Evans. "Work that axe!" Fashion Statements. Touch your toes. Port and Starboard running lights. Hour-back-get it! Tom's heading for the career he was destined for-SWO. Get together with Puny, you two family men could get a good deal on a pair of mini-vans. --POSSE

**Lance David Muniz**
**Chantilly, Virginia**
**Marine Corps**

Puny, Fleshpop, Mr. Bulldog, Big Daddy, Percy the Puny Poinsetta, Amy's. Lance squeaked in here through the good graces of Al Cantello. After he was here, though, he saw the light and quit running. Sliced bread. Mow boy BM3 Che Jacquez Martinez (The Red Garter). Academic Boards (all of them). Class secretary - tailgaters Naked cliff diving. Puny's home videos. Ring dance from hell. Heather at Smokey Jo's (Hoover Heather). Laurie at McGarvey's. Wendy at Bullfeather's (Fast Wendy). Just kidding Amy, Lance has been forever faithful. Summer school (ever go?). Joint bank account. Nice motorcycle (automatic Honda). Silver hornet. Urban cowboy. White James Brown. Little Red Rooster? Obnoxious long belt. Nerf football killer. Great job on Doug Barber's staff. This genuine stud warrior should have a great career in the corps. Start saving now for that minivan. POSSE

**George William Papich**
**Benicia, California**
**Surface Warfare**

George brought his laid back attitude straight outta Cali. He found out quickly that Hulbs & Rodman were a bit more intense. Ole' George found solace with his lady back on the other side.... the same one who made an unforgettable appearance after Herndon. Youngster year found George laboring in Rickover only to end up a certified historian. That year he sometimes had trouble with the basics....like walking (The Machoian Incident). Surfing, and dreams of the ultimate automobile carried George through second class year/ EE. The car was pretty dope....for the month he had it as a mid. When we finally had serious rides, George bought himself a hooooooptie. Service Selection Night gave George the longer path to the wings --- but with his vast knowledge and dedication, he will get the coveted jacket! Thanks for trading coasts with me. Best of luck in FL!- 20/15SWO JEJ

**Anthony Louis Parton**
**El Paso, Texas**
**Navy Pilot**

Coming from the border, this tennis playing squash (?) recruit had to shift gears from mosey to chop. After a successful Plebe year, 3/C year brought academic struggles and social victories. Vicki was a step backwards, but Ms. Teen Santa Barbara made up for it. The cleanest room in the Battalion was no more with the move to 24th CO. Three's Company and the battle with Aero ended with a membership to the GE frat. Now began the adventure into redheads and Voo-doo women. He ended the year with the only Blue light Sabre in the room. Yoda left for Jump school and a 10 day USMC career. Returning to 1/C year brought Porch talks, camping, Mules and a Corps Captain. Turning 21 was a near fatal experience - is it true you see a bright white light at the end of the tunnel? The new year brought a Woop's daughter and a pilot billet. Congrats on surviving us. Best of Luck from the Maggots - DDR & CAM

**Joseph Oreste Reosti**
**Alexandria, Virginia**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Joseph Oreste Reosti Spumante con Carne del Fuego el Guapo Camacho Bendito, Thug, Recuntface, Juggernaut, Bear, Cuj, Crotchie. A telephone repairman from the USMC and Naps Joe was the voice behind all cadences. A "Southerner" with a Japanese car and roots for Northern teams. Sister Heather called. Make Crotchie naked. Taste in women, Hempstead and Down-Under. House of wacky people. Crotchie mad. FREEMANTLE?! Blessing the sink. Worship the Arnys. Wear shoes. PURGE! Bird to Kirol. "When I get to be your age, I'll probably fall apart." Shut up and calm down. But seriously, the grand ole man of the Posse was always well-rested, could skate out of trouble, and was always willing to share his wisdom and historical background with the rest of us. What, who got kicked-out? --POSSE

**David Demetrio Rudko**
**North Babylon, New York**
**Supply Corps**

David arrived on I-day to find he had to live with Beaver Cleaver. His stellar performance earned him a chat with the Admiral, a MPS slot, extensive summer school, a Xmas cruise, and the last OOM. Now a 3/C, David, aka Sluggo, was now proving himself as the life of every party. Strange rack hours brought strange grades. No longer the Anchor, Slug moved to 24th CO slowed down and found Angela. A Hawaiian Woop made a great roommate. Dave successfully converted Jake to a Naval career. Following an eventful Ring Dance, Slug left for the Gulf. Returning a decorated veteran, Slug had earned(?) three stripes as Team Captain. Five days of work found him past his 7th semester. The greatest Army week ever ended with the Mules, a frisk at gate 8, near 6000's, and a few Federal Charges. By the way,"How do you spell incompetence?" Best of Luck - stay out of jail - the Maggots- CAM & ALP

**Todd David St. Laurent**
**Old Orchard Beach, Maine**
**Navy Pilot**

Yves StLaurent came to us from Old Orchard Beach (although we've never actually found it). Business at home sent him to us on I-day with two black eyes, but he recovered quickly and assumed his role as our classmate. He has since honored us with his "Ministry of Funny Walks," his perverse sense of humor, and various other, albeit peculiar traits (such as his insatiable desire to smell his own body odor). But despite his faults he met Kim youngster year and they have been inseparable ever since. Despite his meticulus study of the General Engineering matrix second class year, he stuck with Systems. He has gone so far as to become a self-proclaimed expert in the field and will pounce on every opportunity to convince the unwary. But he is a good man, and with his service selection we can now be rid of him forever (Thank God!)

**Edwin Alberto Tam Jr.**
**Panama City, Panama**
**Foreign National**

Hoey, Sped, Yo-Yo, Special-Ed, Tame, Head Detective. Vanilla Ed. Under the direct orders of Gen. Manuel Noriega, Hoey came to infiltrate the Naval Academy and sponge off our tax dollars. Eating plums during uniform races. "Excuse me officer, is there a problem?" White Works Macho. Waiting for Ed. ON/OFF switch. "I'll cut you!" Brawl at the Dome. Smoking at the cafe. How old are you? University of Maryland? I'm so hungry I could eat a 5-2 chicken. Kilo Victor Delta. Underwear. Ketchup. Well, we're all looking forward to seeing you in the fleet. If any of us are ever indicted, you'll be hearing from us. POSSE

**Ivan Gray Thomas II**
**Denver, Colorado**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Ivan entered the ranks of the Midshipman from his Marine duty station in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. For Ivan to go from Cuba to Annapolis is like going from paradise to Annapolis. In Cuba, Ivan had no duties (he was in intelligence). All he would do is go to the beach, fish, scuba dive, or swim. Every couple of days he would put in a few hours of work. Here at the Boat School, all Ivan has done is work. As a Mech E major, he studies constantly or at least he use to. Now in the fourth year he spends time with his fiancee who moved out from Colorado. Ivan still studies, but only on the weeknights. His weekends are spent with Heidi. Ivan will be heading back to the green uniforms but this time he will be wearing a leather jacket. -MJD

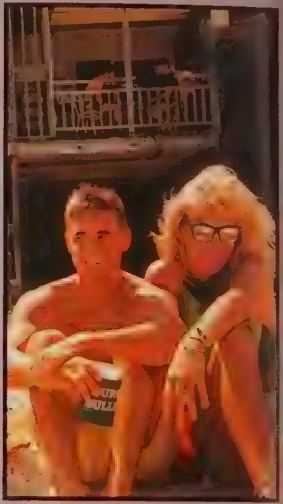
# XXV COMPANY

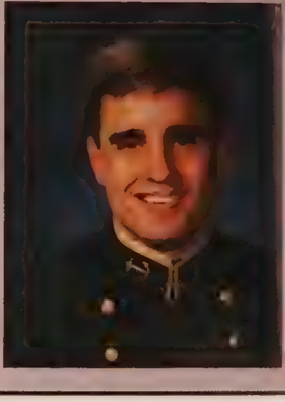
**Michael James Toleno**
**San Diego, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Pat, Tostino, Toast, 'Mike', Tortilla Toleno came to us all the way from sunny California. Plebe year he had his troubles, but he never stopped smiling. Remember the Herndon party? Nice sponsors! (you've had a few). Youngster year found Pat vigorously keeping up human relations here at the academy. The Studebaker you had youngster year, and your taste for Lemons. At least you finally had a cool roommate to help you through your major. God knows how you would have made it through. Double major? Why? Second class year you just got worse. Can you say engaged? It'll never last. Oh, well. Firstie year, gold jump wings and Brigade 1st Lt. Three stripes? LOTS of extra privileges. Finally, after four years, Navy Pilot, and finally worth it all. Good luck, and see you in Pensacola. CXY

**John Cody Allee**
**Midland, Texas**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

From the western desert of the Lone Star State, came "RoboPlebe" as he was affectionately known in 7th Heaven. Cody definitely had his share of spills and thrills throughout his USNA career. From a fateful cartwheel in "Gymspastics" to some "Nutty" surfing in Hawaii, youngster year was a definite joy. His love for morning PT brought pre-airborne (twice), and pre-scuba (for the hell of it). The reward was Gold Jump Wings in Puerto Rico. Never one to turn down the opportunity to play with wheeled vehicles (2/4), with/without an engine, With the help of his illustrious roommate, no inch of King Hall or the Ho Chi Minh Trail was left unexplored (save the bakery). Not even the Mules were safe! Cody also took the self-help program onboard. To his credit, he helped himself to a sofa, a dinette set, a coffee table, extra doors, the full gamut of stereo equipment, his bicycle, and more newspaper than he will ever care to see again. Service Selection brought him his only true loves, aircraft and the Marine Corps. He even spelled it out on his head. Good luck at TBS and P-Cola. JW SW





**Stephen Charles Augustin**
**Columbia, Maryland**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Is it Chuck or is it Steve? Uh... whatever.. Chuck, call him Chuck. He can cut a rug with the best of them. He's a quiet man for the most part, but as an honorary Fat Man he has his moments. Myrtle Beach kept him burning. New York kept him...oh, he didn't go, he's a systems major. He started as a marine, then came NAPS. He became plebe Co. CDR then it was all down hill What happened? He was a victim of Hodge Now he's back. Marine Air, but his hair is too long. Hay rides Buffet style, Vodka Penn State style. From rumors in the hall to Trixie (Tracey). He played rugby long enough to get a sweater, He played Saint long enough to get his own room. "Hey Chuck, a coat and tie are fine, but where's your shirt?" Pete's, Fran's, Griffins. P.S. Can you get the door for me?

**John Joseph Barry**
**Rigby, Idaho**
**Navy Pilot**

"Dumbo" took the long road, regressing from Nuke Power instructor E-5 type to our "happy plebe". Skynyrd's "3 steps" always evoked strong potato home emotions. but the LA on his blotter reminded him what was important. (It was the only thing on his blotter.) Jack's aptitude for sit-ups made him a favorite among classmates and bug-eyed Marines. ED liked him too, and even with his pacing grades hurt. But 3/c cruise his truck (short on seatbelts) provided infinite fun. Pizza/coolers still don't go. Leave didn't appeal, but money did - he worked. 3/c year he made desirable position of head goonie. No snoogies, huh? The loan initiated brokedom (which continues) but produced his sweet black truck. "All black." Jack couldn't stay away from Pre-Airborne, though as much as he loved it, he got his lead wings. Gold soon followed. But not before pics- "No, Jack, you cannot borrow my gold wings." Christmas he drove to hell and back. 33 hrs "over the hills" to my house. His headlights were quite "illuminating". Rankings..."smile more." Smile or not, our friend...925034 Funk

**Eileen Beazley**
**Hopewell Junction, New York**
**Supply Corps**

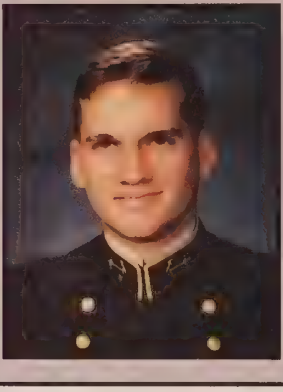
Beaz came to US(NA) from the hills (much too near that grey school) of upstate New York. Fresh out of a year of community college with the only knowledge of USNA being that of a date at the Valentine's Day Dance, Eileen had quite the plebe year. During plebe summer, she was bestowed with the distinct pleasure of living with the "Drabnoid." Attending her first ring dance prematurely, Eileen spent most of youngster year with her favorite member of the Barber Shop Quartet. Vince swore he owned a Probe, despite Beaz's urging that it was a BUICK! Not having a date for home-coming, Beaz won her bet, but then with the help of mistletoe she won her Calvin. Neither rain nor snow nor 30 days of hack (Chuck, it's this way!) could slow her down. After a brief setback with Double Easy 622, Beaz rebounded to the ranks of honor staff with a helping Hand on 6-1. To be or not to be a pork chop, that was the question Service Selection night. Gotta love those ears! Good luck at Supply School! Too bad you car won't have a chauffeur anymore. SW VH CA JW

**Shawn Patrick Callahan**
**Baldwin, New York**
**Marine Corps NFO**

A native Longislander, Shawn reported to USna wound tighter than a monk in a cathouse. Drill skills showed early: Drabnis>head. Black Sunday Technicolor yawn. Drink waterpaper bag. Disy^2=stress. Pre-Airborne lit the flame, Ev in the mud. LantCit.- Jitney people. "My own 1, 2 feet...This YP is built to fight, and..." Got lead wings. International Politics drove him to Outpost 7 and the fun began: "Chud, is it true..", cleaning windows. UH-1's Goat Court, Ron Solomon "Hi!", Para-rack ops Bedtime Theater with Shawn, Pontious Pilate, Roxette races - CD rivalry. Not to forget that fateful weekend- ED's Saab got you there in time. Time enough to get a ticket, dumped, and dis'ed by Gate Guards. Can we listen to the Lost Boys and say "Peg" now? Did those holes in your chest ever heal? Ooh-Rah Gold Wings. Detail; visitor rack, no voice-Dant flames. The 2/c Plebes love to hate. Laundry Bags - IT nearly fell off but you beat the Jinx. Yut! Airborne, Rigger, Jumpmaster, now Corps 'FO - bring lotsa baggies to P-cola. GAAAAAA! JCA JDW JJB

**Kathryn Saima Christensen**
**Slidell, Lousiana**
**Surface Warfare**

Plebe year found this Louisiana native far from home. A little slow to adjust to the restrictions of a "real" boarding school, by 2/C year this slow burner became a rocket scientist. PT was never a favorite subject, "You mean I have to run to play soccer?" but the star forward?/co-captain found excitement with red cars, trips to VA Tech, and the Canadians. When studying was not an option there were noodle faces, Christmas Carols, X-week photo sessions and talking until 3 in the morning. All-nighters found Kate on a caffeine-high with a bag of chips & salsa, sitting in front of a computer screen. Oh, by the way, you'll never guess who I met over break! Spring Break in Ft. Walton. 1/C summer came with a paid vacation and a trip around the world. Are you in the Navy? Weekends check Franny's if you're looking for Kate. "You can't fool me, you're a girl, aren't you?" Firstie year also brought a few road trips and run-ins with the Woops. Which exit do we take? In the future look for Kate commanding a ship or leading the feminist movement. KJP



**Anthony Warner Cox**
**Sandy, Utah**
**Oceanography**

Tony came to us from Utah where modern music ruled and life revolved around skiing. What do you expect when you live fifteen minutes from one of the nation's top ski resorts. Plebe year was a rough one, but he made up for it in boxing by almost knocking out his opponent. "You must be a boxer!" Well the nose knows. As an upperclass Tony lived up to his name, so the plebes knew him well. Firstie year he lost his membership in the 2% club and got rid of his ball and chain. He then discovered what east coast girls are really like. After a few adventurous roadtrips we came back to establish our residency at Fran O'briens where the tab was always open. Between drinking with the Royal Navy, the party, and the numerous nights which we ended staggering back to the hall, the year has gone by quick. Tony's great enthusiasm for the Navy will serve him well in his career. Best of luck for the future. Go Swo? Naw--go Navy Air!! TSW

**Steven Roger Davis**
**Cocoa Beach, Florida**
**Surface Warface**

Steve came to us from Florida with his interesting vernacular (Dude, stop calling me dude!) and a dream of finding the perfect wave (learn how to surf something larger than a bathtub ripple). Steve was kind enough to accommodate those who usually receive less attention, as illustrated by his "3 stars" and quantified by the "Love Radius". Alison finally conquered him, that's why we don't see him much this year. His quote, "I'm going to be the dumbest AERO major to graduate from this place." He showed us his insanity in several ways: his diary, winking, pumpkin squats, and his unusual use of a razor. He was the surfer dude, the man in black, converted to Cowboy Bob (after NM) while always maintaining his "Michelin Man" figure. Lose that tire, find your sanity. We'll always remember "the show" you put on at VA Beach. Table 189, nothing else needs to be said. Oggie. Phildo. Aaaah.

**Floyd Calhoun Dent III**
**Columbia, South Carolina**
**Surface Warfare**

He began as a happy plebe. No one could stop him from laughing. Then came youngster year, a little freedom, a couple of weekends and rugby. By the seasons' end he had a girl in every college. Junior year started road trips in the shark. Hey let's go to NC. Senior year he continued rugby and continued to keep the crowds laughing. He was always raising hell. Then came Courtney, Rugby All-stars and SWO. He's a southern boy from a great southern family and will always keep you laughing. From the trash cans in West Virginia to the quarter races in D.C. Swinging to "the horse you came in on" you're gonna need a new wardrobe now. We had much in common. The twins, grades, cards, rank, records, tabs...only he always left with a girl. They called him Cooter (after the Dukes of Hazard of course) and rightly so. And when it came to fishing they never had a chance. Best of times and more to come. It's hard not to love you. CHEERS!

**Todd Bennett Finkler**
**Chester, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

I never found a guy who tried so hard to pick girls. If his success was a batting average, pitchers would always win the batting title. He slid through plebe year relatively unscathed, save a little personal EI from some gungy bulldoggers on 5-4. Second class year, Fink got two really good deals; 1) a great new roomy, and 2) 30-day's restriction to start the year off (for future reference, Todd, the road back from Baltimore is 97, not 95). Though on restriction, Fink managed to find his way off the yard while training for the USMC marathon ("you ran how many miles today?") Army week brought a run-in with a certain 6-striper that almost ended in disaster (of the 6000- variety). Firstie year, the Finkster finally got his own command and we got to move into Grand Central Station. Service selection brought no surprises from the guy who has the fighter jock attitude down to a "T". Fink, best of luck in P-Cola, don't settle for second best. ET DS JW

**Brad Anderson Gazaway**
**Eagle Grove, Iowa**
**Surface Warfare**

Brad came from "heaven," (Iowa really), the land of good folks, good corn, and good wrastlin'. As any good wrestler would, Brad approached his career as the opponent of a lifetime (he always was a sweat) and it WAS just like one of his matches: Before the match called Ac Year began he refused to drink his canteen and tried to shed the pounds. Despite the sweat, Gaz was the only Plebe to gain weight. "It was the *&%! water!" First period (Plebe Year) he tied up with Calc, almost gave up two, but finally "snaked" out. As the period ended, Jules got two, "Vin, I think I like her." But no payday! He exploded into 1/C year to pin the "10", the girl, and more stars. Here's to you for always having a plan, finding the gouge, being loyal and true, smarter than us, for being a brother and a friend, a keeper of the dream, your Vision Quest. We'll always stand by you: we'll be there on your payday. P.S. You can hang up the boots now.--Vin & Jules.

**Paul Richard Gomez**
**Battle Creek, Michigan**
**Surface Warfare**

Paul hails from Battle Creek after receiving his calling from a Navy vs. Syracuse football game. Plebe year showed Paul just how sweet life really had been, and taught him to appreciate the finer things in life: wine, women, and song. Youngster year taught him the value of rack and that learning physics has nothing to do with class attendance, or lack thereof. He also decided at this time to devote countless hours of frustrated work to taking many an impossible exam by choosing Mech "E" as a major. 2nd class year brought the "ring" and a '91 Eagle Talon TSI. You will always be like a brother to me, and I am the only one that I will let talk about you. Don't worry, I will make sure you see me catch a fish if I have to drag you out of the rack at 0-dark thirty on a Sunday morning or even if I have to video the whole thing. I wish you and yours only the best in life, regardless of what you decide. JGH

**Craig Denton Grubb**
**Bridgeport, West Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

Craig has been the ideal mid in many ways since coming to the academy. Always putting school first, he never fell asleep in class. The only way he didn't uphold the standards is that he didn't engage in mass consumption of alcohol. Not known for being a big spender, he always found ways to accumulate money. He even starved himself on a glee club movement order to make $15. As a matter of fact, calling him a miser was a compliment. Even so, he loves cars. He owns two corvettes, a '76 and an '86, and they aren't in primer or on blocks like most West Virginian cars. Equal with his passion to excel in school was his desire to avoid intramurals at all costs. Craig definitely had some unique interests including country music, saddle shoes, and jeans that were six sizes too small. Gifted with a beautiful voice, or so he thought, After considering every service selection twice except marines, he finally decided to fly (or was it your Dad). Best of luck! Ah, A-man, knee, JC

**Vincent Floydel Haley**
**Blytheville, Arkansas**
**Surface Warfare**

Let me break it down for ya. Vin-man arrived from hog country looking a lot tougher than the Mama's boy that he was. He got whipped into shape, actually, he sweat into shape plebe summer..."Mr. Haley, are you alright?" Although he finally learned how to lock his confo, he never did learn how to keep his stuff on his side of the room. Youngster year, Vin excelled in many things: He earned his N* in not one, but two sports; varsity racking and computer golf. He even contemplated switching majors to physics until he learned E=mc^2 not M C Hammer. A master at interpersonal relations (if they were not his own), the bald cupid became a Yoda of the dark: counselor, advisor, the wise one. 2/c year, Vin became a major stockholder in local enterprises...Fran's man could bust a move! I was looking forward to a quiet night's rest but you'll still be just a rack away. 1/c year you hit the books, the bars, and the weights. I project 230lbs by '95--and that's not bench pressing! Fair winds and following seas to the brother I can call my own. (and yes, Jake IS that big.) -- Gaz & Jules

**John Grant Holbrook**
**Manteca, California**
**Marine Corps**

John decided to join us from sunny California, but the stereotypical Californian, John is not. Plebe year, a time when all Plebes look alike, and for the most part act alike, John's true colors were unable to show through. He made up for the lack of individuality youngster year though, when people started to find out just what part of California he was from. He drove many a person out of the room with his country music and his endless stories of the fish that got away. These paradises all had one thing in common, the basic essential of life, a fishing hole. Firstie year rolled around and with it came all the events that make the year memorable. On service selection night, while everyone was looking forward to their number being called and choosing their future John was anxiously awaiting his new neoprene chest-wadders to come in the mail. He didn't miss his number though, and being the nature lover he is, he chose to be a Ground Pounder. I wish only the best for you John and I also wish that I will be around when you finally catch a fish. PRG

**Herbert George Jones**
**Johnstown, Pennsylvania**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Herb charged into the Naval Academy the summer of 88 after a semester at a boy scout camp called Northwestern Prep. Known simply as "chesty" by the upperclass, Herb's mouth immediately set the standard for command presence. Plebe year brought several room inspections which he promptly slept through on laundry bags in his closet. As fourth class company commander he even got up three hours early for the now extinct plebe quarters (not by choice). Second class summer saw Herb earning his first "N" letter as the sky went dark and 7 moons lit up a passing YP. As a plebe again, he headed into the academic year determined to use his head more. 8 weeks later he found himself at Baltimore's shock trauma unit after stopping a runaway Nike with his face. Ole chesty then became known as "shower head". Herb spent many nights his last year studying his EE 1326 and standing in the corner with a bottle of Oxypor (we knew what you were doing). Fly proudly in the Corps and always be on top. EAS

**Tawfik Mostafa Khattab**
**Alexandria City, Egypt**
**Foreign National**

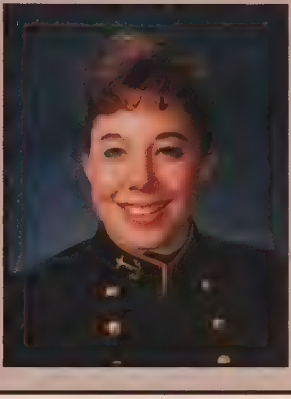
The Egyptian Stallion!! This was one guy who's met enough girls to last two lifetimes. He has definitely adjusted very well to the use of the English language and to the taste of American FOOD! As a plebe, Tawfik will be best known for his "Go Army, Beat Navy!" chopping lyrics which was quickly adjusted by his upperclass. Youngster year was the beginning of the "chill-mode" that he longed for. By the way, do youngsters rate cars on the yard? He never was a Sweat. Second Class year will not be forgotten by his plebes. In fact, it will not be forgotten by any plebes! He was somehow able to catch every plebe in the Brigade doing something wrong. That's an achievement. Do second class rate cars on the yard? I don't know. Firstie year brought many long nights working on his computer projects and the death of his beloved car which he passes by every once and awhile at H. Point. Boy, he loved that machine. Our conversations always had us saying, "Come on man, I'm trying to study!" Tawfik will always be remembered by us all. Go Swo! GLM

**Gary Lee Morris**
**Spring City, Tennessee**
**Surface Warfare**

Gary is a 4.0 Mid! He constantly reminded himself and everybody of his high motivation by his roaring navy oorahs. Even in his "civilian" life, Gary stood up as a man towards his girlfriend and decisively answered the question of "Man or mouse?" I never discovered his Filipino background until 2nd semester 2/C year when a firstie was looking for an oriental guy in our company. Gary is also very kind, and has proven this by his continuous food runs for the 2/C midshipmen next door. He also distinguished himself as the number one and most consistent player on the never winning company disc football team. Gary also defeated his roommate with his superior submarine tactics for hunting whales in the 688 attack submarine simulation. He is also a dedicated member (should be the President) of the 2% Club. Yeah, he's one of them! Way to stay with it. I expect Gary to go out to the fleet and continue with the same motivation for the military as he has had at the Naval Academy. The Navy is in him. Go Swo! Go Gary! Go Julie! Good luck Gary!!! TMK

**Frank Byron Ogden**
**Burke, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

O Captain, my Captain!! The man famous for his size came to us from Burke via NAPS, where he learned about the finer things in life. He gave almost as much dedication to partying as he did to football. Parties at Virginia Beach and his inevitable success in certain endeavours, especially with the sister. Football recruits always got a good impression of the Naval Academy after seeing what ECAs were available after hours, especially at UofM. This perfect man with his entourage of lady friends, in and out of the hall never had much of a dry spell and was quick to lend a hand to those in need. Speaking of lending hands, he paid off bets in strange ways. He always did have a good parking spot, even during plebe year, until our vigilant DoD Police nabbed him second semester first class year. He impressed many by maintaining his sanity and did well enough to get a flight billet after living two years with Fryboy and Philly Fill, but he is a better man for it? Name your firstborn after me (Moron). Phildo, Fryboy, Aaaah.



**Katie Jeanette Patrick**
**St. Charles, Illinois**
**Supply Corps**

Katie Jo came to USNA more prepared than a Boy Scout (in a stolen taxi!) Always ready with the right answer or an eager "I'll find out, Sir" KT quickly rose to the challenge. There were a few minor setbacks. End of Semester brought new meaning to `we share everything'. Summer on the beach in S.D: "Are you two twins, or what?" "Honest, Your Honor, we didn't know." Birthday circus.. 4th of July pizza, coolers, and sand sprints.. The amazing multi-colored sunburn collage.. 4 people with only 3 1/2 seatbelts.. 3/c year an additional `locker' was added. Glee Club, Christmas in S.D., Mirimar, Universal, hiding in trees, N.O., Key West. Hilton Head Spring Break: watch out for M & M's. Orlando sirens & S.D. GQ's - always on the run. 2/c Notre Dame was the closest to mandatory fun KT ever had. Spring Break & the Taco Bell trip of justice, not to mention the Paradise (NOT!) Hotel with Lurch himself as the warden. 1/c year gave this chem geek her very own apron, goggles & blonde. Double Trouble, watch out Athens! KC KK ES JB

**Phillip Lloyd Reed Jr.**
**Nashville, Tennessee**
**Surface Warfare**

Phil came to us from the backward ways of Nashville, TN (if she's not good 'nuff for their family, she's not good 'nuff for ours). Almost 2 years...and counting! But you've always had the perfect size right by your side (just ask your Dad). And what speed! 1:22! Position - upside down! Location - ski lift! Skiing: the condo trips, your amazing style to traverse the slope (your face was purple), the girls, and the alcohol (MUCH!). Bottles, bottles, everywhere we turn, empty bottles! Empty stomachs and filled sinks (still doesn't work), not to mention filled shorts! That was another night of wasted opportunity (I can't walk!). "There's plenty more where that came from." Can't forget Baltimore and your ability to impress women with visual representation of body parts. Or your quest with Fink to share in a common goal. Or your first class quotes, "I can pick them up, just don't lay them down."; and "Look at those lats!" Remember all our friends, especially Monty and Ziggy may he rest in peace. Oggie. Fryboy. Aaaah.

**Edward Alan Schrader**
**Tucson, Arizona**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Edward, Alan, Al, "Big Al," or as known to most first class, "Mr. Professional." He arrived from the desert on 6 July 1988, and then began his glorious journey of four years here by the Bay. I first became roommates with Al after he undecidedly became a sparring partner for one of his previous roomies. He then began his quest for the almighty Dolphins after a certain someone decided Navy Air was not for him. Al got his first taste of sub life youngster cruise, and finished the summer in San Diego. The night before he was supposed to leave, however, he had a little going away party and the next morning he could not even give a farewell to the CO. He had more gouge than Eileen had medical chits. Al spent many a night under his tent with his special sunglasses and headphones. 2/C year saw Al become a member of the infamous 98% club. Ironically almost a year later as a 1/C he tried very "hard" to join back up with the 2%. 1/C year he was on Batt. staff, so we did not get too much dirt. Al, best of luck. Dive hard, dive fast, and dive often. Aruuuuga HGJ

**David Gordon Skarin**
**Staten Island, New York**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Aaaaaaaah! Get outta my face!! Well, now that we've described Dave, let's get to the dirt. First, there's girls. Dave likes girls, which is better than liking boys (unless you're a girl). Dave's love life is a story of feast or famine, either he's got girls busting down his door, or Craig's afraid to sleep on his stomach. Now that we've taken care of girls, let's talk about cars. Dave's Italian, and once you get past girls, an Italian's car is closest to his heart. Dave treats his car like he treats his women. Since his plebe summer stammering (Sergeant Major Master chief petty officer of the Air Force, right Dave?) Dave's speech has become much more eloquent; he now knows the correct pronunciation of every four-letter word in the book and isn't afraid to showcase it (just ask the eye-doctor in medical). Last of all, there is our true opinion of Dave. Dave's got a heart of gold, and we all feel lucky and privileged to know him. Go Rangers.ET & CG

**John Thomas Tarzon**
**Burlingame, California**
**Surface Warfare**

"King of the Jungle" came to us as a California kid and remained such even after the plebe trim-- he didn't get one. Tarzon too was a rugger, and a good one at that. No one could ever catch the guy, even the girls. If for some chance one did, another one, (scheduled for the same date) would interrupt. How dare her? For some odd reason John only dated every six months. I think the revirg syndrom keeps him pumping unless otherwise plugged. Things happen you know...and "we sometimes forget." John, I love ya to death, especially in overalls. Enjoy life , like always, and Fly like Kruser.

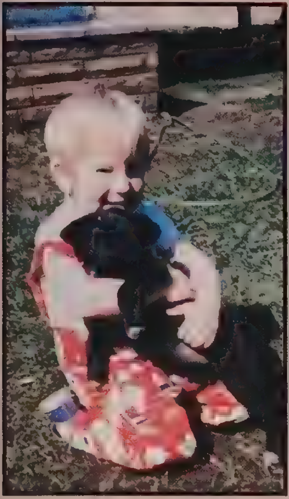
**Eric Matthew Thomas**
**Cherry Hill, New Jersey**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

E.T., some good times to remember. You were never in a rush, even during plebe summer. Slow. Do you remember plebe year? We didn't think so (varsity soccer). The next year I talked you into playing rugby. Aren't you glad? That shoulder gave you an excuse to be wimpy. How about your 21st B-day outside Franny O's, you slowly leaned forward breaking a window with your tucker. Then, the next morning it took you two minutes to register anything verbal and another two minutes to react. Slow. It was hard to tell whether that was due to the night before; or a normal morning when you awoke. Slow. How about the road trips? What about Ring Dance? We should have taken each other instead. We would have saved money and had a better time. My final word is solid, both literally and figuratively. You're an all around good guy and I've enjoyed having you around to abuse. We had a great time here! Good luck and keep in touch. A-man. Aaaah. Knee.

**John David Weber**
**Tappan, New York**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

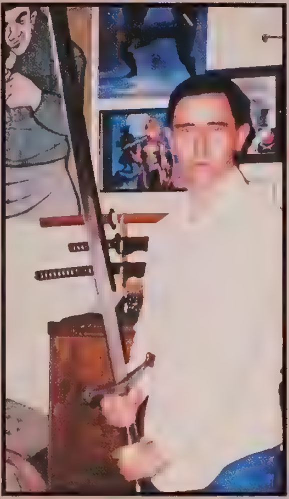
WAKE UP! Had ta' make sure he was awake for his own Bio. Webs left the banks of the Hudson for a much nicer river (NOT!). After sleeping thru 80% of Plebe classes (His own stats), Webs established himself as the end-all sports critic, guru, coach, etc. Forever hailed as The Man Who Brought Us TETRIS, he singlehandedly dropped QPRs half a point ('cept his). During youngster cruise, Webs redefined "dumping on yourself" aboard a YP. "Coach" soon became his nickname, as he coached it all, even EE in the Bancroft dept. (Jake had a standing appt.) E-mail jokes nearly got him castrated by the "killer Beaz", so much for impersonations of Steam profs. Coach drove a true NY freeway car. Dents actually added to the looks, and damned if it didn't burn more oil than gas. Unfortunately, it had no autopilot. The Marines got 26 good miles out of his knees before a mogul took its toll. 3 operations is a pretty steep fare. But he's still got transportation in the form of a Mets blue car, too bad it's always fulla soda. LET'S GO METS!!! JCA SMW EB

# XXVI COMPANY



**Stephen Michael Werve**
**Oxnard, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Steve came to us from Oxnard, the Strawberry Capital of The World. He earned his fame by douching the Reg Cdr to be, thus becoming a lifetime recruit of the Power Squadron. Youngster year Steve discovered Tetris, unfortunately, Wild Bill discovered him. We never should have sent him home, as he always returned postmarked for medical. Steve solved this by never going home. He came home with us. Steve's 2/c apartment was soon furnished with an aerial antenna that got him not only 36 stations, but the attention of an E-9 and O-5 as well. After the Ring Dance, Steve joined the 98% club, taking a Mid for Miss Strawberry Blond. After all those "pre" weeks, 1/c summer saw Steve realize his ultimate goal of becoming Double Trouble, gold and a bubble. He and his green roomy canvassed every inch of the yard, helping themselves to virtually anything. Steve finally upgraded his mode of transportation from a Schwinn (in room) to an Acura, during the sole snowstorm of '92. Old lady Hondas just don't cut it. Sorry Steve, you can't proofread this! JCVE

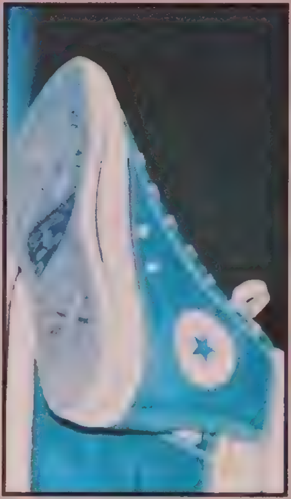


**Timothy Shea Wood**
**Alamogordo, New Mexico**
**Navy Pilot**

Tim, the karate kid, came to USNA with two dreams; to be an electrical engineer and an aviator. The second dream came true after Tim decided that he should probably be a general engineer. Tim has found time out of his karate schedule to accomplish many things including receiving his gold jump wings, his scuba quals, Supt's List, and becoming a renowned member of the Fran O'Briens gang. We won't forget Jerry, Larry, Mike, Kim and most of all, Vonzell and his Gorilla. Firstie cruise landed both of us in San Diego, initially. I then took a trip to Subic and Tim took a trip with my girlfriend. Firstie year even gave Tim time to date some ladies, when he found out where to find them. The road trips were great and the four years in this eastern country went quickly. I wish Tim well in P-Cola and hope he can start looking for love in the right places. Go SWO!-- AWC

**Michael Narciso Abreu**
**Las Vegas, New Mexico**
**Naval Flight Officer**

She's the most beautiful girl I've ever seen! Lorena...Karen... Suzanne... Lisa... Tracy... Laura... Krista... Nora... Rachel... Gwen's sis... Alicia... Tami... Kim... Joyce... Sheila... Nancy... Kristen...Maria... Patti... Dawn... Amy... Molly... From the women of your Academy days, we'll miss you Latino lover. P.G.? Who knows. Remember the district championship 6 years ago: 1 second left, last play of the game, fade back, Buddy got tripped and dropped the ball. Man!! Bambi lives on despite your best try. Hey, when is your B-day? 29th, mine too, cool man. Geeez, it's cold in here. I'm getting sick! 4 years of working, drinking, eating, water skiing, combat driving in the Bronco, trips to Columbia, short holidays in CT., Oh except the last Turkey day spent in Mother B due to a tailgater gone bad. Sharing civies with the locals of N.Y.C. Hung and 10 mins. late for the Plane for summer cruise. A dash through the airport that O.J. would be proud of. Top QB for 26, merciless on Hockey refs., chocoholic, sleeps by day, works by night. Nice Beemer! "Hey Where's the Bronco?" Mike's got it.



**Carmina Amezcua**
**Grosse Pointe, Michigan**
**General Unrestricted Line**

From a "super" at plebe pep to a sword carrier (or loser), you were always standing out amongst the crowd. Perhaps it was the green chucks, maybe the uncontrollable worms, or even that shapely Hilda that attracted the Pigs. By the way what is the count? As a pleber varsity athletedom served you well- so sayeth the ACLOG. And how about that cruise? Romeo, Romeo where art thou? Memories of 2/c year are hurling wallets and your devout community service to the company. Sigh - oh but the end offers the best: a four man room, pin the tail on the donkey service selection, and the ultimate chain-of-command Here's to bedside buds, dancing to the tunes, 4 dates are 1 too many, and men. To you Bin, Worm, Taco, or whatever I am calling you these days I wish you the best of luck and love. "all" of me

**Robert William Bruce**
**Springfield, Virginia**
**Marine Corps**

"I never felt this way about a girl before...it's so weird."...The next Dennis Conner...Captain of the Fair American, Vigilante, Cinnabarge, rack, breathalizers, and 2-1's...Hospital scene...All the girls: Coffee filters at the Norton's....Foxy Lady...Emily the Granola...Nancy at Lehigh...Dish Towel 976-...Pete and Pam's Day Care Center...The Killington snow skier...Hoops in the room...Want to have a party at the condo?...Corvette cruiser...Did you hook up this weekend?..."Chunks?, not moi"...Little Big Nut...Aero major helped put together the '90 Army project...Race against the Soviets in Buffalo...Racing to Bermuda to meet his Ring Dance date, did she ever show?...Darts and Bob's new sponsor The Ebb Tide...Lost bet with Corey, nice hair...Service Selection, what a surprise! Semper Bob...JSD, CJL, CDG, RES

**Marcus Christopher Camacho**
**Glencoe, Kentucky**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Jack, Hector, Macho all this and more you were to us in 8 and 26. We taught you the facts of spades, dating, and driving those late nights in the hall. We have to mention that crab throwing night at Cantler's and the baseball game in Philly. You were the ultimate chaperone on Service Selection night. We wonder how many cars you will go through in your first two years of marriage (we have a pool on it). Kentucky basketball has never been the same since you left, it is good you are expanding the gene pool. P-cola will be a blast, all those Navtag games should come in handy (still have that watch?) to prepare for life as an NFO. 3-on-3 will miss your coaching and the history department will miss your BS. All the luck and happiness with Christina, Chris. TNT JCM DJW LJL RML

**Laura Lynn Christman**
**Glenwood Springs, Colorado**
**Navy Pilot**

She came to us a child from the mountains of Colorado. She leaves a cosmopolitan naval officer. Let us not overlook, however, everything in between. Ask her about the back seat of Darla's car, or better yet ask Pollock. Hand Check!! We thank Reendog for her corruption. Laura can give you some pretty good tips, like...don't pour a pitcher of beer in your shoes, the best time to get fried is during plebe detail, and never ever drink an entire bottle of wine in one sitting. Always remember that her table etiquette leaves something to be desired. She likes to burp in candlelight. On the flip-side, she would walk through fire for her friends, and ask nothing in return. She always gives more than she takes. Now it's off to Pensacola. Don't ever leave your wing-femme. Good luck. (You owe me ten!)

DEWAR'S
White Label
The Scotch
that never
varies!

**Charles Allen Cook III**
**Little Rock, Arkansas**
**Navy Pilot**

A long, long time ago..NAPS had straightened out our juvenile delinquent Chas, this Wildcat brat sailed smoothly into the Academy, to broaden his computer skills. When youngster summer came, we found Chas was his name. From Mr. Walker's fling to a permanent tuna ring, at the National we all heard him sing. So he left the bars, waking with mystery scars, so he changed bikes the next day. From dollar a slice to Gator's twice, with Scituate fluffs and Halifax cuffs, a Southern Bell seriously hoped he had enough. Though the sea would toss and turn, only docks, a Horse and a boxed water made his stomach churn. From a neighbor on Ozarks's fairway to the fellas and PJ's stairway, duck calls were all Chas would say. Although he had breaks at the coast to diving in Bermuda the most, with Hornets in the air and Florida beaches everywhere, a new subscription seems to be his favorite prescription. So wherever the trio may go, be if flying high or diving low, we will always be the funniest people we know. DON'T STALL!!!! JBH, JBM, LJL

**James Scott D'Alessandro**
**Toms River, New Jersey**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

"I am always the butt of everyone's jokes"...Captain of Golf Team...President, Bank of Guiseppe...Jake's favorite head-butt target...UCONN jello controversy...Ski Rumplefest...Mary and Rte 50...Great paper Vinny, I mean Jamie..."The Flight of the Intrepid"...The Turkies went wild on his 21st... Fill it up and check the oil...Fender-bender in OC...Kindergarten correspondence...The Mech E master...Tau Beta cheese...Not Navy Golf...Rock, Paper, Scissors in OC...Truck almost as big...Five second hook up in P-Cola...Running from Queen Latifah...American U, too many grenades to jump on..."I think my dad is an officer."...Crownsville truck and tractor pull...Cheers to his second home...Plane tickets and phone bill to Key West...Waking up with Jake...4.0...Army/Navy kegger...The Diceman...Jamie's winning putt--N* RES, CJL, RWB, CDG.

**Carlos Daniel Flores**
**Edgecliff Village, Texas**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

All of us are different, in our own little ways, but Carlos is someone who is truly unique. Throughout all the ups and downs of USNA, he has always kept his sense of humor. Granted, it's a little unusual, but perhaps that's the very reason it could always break through the monotony of the Academy. I remember the first joke I heard him say at the tables: "How many surrealists does it take to change a lightbulb? A fish." Surrealism--as good an antidote to USNA life as anything else. He became a EE major, and sacrificed his social life to studying, but it payed off because he's doing what he wants to be doing--EE and submarines. If there's something Carlos can teach us all, it's that you should be yourself. We've all heard it a hundred times before, but how many of us have taken it to heart? Carlos is uniquely himself, and that's all that matters. He's been my roommate during this last year (before we separate to the four corners of the world), and I have to admit that he's the best roommate I've ever had. He's unique, he's real, and he's a friend to us all. WTH

**James Joseph George**
**Coraopolis, Pennsylvania**
**Medical Corps**

Doctor Jay came sprinting into the room with a clean shaven head and sweat flying. Who is that skinny little kid? Who is that fat kid? Who would have guessed we were to experience stinky feet, fa*ts, no showers, the eating machine, tents, Utah, dipping, bananas, orange peels, the eternal blotter, ice cold rooms, and polar bears for 3 1/2 years. Not to mention the women. Whether he was teaching himself every single course here, teaching others the mystifying world of Chem., teaching his blue the true meaning of rack, (got to love those reviving 3 1/2 min. rack sessions) teaching me to ski, teaching his 123lb body to lift 900 lbs, or teaching vicious inanimate objects not to attack his body, Jay was the master of intensity. His intensity paid off. Somehow he managed to get 3 4.0's(dumb humanities), Powerlifting All American, 4 stripes(!?!), and the goal of his life-----Medical school. Hey, when the going gets tough, drown your hot dogs in ketchup. Best of luck at USUHS and go get that Surgeon General. RBS

**Christopher Dean Guidry**
**Slidell, Louisiana**
**Marine Corps**

"Hey brah, tell your classmates."...Captain of the Lightweight Crew Team ..Athletes row, others play games .Jarhead, Gung-pup, and registered coon chaser...Horticultural experiment...Cheers to his 2nd home...Water Skiing youngster year... Biathalon master ..A girlfriend with EE connections .. Lent a hand at the Drink One/Wear One .. Tattooed, "is that Vince Neal?". .King Coconut...The Chevy to the rescue, not...The Price Is Right QPR ... Excretion wizard...Ocean City: shotguns in the shower, "Is it gonna be with us all day?"...The Ralph Guidry Spice Company... Summer of '90: a wasted summer, 45 min. lbfest, jogging to Surfside Sally's, attack of the bananas,"in all honesty"..flying motorcycle .. Tag, you're IT...road-trip traditions...meeting big men in an alley ... Brawling with some mummies in The Tombs...We heard you had a good time at the Ring Dance... JSD, RWB, RES, CJL

**William Todd Hagerott**
**Mandan, North Dakota**
**Marine Corps**

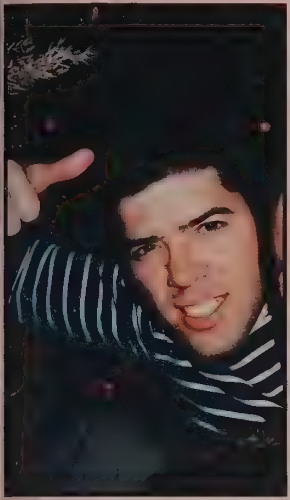
Bill was always quick on his feet, and this became quite apparent right from the beginning during Plebe Summer. "Mr Hagerott," yelled MIDN 1/c John Lowrie, "make up a cadence before we go into King Hall to eat." "Uh. . . Uh. . .Well, sir," and after many arduous minutes of failed attempts, we all heard, "Eighth Platoon, the goon platoon, uh, I mean great platoon, yeah, great eight." Not the greatest cadence ever, but it was good enough to let us eat. Bill was not one to give up, however, and he definitely proved to me that first impressions aren't always correct. After four years here, one semester of which was at West Point and one summer at Bulldog, he improved his cadence skill enough to service select Marine Corps. After rooming with him for the last year, I'll never forget his extreme neatness, but this can only help him in his future career. With blood of red and a heart of gold, he is definitely a true Marine. CDF

**David Lawrence Kern**
**Herndon, Virginia**
**Interservice Transfer**

Kerndog came to us from Herndon Va. or was it Oregon or maybe Michigan After a plebe year that included such rigors as floor racking, F-19 Stealth Fighter, and three hours of studying a week, Dave came to the realization he was not at the country club in C.S. Summer '89 was spent with women at the Portland Rose Festival and getting intimate with the Virgin Islands. 3/C year Dave found his calling as a EE major and recon god-who could ever forget those 30 dozen 8-Ball Easter eggs, or the famous 8-Ball atop Mahan. After 3 F's, a 1.5 QPR, a pyramid of Mt. Dew cans and a short conversation with the Adm.. Dave tried history. Dave switched to G-Sci. Most weekends were spent with the 'love of his life' at JMU. 26 found him as the hook training officer. However, between Halloween '90 and Tailgater '91, our 'Top Performer' proved, yet again, his mastery of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. 'Cuffs' battled his way across country in 44 hrs to get max flight time. Now that he's free, we wish him the best in the Wild Blue Yonder. DGM RBS

**Baye Meissa Khoule**
**Senegal, West Africa**
**Foreign National**

Mr.Kool, Khoule, Bayeeeyah! Meissa... This buffed, bruiser came in from Senegal during the hottest plebe summer ever. "No, Baye will no play soccer today..." "Hello. May I speak with freshman Khoule please?"



**Scott Jayson Kish**
**Charleston, West Virginia**
**Marine Corps**

The Kish-man, Cuz, Capt. Kish, Scotty. From the mountains of West Virginia, Scotty swam his way to the Naval Academy (c'mon Scott, they didn't want you for your SAT's) after a detour in Santa Barb. Narrowly escaping expulsion after failing 2 pro-quizzes, Scotty went on to letter as a pledge, while surviving a grueling plebe year (Hey Paul, pass the potatoes.) Scott came back from youngter summer in love-so much for our roadtrips- the girls would have to wait. Bangin' down Interstate 5, grapes anyone? This stud never disappointed. Some girl talked Scotty into SWO, but we knew this blood thirsty war trooper would see the light. The first to ever sweat a USMC ground billet. In an amazing turn of events, Scott ditched the ring, bought a $3,000 battlewagon, joined fieldball, and spent the rest on wax and coffee grounds. Scott went Carol-ing in January. Will the crusade continue? Let's go Marine, Here's to many more years of friendship and fun. It ain't over yet. Later! Kib, Todd, & John.

Let Us
Play Thru

**Lance Jonathan Lafond**
**Big Timber, Montana**
**Navy Pilot**

Tipper hails from the Big Sky country, where he gave up a life of chasing cows and cowgirls. Plebe summer found Lance and I waking up every morning to Ipock's infernal G 'N' R Welcome to the Jungle. For a reason no one can understand, Lance chose that infernal Comp Sci major and spent many an hour youngster year trying to get in his fair share of VAX time. Who could forget the International Ball (way to go Nolan). Life didn't change second class year with more allnighters on the computer. How he ever managed to live with the walking burrito for a year, we will never know. Finally, the dreaded year ended only to be followed by a summer not to be forgotten. Blackcloud found his way out to Whidbey Island after a 44 hour car ride that he'll want to forget, as will his car. A summer of low-levels and flight suits in the hot tub convinced Lance that Navy Air was the place to be. Lance, you're late nights paid off, good luck at P-cola. DLK, RBS, RML, DJW

**Robert Michael Lewis Jr.**
**Macon, Georgia**
**Surface Warfare**

Bob (Lew-dog) was a good old dixie rebel that was thinking about The Citadel (good choice on Navy). Your first roommates made you what you are: Bill and Big O, then came the African and the pit, then Wicks and Dirk, and finally Jim. We always knew you would buy a truck, even though it is a rice burner. The dominant defensive man on FIELDBALL, Bob was an animal out on the field, even sacrificing his finger for the team. Youngster year brought fun at the O-course, esp. running it with the SFB. It also brought Evan Williams down in PC with the delegates from Oswego. "Excuse me, your friend's 'incapacitated'." Being a 2/C brought EE 311 twice and fun at Ring Dance and restriction from Halloween to T-day. 1/C year brought EE again (passed a final yet?) and a broken truck in NYC. Best of luck in the Gator navy (Jim took your ship). JCM DJW TNT

**Christopher James Lopez**
**Oakland, New Jersey**
**Marine Corps**

"I'll never dip Cope"...Captain of the Baseball Team...Walk-on 4 year letterman...Jarhead Jagman...A.K.A. Jake...Outside the Ramada...12 week vacation- How was the Dead?...Farewell to the Evil One...Initialed postcards from the Dairy...UCONN Great Jello controversy...Raging Bull at the condo...The great corn war..."I've fallen and I can't get up, Rick, is my hip broken?"...Bob's chaperone..."I don't have a spare tire."...Summer of '90: Roaaaarrrrr, Fells Point fun run, Southern Comfort, night of the killer bananas, 45 mins, not those nachoes, Camp Moyer, Safeway, Daytona dilemma, Cocoa Beach crash...Ocean City: Shotguns in the tub, free beer and meat, clothesline on the boards...Army/Navy F-18 Pilot '90...Army/Navy kegger '91...All the jewelers know him as Chris...Matching Grand Ams for the weekly commute...When is Wendy's lucky day?...JSD, CDG, RES, RWB

**Amy Lynn Lyons**
**Harrisonburg, Virgina**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Ames, despite the fact that the laid-back girl from "Rockingham County - a certified business location" was not thrilled with the idea of living with the initial lifer. I couldn't have made it through here without you. Thanks for putting up with my constant jibberish and nonsense Who'd have thunk it, but we balanced each other well: dropping homespun millstones for better pastures; hitting the rack at 2300; youngster cruise when the count began and you learned to search for the gold; bizarre pizza-induced dreams; EE with Fedster - you know he wanted us: polar bearing with the girls; Who'd have thought that you'd lose your accent and I'd do the works. Although we've grown a little more independent, know that you'll always be one of my very dearest friends. Thanks for your friendship, laughter, and sage advice - words can't say enough. Good luck and remember me when you marry rich. MES Outside Davis'-tucked into bed-letter E-thoughts of M & casual HU's. ()Carms

**Robert Louis Masson II**
**Greenwich, Connecticutt**
**Navy Pilot**

Hairbear, hockeybear, grumpybear, grouchybear, loverbear... Rob, is that a penguin on the windowsill? Maybe you should take off that sweater before you get in the shower. Maspooge. Last minute acquisition/merger for AW and MA proved to be profitable! We've all had our hard times: MC, CS, PG, MV, that girl from Breck. You're bringing me down, man. Thanks for being there. Close call w/SWO, but MA would have you in the driver's seat anytime. Columbia, FIJI & Hopper, stolen luggage in NYC (thanks alot), but it was a great time! Driving too fast, skiing too fast, good thing you want helos. Plebe year rumbles, the brick. Youngster year handcuffs, good thing we lived out of company. Second class year, the ring, etc., need we say more? Firstie year, the oak green dream machine, one of the few good mids born with a silver spoon in his mouth (good thing we're roomies!). And Rob, next time we see you, you'd better not be rolling in the snow. 68 guns-AW & MA

**Anthony Eugene McNease**
**Bainbridge, Georgia**
**Surface Warfare**

The Don Juan of Southern Georgia came to us with a dip in mouth and southern drawl. Tony's cohorts in the Bainbridge soap opera included Gretta, Charity, Jennifer J, Jena, Celeste, Carol, Jennifer G (oh yeah, the Ky woman)to mention a few. Stackhouses green bench.. Beverly Hillbillies... intense SI reading... weekly Copenhagen investments... late nights 3/C year for no reason... pro-flicks in the wardroom... parties at the sailing center... buying CD's from Led Zep to Raging Slab to the Pixies... wardroom rat... War of Northern Aggression. . Southern sayings... temperament("well, let's go!"). . mile & 1/2 (all D's)... last minute heroics in classes Tony had his problems with DC including. rumbles in G-town with the Gayster and friendly DC policemen, and antagonizing Marine officers. A trip to the Great White North, Toronto, left Tony in need of an IV to survive. Knoxville: finding a pearl in Hooters and losing it Underground. Playing Big Ben for John, Do it for Dooley & the DAWGS! Get some Georgia Peaches!! JDP DGM DLK

**Darren Graham McPherson**
**Katy, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

Dr. K ventured north from his beloved Lone Star State to began a career of relationships? and baseball. Plebe year was spent playing the U.N. between Taylor and John and lying on the Sopha. 3/C Cruise brought about his famous triple play enlisted adventure and his ability to improve US foreign relations in 3 different countries. 3/C year, Slick had to deal with the odors of Tony and John, latex on the desk, and a full moon on Gwen's camera. A 1.67 sentenced him to a screws summer school session & 7 days leave. His own failure to navigate a YP destined Mac for a SWO future. 2/C year, He will always be remembered for his unique ability to corner in the local establishments. Ring dance found him being "cleaned up" by Tanya in B-more. 1/C summer D had to douse those old flames in DC and found him expressing Russian love in far away places like Israel. He spent his final year with the tailgate crowd, late night phone interludes with a fiance, and countless hours of Civil War. A DD in SD. *GO SWO!* DLK JDP AEM

**James Conway Michael**
**Rescue, California**
**Surface Warfare**

All the way from the Jurassic period came Jimbo. A marine engineer to the bitter end ("out comes the red pen") and engine magic a couple times builds character. Off to the Whidbey Island for your first tour, next stop Commandant. Three years of fieldball didn't make you any smarter, or many friends on the other teams. Rooming with Bill made us very clean (remember all the sabotage), but it didn't carry over to first class year. Remember the mule story home from Hooters? Camping out on the sink must have been comfortable, it won't be the last time. The international ball meant meeting your Ring Dance date (we struck out) and the unauthorized liberty that came with it. You definitely had the hood sponsor. "Swing and a miss" was your golf story youngster year. Can we have our clothes back (shorts) now? Happy SWOing. RML TNT DJW I just have one question--What is gonna happen with Raquel? (Your EN460 partner--you'd have been a General Eng w/o me!!)

**Todd Harry Mohrman**
**Melville, New York**
**Marine Corps**

Todd, along with Jimmy Connors, Vince Lombardi, Abe Lincoln, Moses, and Jesus (so he says) came to us from the Great state of New York. Let me tell ya something about New York pride. Tell us, Todd-o. The pit was born plebe year, and our 1/c pals (Richie, Base, Jamie, Reggie) took care of us. 2%, you curve-breaker you. Todd went Hawaiian as a plebe once. Sorry LT, won't happen again. Hot dogs and Schmidt's don't mix, Ree. Youngster year Johnny sent Todd on another Hawaiian Lau. Where's the brick? A 2.94 brought some gravy for next year. 2/c year, the NY pride swelled as the Giants won the SB. EE tried, but could not beat Todd's spirit. On to 1/c year, EE part 2, no sweat. Nobody'e better, where's the hookage, Don't burn our flag, takin' care of the troops, let's go Marine! The ice-breaker, Todd knows how to meet girls, and sometimes get us killed in the process (Morgantown). You'll make a great Marine Todd, could be one of the best of all time, faithful friends for the duration, your pals... Kib, Scott, and John.

**Takeshi Nakazawa**
**Halfmoon Bay, California**
**Naval Flight Officer**

"Oh no! I'm wasting away..I have the chills..look, I'm getting smaller..wait, am I pale?"..."Hey guys, you got any food?--Allright! Cool! Thanks a lot."... Knock, knock, "Hey what's up guys, got any food??"....Special Highlight: the classic cream pie in the BOOW's (the Hoove's) face during a rumble. Oops-5000. -Tak, the bottomless pit and deadly weapon, roamed these halls for 4 yrs. throwing anyone who crossed him through the ceiling and planting them in the ground like a head of lettuce. Judo was the main mission - school was a pastime. Only a cool guy can use the "Knock'-em"zawa lifting belt and sign it afterwards. T. w/his MR2 is definitely a full blooded Californian. He is a rare, good man and a great leader. He has gone through many fun and tough experiences here, and through these has learned mucho gouge for life. His relationship w/ God & Christian faith have become #1 priority. Ephesians 3:14-21 Hang Tough Brother -BIG-O

**Christopher Anthony O'Balle**
**San Francisco, California**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Kib, OH-BALL, GQ MID, OSPOOGLE, hailing from the streets of SF, jumped at the chance to attend a 90% Univ. Plebe yr. saw ratynees, rack, letters to his true love, "-Where's the hookage" and a lifetime supply of gel. Youngster yr. he caught the Jamaican flu w/ Cuz after a Monday night visit to Club Yancey. He still the rated "TOP BUNK", boy he wished he was issued a ladder. His King Hall diet was his frequent consumption of Danish during 2/c yr. His 21st b-day saw dinner spilled on Griffin's Bar. 1/c yr resulted in many trips to Franny O'Balle's & town; where he became a Heisman candidate. How many stiff arms Kib? You still have your HS sweethearts. This All Star Rack Man put Rip Van Winkle to shame. No, his hand is actually attached to his arm, not elsewhere. The Crusade continues.. Kib, the years have been great. You've been a great friend to all who know you. Never to turn a shoulder on anyone, always to lend a helping hand, we wish you all the best in the Corps. Semper Fi, buddy. Cuz..JD..RE

**John David Platek**
**Rocky River, Ohio**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

Johnny-boy came from the shores of Lake Erie-not a Parmaite, mind u, but close enuf. An early casualty of Mr. Lovelace, Johnny became Divothead. Don't worry, the sides will grow back! Besides losing his hair, J.D. lost his heart...the only 92er to smooch Gwen. Plebe crew gave into the girth, and Johnny launched his all-star intramural career early.(7 1/4) Youngster year-- Tailgators w Bob. (7 3/8) 2/c year brought us the Hog and our leader, Head. The Hog turned out to be a piglett, with a great left hook. A quick 5 Grand (Don't worry, John, the CIA won't find you). Ring Dance, etc, then we were firsties. (7 1/2) Still a 2% man-What is she thinking? John "got sedated" with the Ramones in DC and has gourd for proof. Wham! Wham!-skin contact! Trips in Buick. Another 5 Grand at a gator (what will the Nukes think?) Nice Head! By the way where is Head? You're a man for others, Johnny. Next stop San Fran. In the words of Viv Savage, "Have a good time..All the time." (7 1/2+) CAO RE SJK

**Dirk Hampton Renick**
**Fort Worth, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

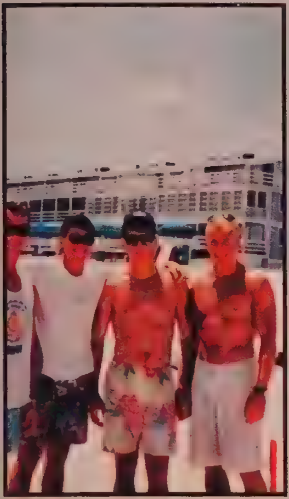
Dirk came to us from the far off land of Texas, and quickly forgot everything he had been taught. Youngster year is still a blur. Me, you, Johnny, and Hamilton always had a knack of sticking together. I'll never forget San Antonio, the LM-2500, and the R&R you enjoyed so much. Thanks for looking out for me at UNC - not. We never failed to have a good time: even winter break in Florida. Remember, "too much is never enough..." Japan will never be the same. I'll never forget the great times and friendship we shared. You've been like a brother. Take care of yourself and watch out for those wedding bells. Dirk's brightest asset is his attn to detail; I don't know anyone else who started getting ready for Morning Quarters at 0600 on Sat. For future reference Dirk, it's important to remember your long distance phone calls, and if you tell the girl to call back, make sure you're awake. GRA RML P.S. Are you ever gonna set me up with your sister? A S

**Michele Elizabeth Salkeld**
**Springfield, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

From the beginning to the end we made it through together, and I couldn't have had a better partner. Yeah, you began this (its not just a job, its an) adventure as a career SWO baby. I, however, was mute. Thanks to me you are undecided and thanks to you my mouth runs rampid. The exciting days of youngster cruise will never be forgotten as we learned the real meaning behind the 24 hour service. 24 hours of the day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year -- our duty will be done. On to 2nd class year when free time was scarce but those silly Thursday nights were frequent. Here's to being in bed before 11:00, Reese Cups between the legs, no more waxing floors, and the Mickey Mouse pajamas (and all the others we adored). Ahh, but alas firstie year brought 2 more mates of the room, one to brighten our mornings and the other to brighten your nights. Ensign Salkeld I bid you adieu. May your career in the Navy be fun and prosperous (doubtful). "all" gone

**Brady Scott Schildknecht**
**Tulsa, Oklahoma**
**Naval Flight Officer**

That bundle of joy known as Brady came to us from Tulsa, Oklahoma, though he constantly reminded us he was not a redneck. It became readily apparent to us all as early as plebe summer that the best words to describe Brady were "sensitive" and "caring." Amazingly, Brady spent a good deal of time Youngster year trying to get kicked out of here, but to no avail. Second class year, Brady endeared himself to his new company-mates in the class of '91 and had yet another negative encounter with the performance system. For as much trouble as he's almost been in, surprising little dirt has stuck to him, though he constantly reminds me of my transgressions. What I can say is that he has made my time here a lot easier and definitely more fun. In spite of himself he has been a great friend. Good luck, Brady. Somehow I don't think you'll need it too much. Love, Coolness



**Richard Edward Seif, Jr.**
**Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

"I'm so sick of her."...Brigade First Lieutenant...Owner of a real 911 and many a model...Closet Time...$1.98 Delaware ...High School heartbreaker, roses and all...Practicing up for the real thing with Silent Submersible 74...Ocean City: rock, papers, scissors, ripped shirt and a fat man, free beer, and sniffing sand on the volleyball court...Big Chill Thanksgiving '88...Sticking up for Sam in a sticky situation...Eating Pounce with Mroziak and friends...Sacrificing his forehead for the Corps at Quantico...Feeding his High School honey shrimp...Waking up Jake with a Slurpee...Getting sweater from a fantasy...From skinny plebe to looking like Franco...Firstie weekends waxing the Porsche...Detail '91 bracing up for his favorite LT..."Let's get him to the hospital, I know his hip is broken."...JSD, CDG, CJL, RWB P.S. Are you ever gonna finish that MHD?? A S

**Olin Michael Sell**
**New York, New York**
**Navy Pilot**

From the edge of Harlem and inner city high school where he beat-up little freshmen for their lunch money, came Olin Sell. What a character! Running around trying to find time to PT all the time! And then he could sing! Boy could he sing! And wasn't he the guy that brought that little blond girl to all the football games? She couldn't be more than 7 years old. What a cutie! Was that his sister or girlfriend? In addition to girls always calling him and visiting at Main Office he would get mail from girls living in Europe! What did they see in him? May be it was all that athletic talent stuffed up in that muscular stay-puff body of his. I think he did everything but nothing was enough for Mr. PT. Didn't he row crew, beat people up in Karate, throw people around in Judo, swim like a snake, play H2O polo, and smash other company toads in smear-the-man or was that fieldball? And didn't he room with that other weird guy? Thanks for everything. Stay away from those trouble girls! -TN

**Robert Burton Szemborski**
**Alexandria, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

Szembo-What can I say. I know that you're probably one of the happiest guys that ever graduated from this place. Every time I saw you, you had a smile on your face and offered a friendly, "What's up?" I do know that you kicked my butt in racquetball without even breaking a sweat!! Good luck at flight school. I know you'll do well because you always have. Take care and hopefully I'll see you in the fleet. Matt Taliaferro, the editor. P.S. Why didn't Taylor write you a bio?

**Taylor Nathan Thorson**
**Jacksonville, Florida**
**Navy Pilot**

T./Nitro came to us from all over the globe, but claims Jacksonville (or is it Cecil Field) to be his home. T. could never really decide what he wanted to do, but we all know the real reason he didn't select Nuke was because he would not have been the first guy in the class to pick it. It does feel great to wear leather doesn't it? Hey, Dave was here. Tee has come a long way from sleeping in the corner of his rack when he didn't rate it. My favorite Taylor story is one I didn't even get to see first hand: his trip to Chicago with Dave Whitaker as a firstie. Taylor should have no problems with anything Nicklaus happens to throw at him. Learning to play spades was never so easy with such a patient, soft-spoken instructor as T. (I am a better player now) We had great times as roomies with WTH, B-104, (great music), Bible-thumping and always a clean room too! We have had great times at the I-Ball (how is your Espanol coming?), Baltimore, Cantler's and more. Times never to forget. MCC RML JCM

**David James Wickersham**
**Janesville, Wisconsin**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

Wix hails from the boonies of the Dairy (Cheese) State. First impression: Norman Bates on the evening of 5JUL88 (remember BK lounge). What I remember most about Dave: all the girlfriends, the walkman, the rack, the famous 21st birthday in the wardroom, and the famous looks. He's off to Bremerton, WA, but a stop at radiation city is first in order. All that money and nowhere to spend it in Washington. Team handball was Dave at his best, breakups were Dave at his worst. The halloween fry and the room formal weren't typical of training stud Dave. There were many good times in the barn youngster year (remember Carlos and the scene from the Exorcist?) and in the three man 2/C year (Herb the herb). The sorority dates to the Valentine's dance were worthy of rememberance. PC spring break was Dave's intro to life in the fast lane. If you are glowing, get out of the Navy. RML JCM TNT DHR P.S. I wish you the best of luck, even if you are a Cheddarhead!! A S

**Andrew Donald Wolff**
**Cashmere, Washington**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Dude Wolff.....From a scenic vantage 50 feet higher, I hear Drew's knuckles crack as he pulls a finger jam up and out on the overhanging crack. Sweat seeps off a saturated doo rag in a salty stream over a nervous face. The index finger suddenly slips a painful centimeter past the second knuckle and Drew futily attempts to appease the situation by reaching for an empty chalk bag. Left hand up and slapping hard but two inches short. Right knuckles pop and BAMMMMMMM! Drew swings freely and far out past the overhang. the valley floor whirrs past and once again life depends on eleven milimeters of intertwined nylon. He has a unique expression of fear and pure exhilaration generated by a sudden and intense flow of adrenalin. Drew and I have been climbing partners for seven years. In a world of uncertainties he faces life with a robust sense of humor and an insatiable desire for good adventure. Let it always be known of Drew Wolff that he is a man who actively pursue life's great adventures."68 Guns" you ...- GRANGER

**William Manning Yancey**
**Washington, D.C.**
**Marine Corps**

Fancey Yancey, Uncle Willy, Billy, Cobra, Yance, this 3 star athlete came to us via NAPS and Wash. D.C. Yance spent half his plebe summer in Rickets and half in the slime cart. Youngster year featured a trip to Jamaica and the fabulous RUM. Club Yancey was always open, and resulted in one memorable, rough Tuesday. Where's the AC-log? Uncle Willy tied the record for survived AX-boards by youngster year, quite a feat in just 2 years. In a Van! No! You needed those weekends between visits to Smoke Hall. You were the only one that needed a beeper to keep track of everyone. You sure collected a lot of boots for a guy with only 2 feet. The cobra is now tamed! (Yeah, we'll see) 1/c football, yeah Bill, sure it wasn't your zone, safety had deep half...SEVEN! To a hell of a roommate and a truly great friend, good luck in all you do. Remember its always good to have "a little pain, ooh rah" Semper Fi, Semper boots, gonna get it right now, pillow in your face. What a trio...later..Kib and Scott.

**Benjamin Andrew Atkins**
**Morgantown, West Virginia**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

MEESTER Atkins came to us from the hills of West "by God" Virginia plucking his fake banjo plebe summer. His dedication and hard work soon distinguished him from the crowd. Everyone knows the top-of-the class, Oxford bound, mega-striper side to Ben, but only a few of us lucky ones have known the crazier, inebriated, lady killing, powerlifting, old school side to this illustrious scholar and stellar example. I'm glad to have been able to influence Ben these last few years, hopefully we have removed (for good) some of the retentive part of his type-A personality. Have fun underwater dining on crumpets and tea. We all wish you luck, even though you don't need any. Remember the good times and stop thinking so much, someday that head is gonna explode -- JHR

**Sean Wesley Boyer**
**Merchantville, New Jersey**
**Surface Warfare**

Is he in this company???? I think he's over in 37th company, somewhere near Anne Arundel Community College. Melissa's house I think? Oh well, he did leave a mark on USNA. Boyer weekends will live in infamy. Good luck in the SWO community. Take care. Matthew

**Chad Stuart Breese**
**Iowa City, Iowa**
**Marine Corps Naval Flight Officer**

Breezer, or Breez-dog, came to us from the lovely state of Iowa. Hey Chad, don't they grow potatoes there and have daily fights with the Indians? Plebe year was not too fun for good ole' Breezer because of a certain 1/c who always could be heard yelling, "Rrrrrig it, Mr. Breese!" Youngster year was more fun, though, with all of our mellow hours down on 5-3. Who could ever forget the candles and James Taylor? Oh, and what about those trips to Virginia Tech? What happened with Kerry? Need I say more? 2/c year brought a tough schedule and several weeks of unsatness. We still had fun though! 1/c year was definitely the best of the four., especially the trip back to the Academy from Iowa. I now know to put a stuffed tiger in my front seat when I travel!!!! You did, however, meet a nice girl and get your dream of flying in the Marine Corps. Breezer, you're probably the best friend I had at the Academy and I'd give my life for you. Good luck in the Corps. I know you'll make General some day!! Tailferry

**Patrick Tyler Britt**
**Brandon, Mississipi**
**Surface Warfare**

Ty came to USNA with the face of a scared child and a deep commitment to be a Naval officer. On his desk, the picture of a girl who he wrote every six months, just before going home. He always had a good time at home. Your love for aircraft made you try Aero but later, like most, you went General! In 9th you met John B.; thanks to a change of Co. you didn't become infected with his insanity. In 27th, we wonder how could you fill up a glass at that Dining in. Later, I got to check the charm of the south when you invited me home. Are your parents still paying for all that food I ate? Anyway, don't be caught without leave papers. 1/C year came, a car with automatic pilot, 2 more wheels? and a new girlfriend. Too bad that most of it was spent as CDO, in Smoke Hall or in the wardroom, home of the UNSAT. Good Luck and I hope too see you steaming down the South Pacific, the real South! FAL --P.S. You may never know...ask me again at 11...vej

**Manuel Martin Burga**
**New York, New York**
**Cryptology**

Manny (aka Papito as Crissy calls him) came to us as a bad boy boxer with a smart mouth from the streets of N.Y. and left as a good boy from FL. When Manny can't be found in his room listening to salsa, or messing with everyone in the Brigade, he can be found in FL hanging out. Manny is by far the most popular guy at school, its probably because he is the Brigade expert on many subjects: subways, Godfather I, II, III, Scarface, Gotti, driving, Sambuca, disco, and kick-boxing. Manny started out as a wanna be Marine, but this quickly changed due to his run-in with medical. Then he became a swo-daddy, but medical loved him so much they called him in some more and Manny became the greatest thing since Spider Man, "CRYPTO-MAN." Looks like that lock-picking ability will come in handy! Don't ever forget BC, Gunny Sosa, Naps 87-88, and summer 90, FP413, and FP414, Snider, running, my dad, ac-board, and how Dan convinced us here. Disco forever! You're like a brother to me man. See ya in Homestead. USAF A.M

**Carl David Cirillo**
**Vienna, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Whether it was winning the SECNAV rifle competition, assigning a secretary to the Archery Club, or repelling from some of the most interesting places, Carl has always had an aura of curiosity about him. Many long nights with ice tea and a computer proved to be the trademark of Carl's study habits. With three stripes as the Second Regimental MISLO, Carl has obtained a knack for interior decorating, KM, and apartment 705. Carl's good sense and untapped intelligence will serve him well driving ships for the fleet. Carl will find his true place when he hears his name mentioned instead of Dykstra and Pressman. Friends Always - Gunny.

**Bradley Dean Dunham**
**Allentown, Pennsylvania**
**Navy Pilot**

Bull, the soccer stud who never drilled, came to the Boat school from steel country. Bull played soccer half the day, studied a little, and slept the rest. What ever happened to classes? Youngster year he just decided not to go!! Oh well. Bull was the only guy I know that could get all his homework done before 2200 every night! I'm glad we moved off deck 5-4 because I think he would have broken everything in sight sooner or later. Remember the "Mad Pie Bomber", the projectiles that were launched out of your room, the stereo wars, and all the Army Week pranks that we got away with!!! Once you got to 27th, I think you calmed down a little and concentrated more on your soccer game. Goodness knows I never saw you when you were in season. Thanks for taking care of me all the times I came in more than slightly inebriated and supporting me through the semester from hell. You were an example to follow in your walk with Christ and someday I hope to repay you for all your help. Good luck in flight school. I expect you to be the next "Maverick!!!" Take care and God Bless. Hormel

ALUMNI HAL
LOBBY ENTRANCE

**Joseph Kazmir Ford**
**San Rafael, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Joey, my roommate by default. It all started on I-Day... you, me and P. Being trained by the famed Richie O., you became a hardened Plebe. In fact, life was so hard on you the first year, you decided to take the second year off and marry your rack. When the Sweet One turned sour on USNA, we set out on our two year Rooming Tour. Living with me should qualify you for a Medal of Commendation, or is it vice versa? What can I say except to Thank You for being a loyal friend. You've exelled at Academics (I will never forget the agonizing nights you spent on "The Thesis"), Athletics, and the Women (I know that sunny California is your true stomping grounds, but who could resist that body and car?) Good Luck Joey, I am certain no enemy aircraft will be safe with you in the air. Stay postive and stay close, I will miss you. P.S. I am looking forward to the day I meet the illustrious Dave Moses. P.S. VA TECH '90 Hormel

**Un Kyong Hand**
**Colorado Springs, Colorado**
**Navy Pilot**

Un Kyong came to us from the home of a well known FARCE. She tried to make her name simple by saying it's like uncle and young without the L. Hence, she became Megan. Hey Megan, wake up during the I-Day Ceremony. I think you're my roommate? Youngster summer brought lots of good stories and a pair of wings--admit nothing, deny everything and make counteraccusations. So much for roommates keeping each other in line. Are you glad you kept the lights on? Keep your head on your shoulders (it can be hard sometimes) and you'll make an ace pilot. KAM A tour of the BAC and a private helo ride made Megan think twice about flying. Bees and a shark took habitat in her abode accompanied by systems parties and team solitaire (a favorite sport of Marines.) A last minute waiver made ideas of diving change back to flight. Beware pale people with hunch backs and hairy knuckles with HPS. Always recycle and be a good girl. EB

**Michael Wayne Haney**
**Mandan, North Dakota**
**Marine Corps**

The Consummate team player whether dishing the rock or ordering the ZA, the Dawg was doing it. OH! those fights with Gunnigle and the slide in the absence of clothes. They sure grow 'em weird in Mandan. Mike's gunginess will serve him well in the Corps, but his true glory will come when he succeeds Bobby Knight, Tark "The Shark" and Coach K. Everlasting memories - The Team.

**Robert Kennedy, Jr.**
**Eight-Mile, Alabama**
**Surface Warfare**

"U woke me up...!!" "sssiiirrr u now haaaavvvveee.."Plebe Pres.. afternoon debate naps everyday!! drill exempt..no drill exempt..which is it?!? BATS..Dragons=angie, cam, chrstna, lori, shannon!! Swords on the shelf..I KNOW U LUV ME!! good morning..#!@$ U..drives w/jimmy lew..clubin' w/ leslie..debater o' the year!!! KING! a night w/ernest! "i'm gonna get a 4.0!" my name's Bennett & I ain't innit!! being BITTER! nice con-locker..3 workouts a semester..enthusiastic detail X-O..rosen-rosen..sword in the parade-deck ..did U shave today? way to show initiative!! don't wear socks to the head!! This and That..we can sing better than that..Ebony & Ivory!!! Grandpa on cruise.. Sasebo, Japan over Mobile!! movin out..papa U gained weight ..Rob-N-HRC!!! Thanks! Black BMW ..is this your car?!? I stole it ..of course! make love not war.. peace..luv ya!! VFH,RWM

**Fernando Andres LeDantec**
**Vina del Mar, Chile**
**Foreign National**

Fernandino, the Fernandinator, the ol' Fernanderino...After rooming with you for a year and a half, I'm surprised that America and Chile still have diplomatic ties. From the fall of Pinochet to the Grapes of Wrath incident, you have firmly stood behind the Chilean (or is it Texas) flag - for this I admire you. About the only things I regret from the past four years are that 1) I am still Spanish illiterate 2) That you never found your English mistakes as amusing as I did and 3) That I never did smash that watch of yours-you know-the one that would go off five times and wake ONLY ME up! Still, it's been a lot of fun all in all and I'll make sure to give all ships flying a Chilean (or is it Texas) flag a very wide berth. Oh yeah, Mom said don't worry. They finally got out of debt after feeding you for the week. Thank you and Adios, Amigo. Tshark

**Robert William Mathewson, Jr.**
**Oedt, Austria**
**Navy Pilot**

"Cmmn crtsy"..CHEEZ..Maidrie.. leeeta..Hr back..Svrn Sprng Brks..Tag, your it..Just Leave Him Alone..The Only 2..I Thought of It 1st..2 Roads Diverge on an Island..Don't take my w-8's..One of 3 orgnl..Summer silver..Cmpng X-Country..-Zombie, Top Talent.. Weigh-ins..Nice Hair 2/C smmr..GC..Computer Gk..Swt-Schuylkill-Set..Hudson->2nd time's a charm .-.Back of Bus..No wear dwn under talking..want some ketchup.. Sprints..Intrsrvc Trnsfr Ring Dance..Don't sit on the rack.. plbs luv 2 wtch TV..ARMY/Navy 91 ..Boston Intrntnl Bash..Lasabre ..2 Honda Family..NY Wknds..Messiah Rainy Nights & the Gazebo, Europe & 6 holes in wall..Man who was nvr settlng down-does.. Goofy hat & spghtti partys..X-mas at New Years..Hrs of EE w/M..Murrays->Bowie..Serg alwys..X-Mas tours & Sprng Brks apart.. Surprise B-Day Prty? Who was surprised.. Flight School--Dreams Coming True..CREW 92!! MAM,CDG

**John Edward McGunnigle Jr.**
**West Bridgewater, Massachusetts**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

A 4.0 computer scientist--thanks to the white board, turbo debugger, and caffiene filled nights, I don't know why he had to go to NAPS. First class year started with orange hair, and his ever present Boston accent and attitude. I would never had guessed him for the boxer and avid hockey player and fan he is. Despite the bets that him french fries, hot dogs, and Capital's games (GO SKINS), I am confident of his sports knowledge. The one thing that has amazed me is that he leaves here with the same girlfriend he came in with. Not to say he didn't lose and regain Faith as well as have some Sherry in between. If my ship ever runs across his glowing underwater steel prison, I'll be sure to give him a wide berth. Always friends --CDC. I just have one question--Is Amy REALLY coming down to Orlando with us??!! --P

**Krista Ann McKinley**
**Carson City, Michigan**
**Marine Corps**

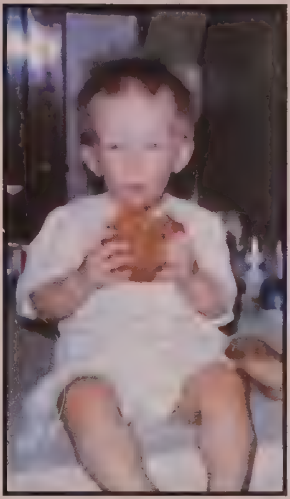
Miss McMinney Mouse came to 5-4 via Carson City, which is located in the middle of her palm. 3/C summer taught her how to "Admit Nothing..." (Oh Really?) A trip in the Brown Thing to Richmond brought Slurpee Additive and Yankees. With her knack for interior decorating, life on 6-0 was a bit more visible. Red blood turned to green. She explored the streets of DC, Quantico jungles, and Rock(s). 1/C year-another marathon and still dabbling in geology. Well, so much for that. Too bad honey... BOL-VEJ, UNK --McK, I never thought that the person to my right in Econ would become one of my best friends. The late night talks and good times at Fran's. Slurpees-with additive. The dinner you still owe me. The Ring Dance. Thanks for all the advice. Don't forget who won the X-C race-Go Navy Wrestling! Remember the stopover at my house. Enjoyed your chair? The Corps is lucky, it's getting a fantastic person. Semper Fi. MSR

**Michael Jude Moes**
**Dubuque, Iowa**
**Marine Corps**

The journey started on July 31, 1987 in Newport R.I. It was there, as part of the 2-2 NEW ZOO that I was introduced into the world of Naval Academia. From there, the adventure continued onto the hallowed grounds in Annapolis. Life on 5-4, amidst the bulging eyes of Captain Shupp and the soap box of LT. Humpton, I survived two encounters with the Old Man. With two years down and two to go, it was onto 27th Company. The last two years did not differ greatly from the first three; many hours with the books, trying to convince myself I would someday use all this engineering. Still looking for those "Fair Winds and Following Seas", I decided to continue the adventure in the Halls of Montezuma.... To My Mom and Family: Thank You for your support, I needed it. To My Friends: I appreciate your friendship, you made the good times great and the bad times better. To the Institution: It gave me the opportunity to succeed. To Myself: Through perseverance and hard work, goals can be accomplished.

**John Howard Rousseau**
**Timonium, Maryland**
**Navy Pilot**

Johnny started his journey here at the Academy with an attitude that I would have killed for. He made everything fun, no matter what it was. Who could ever forget Ostrowski and his famous, "Do it again!" Johnny and Bull probably played more practical jokes and made more trouble than any two plebes in the Brigade, but they always came out unscathed. Between dropping water bombs down the plebe vator and throwing pies at plebe, Johnny became our company clown. Who could have guessed he would become our company commander first class year? Johnny was one of the few who remained a member of the two-percent club, and I must say that he is one lucky man! So when are you getting married? Woops, I wasn't supposed to mention that, was I? Anyway, good luck to you in flight school. I wish I could have been your RIO! Take care and keep in touch!! TAIL. P.S. Can I use your phone?



**Andrew Sekela**
**Burbank, Illinois**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Andy, or "P" (yes, just "P"), came to Annapolis from Burbank despite the wishes of the St. Elmos's crew (i.e., Chuck, Steve, Joanne, Ray, Kevin, Theresa, et al). We found it hard to believe that he actually had a lifelong ambition to go nuke, that was until we would discuss Chicago sports. I consider P a living legend with his ability to meet women (from Kim to Park Bench to Geo Storm--he was never without a date), although it always seemed to be a "one-and-done" affair. It must be the curse of the Inner Harbor. We've had to suffer throught the great music mixes but all in all you've been a great roommate and friend. Good luck in Orlando. Duke, Dawg, Shing

**Ronald Raymond Shaw Jr.**
**Tacoma, Washington**
**Navy Pilot**

Ron came to us from the urban center of the Pacific Northwest bringing along with him more than his share of celebrities. Ron's first intro to USNA was a roommate with an identity crisis, one that both of us are still analyzing to this day. Maybe this explains his erratic social behavior. One day he was chasing women and the next month he was trying to avoid them completely. This man is the most avid non-UW alumnus that I have ever met. There is something to be said for this, what I'm not sure, but something nonetheless. Though he may appear to be an anacronysm, no one could replace this guy as a friend or a roommate. Good luck and thanks for absolutely everything. MJT P.S. Did you ever buy Angie a new belt buckle? --P

**Sean Kevin Shingler**
**Wilmington, North Carolina**
**Surface Warfare**

Sean, aka Fat . Warrior-Pig, or just plain old Shing, is probably best remembered for his multi-dimensional personality. Everything from Aerobics to Boxing to Shakespeare seem to be among this man's repertoire. With his huge appetite and girth, thank God for his mom and her huge care packages - they kept us all fed from plebe summer on. Pizza Express and Buddy's both will go out of business upon his departure. Keeping the same girlfriend for 4 years was quite a feat, especially for one of his looks and body. Never forget plebe summer (up at 4 to clean or write), marching ability, 10 minute rack sessions (fully unclothed), nervous habits, all my eaten pencils, cigars and Sinead on the ledge, sharing a urinal, turning 21, sharing clothes (mainly underwear). Great times with a great friend. A very popular man with a huge heart. Decide on what you want and the world will fall at your feet. Love, Duke.

**Joseph Matthew Taliaferro**
**Churchville, Virginia**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

What can I say? I could certainly fill a volume of encyclopedias with all of your antics. But for lack of space, let me sum it up with some quotes. "But my friends are inside..." (heavily slurred) "I haven't been sick in sooo long." (barf, barf) "I have a Mitsubishi Eclipse TURBO." "Matt, was Leslie BIG?" "Aimeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee." Spring break--Chicago (how many days did it snow?); losing your eyeglass lense on the dance floor; passing out at 11:00 pm; don't you have any MALE friends?: hooking up your friends with girls; hooking up with your friends' girls; I could go on and on. This is just the beginning. Orlando will be the adventure of a lifetime. You are one of my best friends. Thanks for everything (especially finishing this section of the yearbook!!) --P P.S. Don't forget. ."We're one quarter done with the book..." YEAH, RIGHT- VEJ

**Michael John Trainor**
**Sacramento, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Mike arrived at Annapolis via Northwestern Prep near his home in Sacramento, CA. He immediately established a vast social base. I think sometimes more people know me as "Mike's Roommate" rather than by my name! Being an intramural "All-Pro" athlete only added to his fame. I believe Mike began secretly attending Georgetown sometime youngster year as he was frequently seen on the D.C. metro or bumming rides to and from New Carrolton. Apparently he recently "graduated" and is now ready for something new. I wish him the best of luck as we enter our post-USNA lives and await the next set of memories to be made. RRSJr

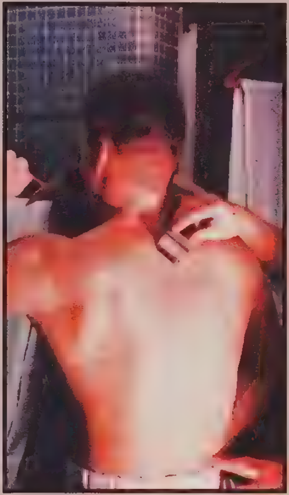
**Janet Elizabeth Vincent**
**Lumberton, New Jersey**
**Civil Engineer Corps**

While most everyone knows Janet as the studious little brain of the ocean engineering dept., I know her as the little Captain Morgan's last inch shooter--at Andrew's, University of Richmond (yeah Phi Kapp) The trips to Richmond were times (and quotes) to remember. Too bad a certain officer took those quotes and practically jailed us in return. Remember the Yellow Bug? Clutch, brake, and gas all at once. Even that brown thing we borrowed couldn't beat the Yellow Bug. Here's to late nights, yogurt runs and Captain Morgan. KAM Truly you were a woman among men. This trip down memory lane would not be complete without a Johnnies' moment, remember? Me either. Then there's always the four year degree and CEC (hey it rhymes). We'll meet again and don't worry-you'll always be a vejetable to me (and everybody else in 27). Watch out for the "...sharks that can swim on the land." Tshark

# XXVIII COMPANY

**Thomas Ambrose York**
**Fort Totten, New York**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

First of all, why would an Army brat (son of a Colonel, no less) go into the NAVY. Let me guess--if you had not come to USNA, you would never have met Mary. Who would have thought that our little Dukie (and I mean little) would have gotten a girlfriend, let alone a fiance, during his firstie year? You are a very lucky man. As for Mary, well...I'm sure she'll be happy (as long as she doesn't expect too much). Seriously, you have been a great friend these past four years, and a great roommate for 1 1/2 years. I will miss you and your flop of hair. I could fill a book with all your antics-- carrier landings, your 21st birthday (where did those pictures get to?), climbing into the WRONG rack (and wrong room, too), etc. Thanks for everything, and best of luck in the Fleet and with Mary. You are destined to be successful no matter what you do. --P



**Christopher Deane Alexander**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

"Hey Stacy, Wanna come over?"
"Why?"
"Because my Mom will make us peanut butter and jelly sandwiches."
"O.K. What else can we do?"
"I don't know. We can go up to my room and listen to Pink Floyd for a coupla months."
"O.K."

"Hey Pam, wanna come over and play?"
"No"
"You can buy me breakfast."
"O.K."

"Hey Lisa, wanna come over and watch T.V.?"
"What's on?"
"I don't know, we'll flip through."
"Good idea."
"When we get hungry, we can go get some Sub-Way or some Gyros."
"O.K."
Don't worry Chris, we know you are much deeper than this.-CPO

**John Foster Baron**
**Muncie, Indiana**
**Special Operations**

Hey, it's me John Baron. I know you are supposed to get someone else to write this for you, but I don't need anyone. Besides, Mom is an english teacher and I can write better than all of you. Oh you don't think so? Probably don't think I can outlift you either. I'm just a small guy right? I'll fight you all. I won 5 and lost 1 in high school fights, so you know I'm serious. I have a couple of bones to pick now. Who messed up my locker? Kurt? Whomever it was, cut it out or I'll kick you in the throats! I'll drink a pint of vodka while doing it too! Just remember, whoever you are, there are lessons to be taught, so walk a straight line or I'll rip your faces off! That goes for you too Andrea, because you know what happens to girls who stray. Well enough hate for now. Now for the people I love: Mom, Dad, Adam, and Professor Lim. What's my name jerky? John Baron.

**Robert Erik Boehning**
**Dallas, Texas**

Rob comes to us from a-way down south in Texas. Bravo-ob Butterfly man Golden boy Nernst Juder BMW Spin Panama City - burnt hands. Is there a parking lot nearby? I've had too much seafood. Lounge chair equipt vans. Vitamins All-nighter labs and EI for Yana and Dave. Short hand, or was that a secret language? Charlie Gray What's the secret password? The ONF. PE officer "does it count if I did the situps in my rack?" Oatmeal cookies from Mom to all of us! "Rob, we have a trap, don't walk into the closet." AARRGH! I'm still cleaning up the baby powder, roomie. Rob has been a true friend. Since I-day, when I grabbed his hand, scared of what lay ahead, he has been loving, loyal, trustworthy and dependable. Rob's sense of humor (odd as it is) kept us going. His heart gave us support. When we leave this place, we will take you with us. Thanks for being a brother to us all. YC VMV KMM CA

**Christopher John Boyle**
**Woodbridge, Virginia**
**Naval Flight Officer**

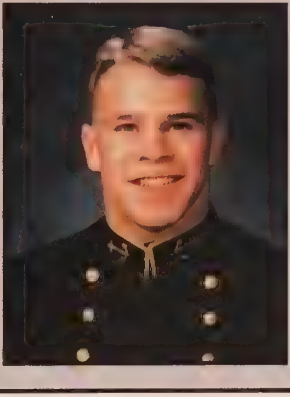
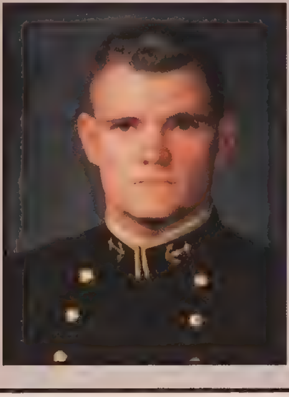
Chris came to the Academy from Woodbridge High School in his father's footsteps. Chris was determined to play a sport, however his father decided not to pass on any of his football-size to his son. So Chris did what any pint sized, athlete wanna-be would do: he became a coxswain. His experiences with Sykes and the boys led to an "expanding chest" and many early morning swims. Chris managed to get home every weekend plebe year thanks to a streak of 100's on pro quizzes (not Artistic ability). 3/C year Chris quit crew and developed his now famous sleeping habits, and began his fatal attraction with psychos. On spring break 2/C year Chris used his call to summon munchkins. 1/C year Chris had it all; a new 240, no classes, and a friend "close to God" at Goucher. Its been great knowing you, good luck dropping bombs. (PS, remember you can always transfer to nuke). DV BCJ

**Jenks David Britt**
**Russellville, Kentucky**
**Surface Warfare**

What? umm uh I mean fat sir. Dave Britt, the big guy, with the big gut. (How big is it now!) You were the only guy capable of the famous Dave Britt hug. Just ask Yana about that one. Dave, you had a lot of friends, but you could have many more if you didn't take such immense pleasure annoying everyone. Some examples? "I'm too sexy for my hat, too sexy for Art Weiss." Where is my watch? It's in a place! Is Tommy Lasorda the best thing ever? Why, baseball, I don't know. Hillary Gilligan's wallbangers. The time you threw my pet boar over the center field fence in Yankee Stadium. Member That? Probably not! Besides pestering people, you did some other things well. You were some actor, women (everybody knew your name), football (you were first through the banner which kicked off a wonderful season?), and snoring. GARN!!!!

**Juliana Lassiter Cleland**
**Winston-Salem, North Carolina**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Yana, Tanya? Bear! Carolina girl..I'm fiiine. Yana came to us from Carolina, a daddy's girl. And so began, the trials of this place..What chem final? Livin' with who? NO! It's time for the ledge, good tunes good talks. Why are we here? I'm quitting next week, okay i'll graduate. Van M? Why not Julio?! Passin' notes. Molybdenum! Why chemistry? Your Mass. leg hound lil' sweetheart. A Yankee? Who's the third wheel in da jeep? I'll study later..cut on? it's TURN on! Tear me limb from limb. Flowers, for YOU again! Yana, we grew up together, bad times made us stronger, good times made us closer. Always ears, always smiles, always a shoulder and a friend. We were born before the wind, also younger than the sun... let your soul and spirit fly into the mystic. Wherever you go, whatever you do, you'll be happy, Yana. And I will always treasure the times we've shared. Vaya con dios in Sept. HK

**Ngan Huu Duong**
**Whitehall, Michigan**
**Naval Flight Officer**

I think it's been said that success depends upon the setbacks that one overcomes in achieving one's goal. If this is true than I've been very successful because it hasn't been easy being at USNA. However, I know I could not have done it with out the support of my parents (Tam and Hieu), brothers (Tai and Duc) and sisters (Dien, Anh and Hien), father Pettit and in the past year my fiance, Diep. My diploma belongs to them more than to me. Most of all though I want to thank you God for always being with me through the many ups and downs of my life thus far. And yes, I can go to h--- and Back!

**Bradley Royce Garber**
**Harrisonburg, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

Brad came to USNA with a work ethic twice as large as his hometown the Burg. Plebe year found Brad undefeated on the 10th Co. rumble circuit. Youngster cruise saw Brad at Fort Benning and playing volleyball on Huntington beach. Ac year, Brad was back on the mat wrestling. "Darn it GRABER, git back in there and wrestle." On the weekends when he wasn't hanging out in the hall, Brad could be found chasing the residents down at JMU. 2/C summer at Pensacola made up Brad's mind on service selection. Coming back saw Brad working out 5hrs a day and still get 8hrs sleep. Brad "I don't have a girlfriend" Garber has found one in Cathy. After a fun summer in Brunswick, Brad came back ready to work. His effort put 5 stripes on his collar and put him in the top 1/4 of the class. Good luck at Pensacola. Thanks for making this place a little bit more bearable. CDR

**Bryan Joseph Gordon**
**Providence, Rhode Island**
**Surface Warfare**

ET2 Gordon arrived at the Boat School from USS ALBUQUERQUE via NAPS. We'll never forget that Boston accent echoing through King Hall instructing Art how to eat his meals. Plebe year was full of bus rides back from the mall (You guys aren't gonna make it!), Friday night orange juice parties, two hour phone (love?) calls to Gina. Parties at the Hilton and the big year-end blowout at Alexander's. 3/C cruise sealed his fate from the Silent Service to Haze Gray Underway, Panama City was great though. 3/C year: the 21st, no girlfriend and dynamics, nuff said? 2/C year: unsat, EE (they didn't do it like this in the fleet!), and the dark (Join me Luke!). Aviation Cruise at Typh's house. Going SWO with Den, Arleigh-style, PCU Stout. A great friend, we never would have made it without you. Good luck in the Fleet and in the future! MSK DV

**Laura Rose Hatcher**
**San Diego, California**
**Special Operations**

Laura (Frick) came to USNA from sunny California and a one year stint at NAPS. She proved herself to be a stud on the track, in Volleyball (nationally ranked wall, all-region...etc). The only female I know that can do 10+ pullups and has both the airborne goldwings and scuba bubble. (It is only right Spec Ops got ahold of her.) I am sure that Frenchman you mugged our stuff-back from is proud of you too! Speaking of France, how did all of the Frick and Frack adventures all begin? The rental car from hell, SC, FL, OH, VB trips (court clouds), Hotel Engh, and who could forget Europe? You taught the white twin how to boogie, broke many a male heart, and banged into too many things when you drank that vodka. Scientist-political. Happy hour regulars-in our best suits, endless bills, and late night mack trucks in your emotional fits. Best friend, love ya-FRACK

**Doyle Kendall Hodges**
**Rockville, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Doyle, the picture of professionalism, came to us from nearby Rockville, Maryland. He brought the Academy a large mix of abilities, interests, and ambitions, ranging from the unusual to the sublime. After a year of blowing his horn, he realized that he was more interested in girls, German, and political science. Despite broken arms and his English papers, Doyle's industrious and talented work rewarded him with a trip to Germany in one summer, and an exchange to Turkey the next. Along the way he acquired an ineffable good taste in beer, jazz, and cars. Most people would even find Doyle completely normal were it not for his rack dives and his sense of humor. Yet, even so he is a good friend and will encounter great success in the fleet. Best of luck! ARW

**Brad Cunningham Johnson**
**Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Pittsburgh, PA, home to only the best. A product of the best high school in the nation, Brad spent his early years dominating light weight crew and looking for his raingear. 3/c cruise sent Brad to the submarine Navy which he spent the last three years working to return to. After two years of self denial Brad came to his senses, quit crew, took his letter and ran. 2/c year ME (and building a better Barbie as a 1/c) took its toll on Brad's sleep and social "life": Lnd^2, a zephyr, sleeping in cars, "hard-luck Johnson", Ramones and flashbacks, bad dancing, no dancing, and only memories of fine women. 2/c year held the ill fated trip with the "cheese man," "the viking," "rico suave," and "yeaaah!" to Daytona. In our opinion you've sweated too much and slept too little, but your hard work finally paid off. We couldn't have asked for a better roommate or friend. Good luck on subs! CJB DV ESW

**Noel Heather Katcharian**
**Fairfax, Virginia**
**Supply Corps**

Heath, JJFad, Peggy! Toonces, the cat that can drive. In thru the out door - REM. Ledge nites. What do American women love? The trip to NY that never was. Steve Miller road trips. NATS. Friends tables. I met her in da willage. A/N lipstick war. Balloon Man. And I've been knockin'..Did you go to Jamaica? Greek salads. I'll have another coffee. Slumber parties, truth or truth. Are you on Solid Gold? Lay em down and Smack em Yack em. We were born before the wind. Peace Dog! I don't want to fly today - let's go tan! I know that you know that I know! We want you as a new recruit!! Heather, you filled the down times with your heart, you brightened the tough times with your smiles and laughs. You've made us grow(?). You've shown us true friendship. The academy couldn't dampen your spirit. Your friends now will forever be your friends. Go with a happy heart. YC AP VH

**Mark Steven Kleinpeter**
**New Orleans, Louisiana**
**Surface Warfare**

Peterklein came to us from the heart of Dixie. Within a week he demonstrated his unique cadence calling style. He soon joined the ranks of the sick, lame and lazy with his buddy Porter. Following his return from the DL, he showed his concern for the rest of us by passing out during an SIP (ah, the good old days!). Plebe year: a personal suite in Halsey and a chance to meet Admiral Hill personally. 3/C summer introduced Mark to the dark side. Despite his promotion to emperor, he still found time to visit the 21st with the boys. 2/C summer found Mark getting that second taste of Popeye's cajun rice (ummm!). 1/C summer and Polecat introduced him to surfing--100% pure adrenaline. Then came the Sega Hockey Championships and the trips to Ocean City. Now he's heading west, to the big waves and a bigger ship. You were a great roommate and a better friend, thanks for the laughs. DV & BJG

**Ganghyeok Lee**
**Pusan, Korea**
**Foreign National**

After spending a year at the Korean academy, Bruce showed up at Annapolis apparently unable to speak English. Plebe Summer was a little rough on Bruce. During P-100 Bruce found out why its called a boom (its the sound it makes when it impacts with your skull). Bruce wasn't just satisfied with only one concussion so he promptly jumped out of his bunk bed (head first), leaving a sizable dent in the floor and an even bigger one in his battered head. After Herndon, Bruce miraculously became fluent in English and 3/C year saw Bruce learning to drive and buying a Bug. Bruce joined the boxing team youngster year and Mooch added some new dents to his head. Through all four years, Bruce's enthusiam has never diminished and his loyalty to his friends never weakened. Good luck to a true friend, we'll all miss you. CJB CDR

**Joseph John Lienert**
**Aurora, Colorado**
**Navy Pilot**

What can I say about Ace but that he's 69th. He enjoys running around in the snow, wearing bikinis, and modeling glow-in-the-dark boxers from his collection. He doesn't drive fast in the slow lane, but he does drive fast in the emergency lane. He likes flexing his muscles to "Doo-Wap" songs in front of screaming women; of course, he's just as happy "Goin' to the Chapel" in the shower during plebe summer. Joe's just as happy drinking T-bird as Coors with his oatmeal pies. Like a sailor, Joe has a woman in every port, or did until he met QT Pie. You've heard the phrase "Jack of all trades but master of none?" Well, Joe's a Jack of all trades and master of them all. He's succeeded at everything he's done and probably always will. Joe's my best friend. I trust him with my life. You'll do well in Pensacola, paisan. DB. HP. BL. PD. MM. SN.

**Kurt Maxwell McClung**
**San Diego, California**
**Navy Pilot**

"A superior student and a very professional young man." This highly accurate description comes from an officer in the Corps that Kurt admired and respected so much. From his crisp shave, fresh haircut, garberesque, 12-shirt-stay tuck, and the blinding glare off his recently spit-shined shoes, professionalism is a way of life for Kurt. His yellow reign from the second deck was his only shortcoming, and his only faults were his anxiety over academics and his paralyzing fear of the rack. The latter fault undoubtedly resulted from his near brush with death in T-court during a change of command ceremony. If professionalism means anything, Kurt will make an exceptional naval officer.

**Christopher Paul Oddo**
**Mahopac, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

Chris is from N.Y., but most of his concerns are in Long Island, Detroit, and most important, Baltimore. He's a good looking guy, but not great. He's a good athlete, but never proved himself. He cares about the environment, but not that much (throws away a can now and then). Plebe year he proved himself as a unique member to the co. "Hotdog pack single stack Krivak." "Sophomore" (nameplate) year with a new letter sweater and piece of junk Maxima from Ray, he made the commitment to stay. The only thing wrong with his plebe training was that the plebes were dumb enough to get caught listening to his stereo. 1/C year Oddo had to fight the women off with his hockey stick. It has been said that all he cares about is skating, Sega-vision, and sports. "Hey, that's all you need." (+cable) Tahoe. Frisco. Yosemite await. Bummer his ship "may never go out."--NO BUT YOUR FACE IS! -Droz.JFB.

**Hal Thomas Perdew**
**LaGrange, Kentucky**
**Navy Pilot**

We'll remember "Stretch" as the basketball "clicking", bare-bunnin, beer-quaffing, carmex-toting, wing-munching, knuckle-dragging, heel-clogging, unwanted red-headed step-child of jedi proportion. It all began during P.S. when he set the trails ablaze with his sidekick, Ace, and extra luggage, Lem. A brief, 2-year dip in the Severn with the crew team left him only with chaffed hands and longer arms. 2/C summer goes down as Halyard's most decadent of times. From slamming road sodas with Terry, to rendering honors on the C&D, Hal surely has made Bancroft's Most Wanted List. He ended his time in the penalty box with only a few bruises and an opaque 'N'; something that Slick and Mike Bravo easily remedied. After all the smoke cleared, Hal finished up in the top 100 of the class and a flight jacket to boot. AAGHAA!

**Craig Donald Rogerson**
**Bangor, Maine**
**Marine Corps**

Craig took the long road to get to USNA via Camp Lejeune, the FMF, and NAPS He finally showed up at USNA on I-Day hard charging and ready to go. Craig charged through plebe summer right into the fangs of a squad leader with crossed eyes whose only purpose in life was to make plebes' lives hell! The freedom of being a youngster brought Craig cruises at airborne, and on the Mighty Mo, good grades, a Brigade Boxing Championship, and a few trips to the 'Burg. Even though Craig had loosened up since plebe year, something was missing. Then, a cute gal named Ruth enters the picture. Craig hasn't been seen on the weekends since. 1st class year brought three stripes and a spot in the top 1/4 of the class (His hard work paid off). The Corps and Ruth are really lucky. Dawg, those brown bars will look good on your collar! Thanks for everything roomie! BRG

**Andrew Ty Salunga**
**Hollywood, California**
**Marine Corps**

Andy came to us from Loyola High in L.A. He picked up the routine at Canoe U. and could be heard shouting motivational phrases like "No cover, no brain, sir!" while squaring his corners He quickly worked his way up to company sandblower and Room Commander by the end of Plebe Summer after a brief tenure as Room Butler. During AC year Andy experienced many new things like snow (What's this white stuff?) and marching tours. 3/C year: Group I,II, and finally III major after personal consultation with the Admiral. 2/C year: the reunion of Rm 5104, or 2/3 of it, EE and Rynone, the trip to N.O. and Cali, shooting with Clint, surfing (flailing) Santa Monica. 1/C year: surfing at Ocean City everyday, tailgaters, SEGA Hockey (Patty says HI!), and the Corps. "Gotta study could you turn it down?", "The hog's mine", "Would not be prudent" Couldn't have made it without laughing with (AT) you. MSK

**Jacob Charles Skala**
**Minneapolis, Minnesota**
**Marine Corps**

Snake came from the land of ice and sail and excelled at both. His Aryan looks and quiet manner hid an intense Marine to be. Plebe year found him studying and eating, while youngster year found him in the rack...and there he stayed for the next three years. 3/c cruise was a toughie, and he tasted some real California waves. Youngster year brought grilled cheese, midnight dips, and a savage phone bill. Second class year he made "good friends" with the Batt Officer. First class cruise he wanted more leave, so he went to arf-dog with the other Hockey guys. Luke was always willing to take the hit for his wingman, as long as they were two-oh. No laughing (yuck yuck) allowed in the millenium falcon. As head skate sharpener, he kept the company hockey team up to speed. You're gonna owe me two cases. - MET

**Craig Leland Slack**
**Houston, Texas**
**Special Warfare**

Mr. Slack came to us from Texas lacking both an accent and a sense of humor. However comma a lot has changed from his first semester as Plebe company commander to his current status as Midshipman in Cognito. He has gone from multiple shirt stays to sans undervestatures. Had it not been for the stabilizing effect of his roommate, we could be dealing with a six-striper. While no one word can adequately describe this man, the first word that comes to mind is absent. Were it not for the occasional boot-prints left in the room it would be hard to establish his residency in Bancroft. Mandatory briefs would be the last place to find him. Though we both lost the room lottery 3 yrs. straight and have been forced to room together, we've never struck each other. Wouldn't have done it any other way. Craig, you've come a long way baby.

**Robert James Sorensen**
**Little Falls, Minnesota**
**Navy Pilot**

Can we just say one thing? We are so serious. Rob, a "Northerner" came on a full baseball scholarship. Plebe year was spent on the diamond, on the phone, and hurling tapes in the Eastport Hilton. Another year of care packages, missing more classes than anyone else in the company, and some yellow and black polka-dots Rob could not get out of his head, completed younster year. A sudden burst of professionalism landed Rob in plebe detail to be quickly left behind during academic year. Barbie dolls and heavy metal music dominated the year, as well as the introduction to Rob's one and only, Cathy. 1/c cruise: Plebe detail before the fun began. P-3's, no work, big beaches, intro to V-ball, Saigon Kick, still "true blue" even with Dros and Eric, and lots of beer.... A great friend we wish the best of luck. The saga will continue in P-cola. (home-cooked meals!!). ---ESW and JDD

**Matthew Emory Tomlin**
**Irvine, California**
**Special Warfare**

"Wake up dude, it's I-day, we're taking the oath!" From day one, Matt's always known what really matters and what does not. Coming from caLfORnIa, plebe summer couldn't top the excitement of catching a wave. While his buds surfed, he studied, went along with the plebe game, and played soccer to vent steam. Aero as a major (why aero?) rotted, so Matt made fun in the hall: rumor control central, practical jokes, grilled cheese, exploding planes, saunas, J.Crew hair, and SEAR 7 raids. After 2/c summer group CDR, Matt came back and was still on top. But, the game turned lame and after room & leather inspections the CDR's thought again. Working out hard with the guys, the ladies found him ever impressive. 1/c summer was a streaking blur of fun between 58 days in Cali and vacation in Maine of women and lobster abductions. 1/c year... finally. GOOD LUCK at BUD/S and "Better YOU than ME!"

**Josepth Anthony Vaccarella**
**Rochester, New York**
**Navy Pilot**

Joe "Vac, Canvas Joe, BooBoo, Airborne Joe, the Golden Boy" came to USNA via the Nuclear Navy. (Which might account for his devotion to academics... NOT!) Plebe year found Joe making the varsity circuit. Baseball and 150's before finally settling on Squash. Plebe year also meant walking on eggshells, sleeping under the desk, (and anywhere else for that matter) and taps with Ron. After a fun summer in Colorado dining on insects and tree bark, Joe returned to USNA a little lighter (but not much). 3/C year: "Vac's World" Debbie Gibson, Balt. Colts. 2/C year saw Joe make the transition from squash to boxing. By the end of the year Joe was considering a career in green. A summer in Quantico and the great rake scandal made up his mind. 1/C year found Joe anxious to fly but asleep at the wheel. Good luck and good riddence. Stay awake at the stick. CJB and CDR

**Vincent Marcell Vanoss**
**Cincinatti, Ohio**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

"Vinman" has been all but dormant at the boat school During P.S., "dumb" hit the bricks chopping He even qualified "expert" in high-powered tooth shooting! The AC year followed and allowed V to show-off his real prowess to help him slide into the double-E-Z major. This was complimented with his three-day-a-week, "get hyooge" workout. Youngster year rolled in and so did his camera! Anything in his line-of-fire was dead meat! This great shootin' eventually got him photo editor of Lucky Bag and a year's supply of lens cleaner. Also, Vindog helped bail out Ace many a time as the Trident Cal. Co-editor (Surf Bancroft!?) and served on the staff of Log Magazine. After finding out that you can't be too hyooge on a sub, Vin traded his pipes for an HP and a fat check to boot. Vinnie will be remebered as the one you could trust and never let you down. I'll be pinging for ya!

**Dennis Velez**
**Ponce, Puerto Rico**
**Surface Warfare**

The "Beech came to the Academy from the Banana Republic via NAPS. Even after a year in Newport we still couldn't tell what he was saying. Plebe summer he survived despite huge phone bills, pea juice and a lack of towels. 3/C Cruise on a carrier turned him on to Air but a constant reliance on SWO-juice sealed his fate. After the rental car (trunk!), he decided to take Handrigan's girl. 3/C year also brought a new car, 21st Amend., and the road trip to Florida; all those gifts... 2/C year: The Goat's squad and the race to sit by the 3/C, Tracy, another car. Daytona, Rico-Suave, munchkins, and run-ins on the beach. As a firstie Dennis got a room big enough for all his junk (top of the line junk). Dad paid off the last of his debts so now he can buy more junk. To a great roomate and even better friend, good luck building the Stout (don't do the wiring). CJB BJG BCJ EFW MSK

**Arthur Eric Weiss**
**St. Petersburg, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

Art stood out even among the crowds of St. Petersburg, Pennsylvania, and continued that distinction here at Navy. A rocky plebe year with a 1/C who was never able to look him in the eye caused Art to tap his supply of fierce determination. Youngster year saw him dabbling with the gods of aerodynamics, but he soon found his true calling -- history. Second class year brought a move to the penthouse suite and remarkable success in EE. Drama, golf, and community service augmented Art's 1/C year. Throughout it all Art remained true to himself, and he will make a valuable and unique contribution to the fleet. DKH, ARW

**Eric Scott Whitman**
**Decatur, Alabama**
**Navy Pilot**

OW! Eric F. Whitman did not know why he was called to the monument, but the women of Annapolis soon found out. The "good ol' boy" from Alabama went from the "weak-link" in 5110 to the Co. CDR on 6-4. 2/C year marked the birth of Eric's unique training style (based upon mutual respect). Rob's metal, rack-burns and Barbie dolls dominated the year. Easy on-Easy off left a trail of broken hearts wherever he went (Jax, Pitt, D.C., Balt, China, and of course Goucher). Aero posed no threat to the Whit-man, he always had plenty of time for Orc books and the honeys. Firstie year in the mighty Talon "impressed the hell out of them" (though the Courier was missed). 1/C summer solidified his service selection. His first night in Jax surprised no one. (Saigon Kick, Gypsies, V-ball, K^2). Eric was a good friend of all of us. We know that he'll succeed in whatever he does. Good Luck- RJS, JDD, BCJ.

# XXIX COMPANY

**Adam Randal Wichman**
**Manchester, Connecticut**
**Surface Warfare**

Adam is a denizen of the Constitution State, but his naturally sunny disposition would seem more appropriate for a Florida native. Adam faced every day in the cheerful knowledge that this was another day at the institution he admired and respected so much, as well as the officers who ran it with such wisdom. It wasn't long before Adam settled into his role as the "Edgar Allan Poe of engineering." Nevertheless, his great sense of perspective always came along to help him through any situation. It's hard to sum a man like Adam up in words, partly because he doesn't really want it done. The only faults I could really mention in Adam are the timidity with which he expresses his opinions and his infernal Pollyana-like cheerfulness. Adam is a thoughtful and talented person in many fields, and a great friend. He will be successful in any field. DKH.

**Scott William Alexander**
**Atlanta, Georgia**
**Surface Warfare**

Scott came to us from parts unknown to become the undisputed Brigade Rack Champion. Slug never met a rack he didn't like and a pair of pants that fit his thighs. There will never be a room like the plebe year barn with the five guys. The "watermelon," chowcall, the late night ill sessions, and Ski to throw your mattress on top of you and get on your nerves. Who can forget your Airborne experience. "Charlie-185, where are you? Drop leg!!" Youngster year brought you to your real calling at USNA, computer games and the rack. Racking through many a youngster, the legend of the "Slug," was born. Slug never really wanted to be an engineer especially after "Wild Bill," convinced him. Then there was that wild night in Georgetown, which you'll never forget. 2-Live Mids, Huckweek, and Cheese parties got you through second class year. I know what you'll miss most about this place, your rack. Good luck with coffee, donuts, and haze gray. MBJ

**Wayne Walter Anderson, Jr.**
**Bristol, Connecticut**
**Special Warfare**

Mr. Hometown, USA came to us from the big city of Bristol, Connecticut, where he was both a famous baseball player and a world-renowned paperboy. Plebe year, he single-handedly pioneered the watchbelt modification to P.E. gear and the flashlight-mop combination tool. J.R.'s youngster year fascination with electronics and bad music manifested itself in a stereo system with cost, complexity, and power consumption rivaling that of the space shuttle. Later, his first semester physics final made us all believe in miracles. Second-class year brought some sick times, such as Y.P. cruise, Huckweek, and his roommate's 21st birthday (Oh, my!). But it also brought his pride and joy: the Eagle Talon. During first-class summer, J.R. discovered his true calling in life on the sands of Coronado. We finally got that brigade fieldball championship firstie year...with "Meat" in the goal. It must have been his extraordinary coordination. Good Luck in the Teams, amigo, we'll miss ya!---JCD & DAM

**Jonathan William Barney**
**Brookfield, Connecticut**
**Surface Warfare**

Jobu came to us looking like a reject from the Muppet Show. He was easily the ugliest plebe in the company, and this innocent young lad from a small farm town in Connecticut was definitely shocked at what he had gotten himself into. He moved through Plebe and Youngster years without much in the way of female companionship, living solely for tennis. Tales of his high school Swedish exchange tour had kept us up quite a few nights, but his social life got pretty quiet once he was at USNA. He did have his wild times, though. Who can forget the New Year's Eve Breckenridge Frostbite Marathon? (We finally found the party, but was it worth the hike?) With Second Class year came Ring Dance--and Lauren, a big surprise to all of us. He hasn't thrown any rocks yet, but...who knows? He fell in love with the sea during his time aboard ship last summer though, and on Service Selection Night, Swobu was born. Good luck Jon--you've been a great friend and roommate, and we're looking forward to seeing you out there.--MAT & MDW

**Bradley Allen Bloye**
**Wyoming, Michigan**
**Navy Pilot**

The great state of Michigan's contibutor to 29th Company was Brad Bloye. Plebe year brought many new experiences to Brad including new names: "Bad Brad" and "Bloye Toy", to name a few. Bad Brad wasn't sure what a wedgie was when he got to USNA, but many years and many more pairs of underwear later he has finally got the picture. Selecting Poly Sci. as a major, Brad had plenty of time for ECA's, most notably chess, the Russian club, and the 29th Co. Poker Club. Brad has finally given up Friday night nickel-dime poker. Now he is losing money on Saturday night in Atlantic City. During Huckweek, we were all surprised to discover Bad Brad was actually 14 yrs. old. There are two things at USNA you can count on: 1) The easy-going friendship of Brad Bloye, and 2) that Brad will always lose the last hand. You can be my front seat anytime Brad! Take Care! --CJL

**James Alfred Caviness Jr.**
**Eerie, Indiana**
**Medical Corps**

Caveman, hailing form the outskirts of Eerie, Indiana, misunderstood by neighbors as a child, Jim was perhaps more misunderstood as a midn. Part philosopher, part cynic, his endless witticisms were sure to provoke a response-violent or otherwise. Sometimes maddening, but oftentimes refreshening, his humor was memorable if not biting. Proficient at licking "the system", there wasn't much Jim could not override or overcome within his own internal chain of command. While others struggled, academics came as easily to Jim as a quick and comfortable BM. More social enigma than sociopath, Jim had his share of run-ins with the Glenn Close variety. Abstinence soon lost all definition. Though sidetracked in Panama City, Gandhi soon committed self immolation at the threat of community blanket party. There is no doubt Jim will get far in the medical profession, or any other endeavor he puts his finger into. To a good friend and confidant- all the best Jim.

**Patrick John Chrzanowski**
**Erie, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

Pat aka Shiza, came to USNA from Erie, Pa.. Pat began his academic career at USNA with Cave Math, while playing football for Navy's Big Boys. This aspiring ballplayer had to call it quits due to too many broken bones and neck injuries. Plebe year ended with many trips to Greenbelt, and the 1st annual trip to HHI in the 'Banana Boat'. After playing doctor on E's shoulder, he moved on to German science?...Da.. Following his time with the team, Ski returned to the fold of The Eight. Chronology does not fit Pat, so let us ramble: The motorhead from Erie, the Bird complete with discoball, racing headers, powerchip, etc., 138 mph from Baltimore. Hopefully, Ski will learn his lesson and come to master his "Anger, The Misunderstood Emotion." We almost lost Pat when he decided to play Evil Kneivel on his new Nighthawk on I-95. The king of the breakfast buffet specializes in bed dismantling and interior decorating of roadside motels. When in Yokuska, be sure to keep your eye out for Shiza's Shanghai Sushi Shack, Japan will never be the same. Best of luck! THE EIGHT

**Marilee Alice Cowan**
**Maple Grove, Minnesota**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Marilee came to us from Maple Grove living her life by bells and rules. We wouldn't hear the 0430 alarm once but six times, and then "I can't believe you let me sleep so long!" Rules for eating are necessary, "Are you guys going to chow?" You must make the sound of the animal before you eat the cracker and only one Kiss from the tree till Christmas. She muddled through her EE major, putting design to good use-- how did she manage to dry that shower? but she did design a way to take the women's cycling team to Nationals in 92-1. You can find her freezing in Maury or sweating in Rickover, but wherever she is, she'll be doing a great job. Let's just hope that the TELECOMM officer in Washington, DC has enough work to give her. RMS, TNJ, HBG, CCS

**Kenneth Joseph Crowley**
**Monmouth Beach, New Jersey**
**Navy Pilot**

Fat Otter, our beloved "hard body" swimmer from the shores of Monmouth Beach arrived with dreams of being a jet jock and a big-time catcher. Ken's baseball career hit its high water mark the day he got called up to the Show... and warmed up the starting pitcher. Ken's a fantastic guy but he finds it hard to keep roommates as his snoring has caused tremors as far away as D.C. where coincidentally he has also abandoned many a friend. Ken was the creator of two amazing streaks his 1/C year: he reached the blackout stage on 5 out of 7 journeys into town and also caught fire and ran off an amazing streak of weekends w/ the ladies. Ken had a habit of smashing his head into both animate and inanimate objects when out with the Eight. If the dain bramage he caused doesn't kick in any time soon his head butts will be long remembered. Ken always had a great attitude and was very successful at USNA. We're certain he will continue his success in the air. Ken, your Dad would be proud. Oh by the way, "how are you getting back in?" THE EIGHT.

**Brett Elliott Crozier**
**Santa Rosa, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Croz came to the Academy from the wine country of Northern California with dreams of becoming a Navy pilot. Fulfilling his life-long goals through the old philosophy of "better rested, better rested," Brett never let USNA (or the Math Department) get the better of him. On the Sailing Team, at Huck Week, or on one of the many road trips with the Cherokee, Sponge made "being cool" a way of life. Never one to let the truth stand in the way of a good rumor, Croz was a feared adversary in the gouge wars of Deck 6-3. Firstie year found him wreaking havoc on the squirrel population of West Virginia and the little plastic cards in his wallet. Navy air will gain a real ace when Brett finally earns his wings and finds his way into the fleet. Best of luck and FLY NAVY.-- QUAD JMV

**Jeffrey Chaucer D'Alatri**
**Oklahoma City, Oklahoma**
**Navy Pilot**

The Italion Stallion came to us from OKC, OK. His primary duty plebe year was covering Domingo's chow call, but Jeff also added to his scar collection on the fieldball battleground. After conquering at the youngster beer bash while inverted, now Airborne Dalat added 3 broken ribs from fieldball and scored expert in the waterbaloon slingshot competition. Upon arrival in 29 he was awarded his V-quals from the Latin Master. The rest of second class year was spent learning to fly, getting more fieldball stitches, and keeping his roommates awake while printing out windtunnel labs. As a firstie Jeff jumped for his gold wings, scrapped for the brigade fieldball championship, and crashed a red Porsche. Now more things come from Oklahoma than steers: pilots. We'll miss ya, flyboy, reach for the stars. JRA, DAM

**Hilary Buckley Gilligan**
**Scituate, Massachusettes**
**Supply Corps**

Hey, Brown eyes! Only you could take the AMERICAN PROMISE, a multimillion dollar sailboat that's been around the world, and sink it in the Bay. BSBS. Gilligan--"Aye, aye, Skipper!" Oh, what we'd give for a video of you shimmying across that broken mast to rescue your crew. Did you ever get the medal you deserved? We should have known your NAV capabilities when you got a perfect fix in downtown San Diego. Master of MAC flights, eyebrows, and math, you haven't quite figured out how to tie your robe. You squared yourself away enough to do Plebe Detail and be the only female in the brigade to have a real stereo. But that led to spats with the Bratt next door. Remember the green stuff in France that left you smiling for days? You make us smile. Good luck in the Corps. "Sir, it just looked Yummy." "Gilligan, that's GROSS!" CCS, MAC, TNJ, RMS

**Todd Alexander Hamilton**
**Altamonte Springs, Florida**
**Surface Warfare**

Lord knows it's hard to struggle through the Academy while raising a family, but somehow Toad managed. Though separated from his Chosen One through most of his time here he still suffered the lash. Claiming to be from the South despite his dubious heritage, he discovered youngster year that he had much to learn about such things as DOUBLE-WIDES, BAISHKA, and those darned DP GNATS. That same year Toad discovered a love affair with appliances and joined the Star Wars fan club. Second-class year brought bigger debts and the emergence of HUCKWEEK as an alternative form of social recreation. Who can forget the infamous HUCKASAURUS? First-class year Toad was one of the lucky few to spend a white Christmas by the Bay; at least he got a neat sweater to show his kids. Speaking of kids, we can't wait for graduation to finally meet them! Well Bubba, hope you find them SHRIMPSKIN BOOTS! Best of luck to you and Kim. Godspeed.--QUAD Remember: "This program is sponsored by the letter...." BGO

**Eric Elbert Hounchell**
**Cincinnati, Ohio**
**Marine Corps**

Eric aka Easy-E, Enrico Carribucci "Raging Waters", after a quick stint in richboy prep, Deerdork Academy joined us at Elevenworth. There we found he had a striking resemblance to Booger, and to heighten the stress of Plebe year, E went home to Cincy over Thanksgiving to find himself strapped for cash due to the high price of Silk in Ohio. 3/c year he suffered minor shoulder injuries attributed to a drunken piggy-back ride from his roommate, and then it was on to an Ac-board with over 50 unexcused absences. 2/c year he spent in the rack, breaking his all-time absence record. Three wallets, six ID's, one compass and an M-16A2 later, E would have lost his ___ if not for Sgt. Aldrich's help. Firstie year held the disappointment of tying Army in 150 lb. football, but he made up for it by making 1st team All-League. Second semester that year the 'King of Absences' ironically became the Company Academic Officer, and managed to graduate with only 3 1/2 years of attended classes. Good luck to EZ E in the Marine Corps. THE EIGHT loves you.

**Tracey Nicole James**
**Crownsville, Maryland**
**General Unrestricted Line**

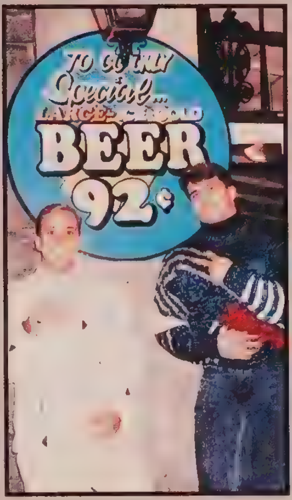
My how the wet-haired plebe has grown since she took the 16" guns off the superstructure of the OLIVER HAZARD PERRY. "Are you putting that directly on your skin?" Were you blinking to send morse code or because that overzealous upperclass infected your eye? All eyes were on you in the athletic arena. That 5'3" bod of solid muscle won Powerlifting Nationals hands down. As Captain of the '92 squad you're lifting even more. But you handle men with more finesse than your weights. Who bought your Ring Dance dress? A guy. Who was your date? Another guy. The one in the picture? Different guy. Your boyfriend? No, another guy. We can't keep up! But he had better give you more than one rose or you won't carry it. Always there in a jam, you'll do makeup and hairdos, proofread papers, or take over a job (PLT CDR) whenever needed. No wonder '94 idolizes you. They'll have to go to the Pacific to get your TLC because soon you're headed for Guam. They'll follow you faithfully, along with the dozens of adoring others. RMS, MAC, HBG, CCS

**Malachi Brown Jones Jr.**
**New Carrollton, Maryland**

"To Ill, or not to Ill", that was his question. Majo "Schmacken De Lipps" Jones ate enough powdered donuts and baked chicken sandwiches plebe year to feed the entire Brigade ten times over. Who could forget the infamous "Burrito of infinite dryness" and Majo's wide eyes as a voice came from down at the end of the squad table "MR. JONES!!" After a stint at Ft. Benning Ga., Youngster year Majo began his undergraduate study in the finer points of quattro pro with Curt and Jergen. And after surviving the ordeal of an entire wrestling season of cutting weight with Craig "Whiner" he came to reside with his Tag Team rack partner and illing companion The Human Thigh. Second class year saw the invention of the illing corner, HUCKASAURUS, a Silver Convertible RX-7, L.A. Law, and of course his promotion to X.O. of Huckweek. Malachi could always be found walking around in his B-robe and Red Maryland hat or typing diligently on his computer with his "Glasses of Wisdom" cocked ever so thoughtfully on his nose. Take care Majo and just Power through. --SWA

**Brian Jay Leep**
**Huntington, West Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

Rumor has it that Leeper was my roommate for the last three years but I have not been able to confirm that fact. I was going to ask Brian, but he was out. When Brian is forced to play Navy he always strives to achieve greatness. Ever since his first sprained ankle, Brian has mastered various techniques which allow him to hear or read anything and interpret it the way he thinks it should be. During Plebe Detail, Leeper once again shined by breaking all Academy rack records. I also understand it that he made it to a formation once. Leeper's love life has been his second career at USNA. Each spring ushered in a new companion which is how they do it in West Virginia, I guess. Dating was never a problem for Brian with his seal-like abilities. Every night was a mission behind enemy lines and after four years of combat, the base police have written him off as a caffeine-induced hallucination. Brain has finally fulfilled his lifetime dream of going Navy Air and finding a wife (those West Virginia things again). Brian, I hope you and Chris have a great life together. JAM

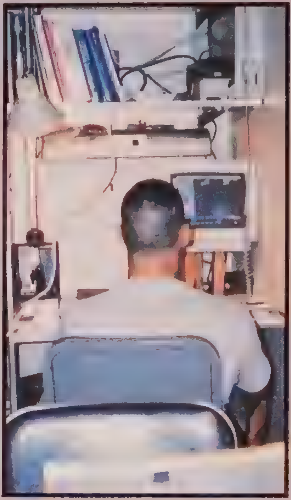


**Christopher John Linnane**
**Louisville, Kentucky**
**Naval Flight Officer**

From Louisville, Kentucky, Insane made his debut at beloved USNA by getting himself rushed down to medical due to spinal meningitis not four weeks into Plebe Summer. Chris was so happy to survive that he decided to join Navy Cheerleading, the perfect vehicle to express his enthusiasm and sense of humor. The fast-paced lifestyle of cheerleading, Systems Engineering, and computer games (emphasis on the latter) seems to have taken its toll on Insane one way in particular. But not to fear, Chris - the International Hair Club for Men has a 24-hour hotline. Poker club member extraordinaire, Huck Week Duty Driver, Zanzibar devotee, master of "monitor" camoflage - Chris could always find a way to have fun. Should he ever turn 21, look out USA! Have fun in Pensacola, and thanks for being a great friend and roommate. BAB

**William James Militello**
**Bayonne, New Jersey**
**Marine Corps**

Our beloved Bunny from the streets of Bayonne came to USNA via NAPS, Don Vin's cash and a personal intercession from the Pope. Plebe Year saw Picasso of the transomes introduce abstract art to plebe pro-knowledge. In HHI, after a two-course meal from Tabby cat's bowl-he growled: "I'll get it later-much later." Getting his bore punched underway+leaving the 8th wonder of the world in the 2nd stall. Wild Bill is the epitome of survival- narrowly escaping the jaws of the Rat and befriended two Supe's during his Acboard visits. "God this is Bunny, I've got the Ratman in my sights!" Hey Rat "THANKS" for Black-N. Firstie summer, Bunny returned to his gungy ways- conquered Bulldog. This SOF can be sure his arsenal will carry him thru any obstacle. Smash any beer mugs over your face-lately? The Eight! Mom+Dad thanks for your support-without it, this wouldn't be possible. Love, WJM.



**Jon Aaron Montanaro**
**Lake Quivera, Kansas**
**Navy Pilot**

Monty came to USNA from the plains of Kansas. Claiming that exercise causes too much pain, he found a sport which required minimal exertion, fencing. Monty spent his entire plebe year playing "Wheel of Misfortune" and choking on the menus. Youngster cruise gave a new experience to Jon's life, women. He loves the values of the Westpac. 2nd class year, Jon volunteered to undergo the scalpel of Navy medicine in what he thought was a routine nasal operation but after which he was mistaken several times for a relative of the Elephant Man. 1st class year, he took weekend trips to Atlantic City. When he completed a nuke SWO first class cruise, Monty decided to choose Navy Pilot after comparing which of the two communities was better suited to his personality. One of Jon's better qualities was his ability to foresee the worst possible outcome of any situation. After four years of our daily "Who's the bigger dirtbag?" fights, I finally get the last word. You are. FLY NAVY - BJL

**Domingo Adolpho Moran**
**La Ceiba, Honduras**
**Foreign National**

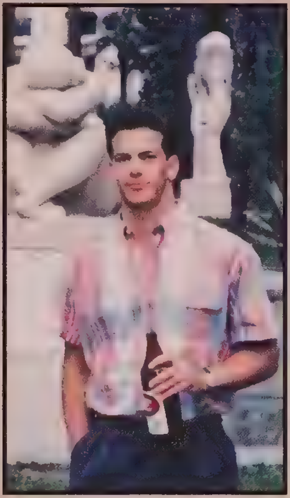
If there is any truth to the statement "you rate what you skate" then Domingo Moran has spent his four years at USNA on ice! The happy Honduran came to US from sunny La Ceiba. Upon arrival, Domingo discovered cold weather, Coors Light and 50 extra pounds! Soon to be known only as "Jerg's," Domingo spent much of youngster year, and all of spring break, taping off in Smoke Hall. Later, his finely-honed break-dancing skills earned him a bionic knee, but at expense of his summer leave. After making the transition to 2/c year and 29, Domingo found the two most important things in his life: Quattro Pro and his fiancee, affectionately known as "Yoodee." As a firstie, the conduct Guru kept us all in line with his first-hand conduct-knowledge. Holy THIT! We'll miss him! Vaya con Dios amigo. JRA, JCD

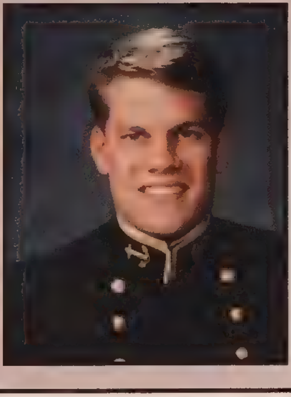
**Brett Garrett Odom**
**Thibodaux, Louisiana**
**Navy Pilot**

Grit, as he is best known, hails from the state of Texas via Louisiana. Even after 4 years here at USNA he stills swears he applied to the Confederate Naval Academy. I had the pleasure of listening to Grit struggle through youngster year engineering classes (&!@*&%$ statics!), forcing him to get up for quarters, and helping him recover from weekends. Who could forget Bernie? Actually, Grit doesn't even remember Bernie! Bernie showed up several times and even managed to make it Service Selection Night. Seriously... Grit was the kind of guy who would lend his car to anybody, even guys he didn't know. (That's why he lost the Golden Bagel.) Grit was my roommate for three years and will soon be my best man. Thanks for all the good times (Huckweek, the Keys, Rum & Buffett nights, & the camping) and best of luck with Navy Air.--QUAD TAH

**Scott Michael O'Donnell**
**Painted Post, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

O.D., the dirty, nasty, plebe from God's country...aka Stink, came to USNA with his lax stick and a sac full of tricks: the Rat, the Bat, and the Roadkill in a Rainstorm... O.D. the "Brains" behind the Tug, Shoot, and Run; getting one in, and keeping the Edge. This 2% club survivor is known to rise at the Crack of Dawn. His artistic skills blossomed in his fingerpainting masterpiece, "The Murder Scene." His academic achievements were rewarded with a visit to the Supt. Scott's ambition to go Corps (Supply) faltered, leaving him haze grey and underway. Thank God LST's are meant to run aground! Many of us will remember O.D. as the King of escalation, capable of winning any conflict. As founder of the Decatur Inn, O.D. brought Tom and Nancy (and now Charlie) into the Eight. Although its been a struggle, O.D. has endured this test and made everyone smile and laugh along the way. The Yellow Bird with the yellow bill is still sittin' in that window sill! THE EIGHT.





**Scott Adams Pritchard**
**Hilton Head Island, South Carolina**
**Navy Pilot**

Pritch..the pretty boy with the tiny heiny from H.H.Is. came to USNA disguised as Vanilla Ice, complete with the Stripe and 5.0. As a plebe, Scott's time was spent between $300 phone bills and numerous letters to the Luckey Institute (I Love You, I Love You, I Love You...) His ECA's throughout his time at the Academy included Baseball, 150's (a two day stint), Fieldball, and janitorial services rendered in the Hospital Point Head. Hall life found Pritch on top of the AP Poll, but still yearning for five stripes. When not making bail, Peaches could often be found in town sporting his always present beer muscles and his sidekick Turf Burn. We are all grateful to him and his parents for opening up their home during end of semester leave and giving us life long memories of our time spent on the island. Scott's ability to make the best out of every situation makes him a great friend to us all. His great self confidence will ensure that he will have a great career as a Navy Pilot. THE EIGHT.

**Craig Callas Reiner**
**Willow Grove, Pennsylvania**
**Navy Pilot**

Craig, AKA "The Whiner", came to USNA via prep school. He made his debut with the Navy Wrestling Team and proved to be an invaluable asset with his scrappy style and determination to be #1, although these traits were never quite enough to win him the title of room 6301. Craig's inability to tolerate light made all of us in 29 wonder if he was part mole. What can I say, but other than nearly killing each other on numerous accounts, it has been a pleasure. I'd like to also inform you that you will never find any roomy or woman who will ever be able to match your unique sleeping habits. "Skiii? are gonna be reading that book for much longerrrr?. It was only 2230!! Keep up the work on that Goat and maybe someday you'll catch the "Bird." Just remeber, that they'll never quite make em like the MG or the TR. Stay away from those smoke detectors and keep the nose up on that aircraft and you'll be fine. Good Luck. Whiner! Go Swo! "Too Sexy to go Air" SKI

**John Mark Roppolo**
**Dallas, Texas**
**Navy Pilot**

Plebe and Youngster year, Rope was eternally gloomy from cutting weight to play 150s. For awhile he wanted to go PreMed, but found that the rigors of ECON suited him more. 2/c year, he excelled in academics and challenged(?) himself at Air Force. While at AFA, Rope was awarded the President's Trophy for his participation in Intergalactic dating. Upon his return, Rope revealed himself to be quite a "SNAKE," a nickname that he will forever try to "shed." As Cliff Claven, Rope showed an uncanny knowledge of the most trivial subjects, especially Texas. As the "pretty boy" of the Brigade Champion fieldball team, Rope showed that, indeed, he could hold his own AND keep his hair in place. Time and time again, Rope proved his reptilian ways and to his dismay became known as VIPER (possible call sign). Rope was not a morning person--shown by his inability to pull himself from the clutches of the rack just minutes before formations. Good luck in P-Cola. Your "Too Sexy to go Air". Roommate, Roy

**Lee Roy Short**
**San Antonio, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

After plebe summer and daily regimental tables, LROY rediscovered his San Antonio roots and his JROTC powerstack to suprise us all and become a model of professionalism. Plebe year, Budda heard many tall tales and lived to repeat a few. LROY became nocturnal, sleeping all afternoon and drinking mountain dew and coffee to study Mech E all night (or so he says). After an Ac Board, LROY, now a Gen Eng., slept all afternoon and all night. 2/C year he got the Moe haircut, acquired an affinity for plebe's girlfriends, wrecked Chris' car, played poker, and became the stud of company frisbee and football. During Huck Week, he founded the Jerry Dio fan club. Moe has always been willing to help anybody, he helped me get a B in EE after he got a D. To the only man to wear out a CD, wear shirt stays as a firstie, and take all his electives in Luce Hall, you've been a great friend to us all. I've always felt at home with your huge flag from the great state hanging in our room. Too bad your too blind to go AIR. Lord guard and guide--Best of luck, JMR.

Bud
Bud
NAVY

**Acie Thomas Slade III**
**Herndon, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Nappy Jack, the CEO of AEA came to USNA with a close resemblance to a combination of Jack Sikma and Gregory Hines This MPS grad was a multiple N-star winner (Black & Gold), and an excellent hurdler for the track team. It's too bad hurdles aren't extensions of the football field, but at least he always looked good is his uniform. This connoisseur of St. Ides, OE, The Bull and tasty onions fought for his woman with Enrique the Argentine 'Roid Smuggler. Many believed the name Acie stood for the "Ac" in Ac-Board, but 29 knows what it really means. Billy Dee has nothing on Ace's firebush doo and patented inebriated smile. Bound for the Gator Navy, Acie will no doubt open a chapter of AEA on all corners of the Seven Seas. Peace goes out to Navy track, 92 1/2, 92 1/4, the DIYM posse, all of the hook profs I had, those who have left us over the years, and the ones we have left behind. THE EIGHT...w/Fonz

**Rachelle Marie Smith**
**Washington, Pennsylvania**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Rachelle brought her outstanding athletic abilities with her from WashPa-- during Plebe Summer she catapulted from her desk but failed to hit the top rack. (So much for landings, NFO) Contributing to both varsity track as a javelin thrower and volleyball as a setter, pursuing her social life kept her the busiest. Her "I deserve it!" attitude earned her a 5000 for UA. Despite restriction, ShellBell maintained her spirit and cheer. (Morning, Sunshine! B@%*#!) Her undaunted enthusiasm for Navy was evident when she said "You can't tell me you don't like it here," to a wardroom full of restricted firsties. "I'm the same person I've always been, even though it's gotten me in trouble a bunch of times" sums up her outlook. All-nighters-- we should have done some homework-- What time is it? Four years later you "cut that mop" and became the talk of the Brigade. By the way, who's Hot, who's Not? Good luck in the air; better luck finding a warehouse large enough to store your civies, mon petit chapignon. TNJ, HBG, CCS, MAC

**Cynthia Cherie Swain**
**Meritt Island, Florida**
**General Unrestricted Line**

This is the girl voted most likely to become June Cleaver, but Cherie leads a secret life. The password is "SWAIN," and everyone else is dying to be a part of it. Why else would they tape record us? The only plebe to be flamed on by her youngster, she still found out about the ARIZONA and made NCAA's swimming the mile. Cherie went from swimmer, to aerobics goddess, to the femme fatale of SEAL PT, mon papillon. She barely escaped the LT in Charleston, handled Christine's crises like a pro, and captured the hearts of the three pebble-pickers from 90. It's okay, Sheebie, Leroy won't mind if you "Leave Your Hat On." Learning to lighten up, play in the snow, and stand up for herself, Cherie has made the Academy a better place for all of us. And how do we know? Because we share a brain. HBG, RMS, TNJ, MAC

**Glenn Kealoha Takabayashi**
**Santa Ana, California**
**Marine Corps**

Glenn, aka Tako, SupaTako, PMS (Perfect Male Specimen), arrived at USNA w/ the Sun behind him. Tako's modified version of the Academy's mission: "If you can't kill these men why are you here?" made him many close friends plebe year. Youngster year Tak mellowed and we learned he could handle any weight except 12 ozs. With his Monchichi doo, Tako began his career as a Don Ho imitator w/ such hits as "Tiny Bubbles" and "Me So..." At HH Island he met many nice girls. Tak's the type of guy who gets better looking everyday - just ask him tomorrow. Thanx to him we'll never allow "a personal grudge to interfere with a command decision." He was a 3 yr star on 150's. 8th Wing will never forget the day he brought a touch of Miami (U) to USNA. Going into 1/C yr, Tak further enhanced his singing career with such smashes, "When a Man Loves a Wuman" and "Love in the Elevator." Tak is following the family tradition by becoming a hard charging Marine and we know he'll make the Great Santini proud. THE EIGHT.

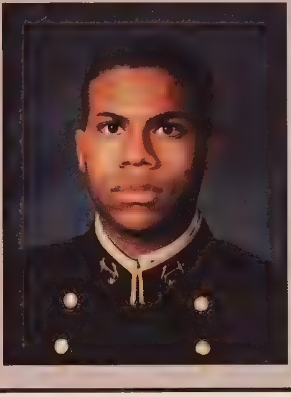
**Michael Alan Tinston**
**Alexandria, Virginia**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Mike Tinston--the Midshipman from another planet. A really kind person would describe Mike as...different. He was 29th Company's own Messy Marvin, with a little bit of Einstein thrown in. He has been the company librarian since Youngster year, and his music is--well...like him, different. Mike--we've just got one question that we'll ask. How many guys were REALLY on the boardwalk that night? Anyone? And still, nobody believes that you were a pole vaulter. I mean, that takes coordination, right? When you shattered your leg Youngster year you must have been bummed that you couldn't fall down whole flights of steps on your way to class--at least, not for a while. Then came Second Class year and Teresa. We never thought it would last, but we hear that there's a pretty nice rock on her finger. Anyway, congratulations on getting NFO. Be kind to Pensacola. If you don't like flying (or should we say, going along for the ride), you could always become a mad scientist or a film director. (Video, of course.)
--JWB & MDW

**Jeffrey Michael Vorce**
**Chula Vista, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Hailing from the northern border of Mexico, Jeff was in for a shock when he realized there weren't any waves on the Severn. Although his name means "peaceful", we all knew better. Despite his shaded past, Jeff was converted before it was too late. His top ten list of things to do over Christmas break at USNA became an instant hit in Smoke Hall. On restriction he became AT&T's mid of the year, devoting long hours to the "football" and earning the title of "Indy". Ever one for a challenge, Jeff vehemently pursued the Golden Bagel as if it were the Holy Grail. With the tolerance of a girl scout, Jeff was an excellent friend to have around in the search for cheap beer, women, and good times. To all the beer still to be drunk and your luck in the future I wish you the best.--QUAD BEC

Do Not Go Beyond This Point



**Alphonso Andre Walker**
**Gary, Indiana**
**Surface Warfare**

Al, Alf, Fonz, Scratchy, Dr. Hackenstein, Butathopolis all fit Alphonso. This huge Michael Jackson fan showed up at USNA as the only prior H.S.er that already had a pair a geekers...if only he had them on when he caused all that "rack"et on the O-Course! A Seal (yes, it's true) wannabe, he made us all laugh plebe summer when took the form of "ZOLTAR the Laser God" and took on the Harbor Queen. 4/c year also gave birth to the not infamous Alf quotes (whines actually), "Ohhh...I don't feel to well." followed up by "Ohhh...this is not gonna be a good day." This creative musician & singer can come up with "slap"stick titles and lyrics for any song he hears. Although most of Dr. Hackenstein's 3/c & 2/c years were spent in Medical instead of the classroom, he still managed to avoid the Big Blue Mat. With a budget deficit that rivals our government's (but hey, he has any CD that you could ever want!), Fonz spent many a weekend on the yard just chillin'. By the way Fonz...they say that it always rains in Guam...so dress accordingly.

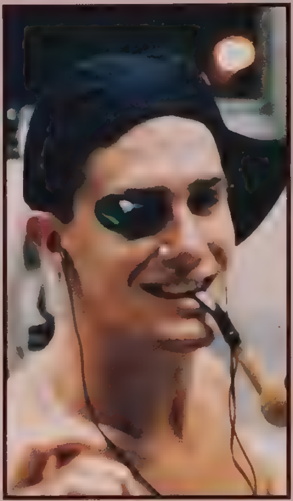
**Curt Allen Waterman**
**Alexandria, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Alexandria sent us Curt, the all-american boy who fell prey to charms of the Orient in exotic Zanzibar and never fully recovered, as his future wife will show. Wrapped in the shadows of his eternally lit desk lamp all week, this taciturn (tempermentally disinclined to talk) "heir to Gilbert" underwent a startling metamorphosis on the weekend. Taking to beer like a fish to water, his self-proclamation "I never puke" was widely believed until his brother provided graphic photographic evidence to the contrary. All further doubts were erased when Curt awoke on a comfortable bed of shoes in a closet at Penn, possibly the only room he didn't yak in. As the Puritan Work Ethic Poster Child three years running, we feared Curt would succumb to the siren song of nuke power. Fortunately, Curt kept 29 nuke free. Even though he selected an MCM just to spite Clint, we know Curt will do well. Though the names of the bars may change, the memories will long remain. For each Coors Light we had, may we drink two together in the future. Thanks for making it bearable.

# XXX COMPANY

**Michael David Waters**
**Alexandria, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

Mike Waters--a man who's been on a lifelong search for two things: a chest and a tan. Apparently, he never found either. Starting Youngster year, Mike developed a fondness for driving. On eighteen-hour weekends, he'd spend twelve hours on the road. This wasn't so bad, though: he had a car phone and a radar detector as companions, so he was never alone. Mike never had any problems getting those weekends, because stars were issued with the major. When Mike was confined to the hall, he entertained himself with the calculator that he had taped to the bed. Mike had a real sense of adventure: gold wings, flying F/A-18's, free-falling, skiing, travelling to Germany and to British Columbia...but every time you looked at him another piece of his crash-test-lookin' body would be hurt. Living--and racking--on 6-0 as a Batt Striper, Mike sounded great at formation, but those hips just were not meant to fit into a uniform. Good luck in the air--hope you don't sneeze when you get your dream 18! --JWB & MAT



HWH-906
Coca

**Kenneth Bradley Baell**
**Moultrie, Georgia**
**Surface Warfare**

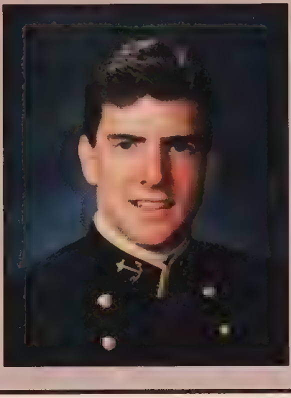
K.B. "I'm so good lookin'" Baell, the Colquit County speedo wonder, impressed Darren, Pete, and Tom from the start of plebe year with his vast knowledge of U.S. history: "Dude, when we bought the Louisiana Purchase from the Indians..." Since then, Brad has been full of other Baellisms: "You can crack on mah muther...I do the chickens...dude, don't touch me in the mornin'...Hey, Heisler." Brad always had uplifting comments for his classmates, too: Farse! Horse! Purse! Char! You were just leavin' weren't ya?" Anyway, good luck in the fleet, K.B. Hope you like the Navy better than you liked the Academy. Love ya' like a brother. TSS, PWK

**Darren Jens Banks**
**Cypress, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

Two years in the fleet-he doesn't have an attitude. Plebe year-oldest man in the Co. Ho-hum, yes sir, no sir. Champion rack thrower. 3/c: Marine Eng sounds good: EN, Chem, statics-well maybe not. 35min from RFK (THE WHO). KFC: "I'll have 10 pieces and a coke, what do you want Pete?" 2/c: Most loved 2/c, Darren's Place, Bitin' ears off, the mids-oops. Nice sunrise-log up- 8 stitches. This tree won't fit in your car. Sure you want to see my ID, mate? Was that Cong. Inquiry for me? Fitrep: 'He's a loose cannon, too intimidating, and unapproachable' (Yeah all 5'7" and 145lbs) Go get'em 94. 1/c: time, tide and formation wait for no one (XO to CO). 4 days at bulldog, 3 processing out. All summer at home-his foot. Oh, Jules you're the best. 4 yrs is 1460 days...He's the reason they have striper boards. -The Cool Room. PCB, DEB

**Keith Anthony Beiter**
**Lancaster, Ohio**
**Surface Warfare**

Keith, came to us from Lancaster, OH, land of the burning tires. It must have been hot there, because Keith's sweat glands were used to working overtime. That must have been where he learned to smoke those cheap cigars, too. One thing Keith never worried about, though, was his uniform, just check out the holes in his skivvies. Keith must really have known someone high up in the Nimitz hierarchy, for he had his own personal geek space reserved throughout his four years by the Bay. Although he had that special spot in the library, he still enjoyed burning the midnight oil in his room. Just look at his desk lamp if you don't believe this. Lifting all those books kept him in good shape, though, as his evening wrestling matches with his roommates proved. By the way, Keith, you are Duty Rack. Wipe down, and SWO on, WTT and Hutton.



**Matthew Douglas Bogdan**
**Edison, New Jersey**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

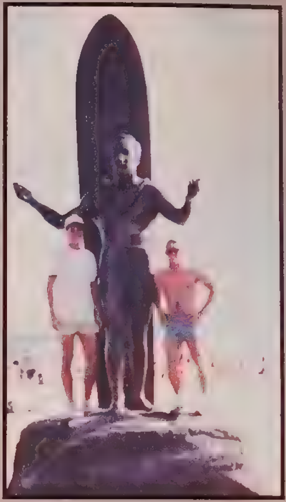
Matt hailed from New Jersey. To his credit, he hid it well. From Day One Matt lived an adventure. Bogwan (most of the time we called him something else) was one of those disgusting people who excelled at everything. Almost everything, that is. "Guys, I'm a man!" will become legend. His approach to leadership was unique: "I have a 4.0. You have to give me stripes." We'll remember the 4.0s and his deeds on the track. But it will be other memories that we'll look back on and smile about. Taking your contacts out on your 21st. Hot tub scuba. Amex at Taco Hell. Studycon Bravo. His wisdom is eternal- "Don't stick your tongue to the hurdle, that's bad." "Check my pulse, I think I'm dying." Germany, Georgetown, San Diego: he kept the geek factor low and the friendship high. We bled together and laughed together; and now, after four years, we're asking "When's the next adventure begin?" -CC,DW

**Peter Christopher Bozzo**
**Alexandria, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Pete came to USNA from far away Alexandria, VA. The son of a '59 grad. Shacked up with a prior, ROTC puke, and a guy named PONAN. Retired from ftball with 0 plays and 3 knee surgeries. Along with being the most easygoing guy on the Co., he was also the best looking (George). 4/c: 'The Wild Thing', alarm clock darts, rack tossing, 'Foot', the only flawless Laws of the Navy (Clint). 3/c: As Batt HRC rep confiscated all materials. The 35 min trip from RFK to 6-4. 3-2 Hockey, You broke my eye of the storm. 4 yrs and 2 loves. Go Skins! Boodedow, Best job as Co CDR, Trinity, All-time Tetris Champ, Aikman to Crockett, 24-22, Blaaahhh, Last American to see Lenin, 4 yrs together you and me. He is the kind of guy who wouldn't get out of the rack for a striper board. p.s. Remember the joke at the striper's table.-The Cool Room. DJB, DEB

**Douglas Edmond Brophy**
**Phoenix, Arizona**
**Navy Pilot**

Doug came from NW Prep via the desert from AZ. He will soon be married to his high school sweet-heart and start on their 11 kids. A card-carrying member of the NRA, Doug is a true out-doorsman. Never afraid to speak up. "The following are out of weekends: Brophy.." 4/c: Sat. morn workouts- Are you doing this for punishment? I gotta get those milkshakes (record stair jump and sprained ankle). 3/c: Pole vaulting up to the rack, Don't drink and run (broken foot in Georgetown), gotta wife now -whipped. 2/c: Fixing monuments for Verhage (forget the stripes, I want libs), dedicated bulldoger- 50 min from Kim. Went to the fish-market to dance with a whale. For the last time...I wear the trouser. Remember Tulsa, Jules. Doug is the kind of guy who could be woken up for a striper board and 1 hr later be Batt Cdr. -The Cool Room PCB, DJB



**Clinton Charles Cresap**
**Santa Clarita, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Clint arrived at USNA with no knowledge whatsoever of anything eastern or naval. But though he started at zero, that condition didn't last long. Clint had more liberty as a plebe than most firsties do. If it wasn't Lt Ross' car or apartment, it was his Hood hop success story. A Hood regular, Clint was given up as dead. But he eventually recovered and moved on to new adventures, like more liberty... Liberty University, that is. Even though whipped and beaten during the majority of his time here at the Academy, he still found time for real adventure; hot tub scuba, climbing on BOTH coasts, June Week skinny-dipping, bustin' hurdles, AC slumber parties, tear gas, appliances, questing for tacos. Clint was the only mid we knew who pulled off the ultimate mid fantasy; the more he racked, the better his grades got. Always a trackster at heart, we'll never forget you. Best of luck- Fly hard, rip it up! -JN,MB

**Wendell Scott Eargle**
**Fairfax, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

The son of a Navy Pilot, Scott came to us from Northern Virginia with dreams of becoming a pilot just like dear old dad. During plebe year, thirty began to experience the first Eargleisms, such as the famous "Cotton Pickin'" not to mention the well known "tongue in cheek". When youngster year came, he gave us a sample of his musical taste with THE MIX and 93.1, not to mention his shower etiquette with Right Guard, ---- pushups, and baby powder. Firstie year produced the infamous Mr. ERC of training staff, who was recently qualified airborne. HOO YAH!! As our story ends, the young buck who entered got his wish to be a pilot like his dad. Knock 'em dead in P-Cola! God Bless You. RJR

**Demetrios Michael Geokezas**
**White Bear Lake, Minnesota**
**Surface Warfare**

After NWPS and four years I still can't put my finger on why I'm here, maybe there was no other place fit for such a man. Am I the only Democrat in the joint? Well I have learned much, just don't ask about what a Systems Engineer does. Not to preach or anything, but the biggest lesson to learn? NICE GUYS FINISH LAST! Not that I would know or anything. In the end remember to FBM. Don't forget national publicity for the Log (6000*3), SEP 89 issue of PB. Girls from N.C.? NOT Thanks to the Posse, we made weekends memorable, even when you can't remember, better yet, when you don't want to remember. I'm the only one to room with every member of it. My memories will last a lifetime. Thanks to Ed for helping. See you in the "FLEET" DMG

**Phillip Wayne Heberer**
**Braidwood, Illinois**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Okay, let's figure this one out. Phil came to us from Nuc Power School, earned his Small Craft Pin, his Jump Wings, and his Silver Dolphins, so of course he selects...Navy Air! After he gets those wings, what's next? That pretty much describes our Hutton, a man of many tastes-- right, girls? His roomies tried to make a list of the women in his life once, but we just could not keep up. Well, at least our room was always well-stocked with care packages. If variety was what Phil liked, his music was no exception. The man listened to everything from AC/DC to Beethoven, then back to Garth Brooks. And who could ever forget Round-up...Yeehaw. By the way, we are still waiting to go Clogging. Well, Hutton, both of your roommates wish you the best of luck with everything and everyone. Look out, Mars, here comes Phil. See ya, WT and KB

**Matthew Thane Heisler**
**Cassopolis, Michigan**
**Surface Warfare**

Matt T Heisler, "Body #1," he's from CASS, he was prior sub, but ran gamut Prof.: Airborne, Marines, Air, Swo-daddy. His prior experiences helped him and his roommates thru Plebe yr. "Dave cover my chow-call, later!", choke-hold, computer program. He was the only guy I know to cry after Herndon Party. Matt was a great f-ball player but left to play V-ball, fieldball, baseball, powerlift before finding a home in intramurals. 2/c summer was great, dancing by ourselves, beach-combing, best buns, trip to Bermuda-got planted!-I'm sorry I forgot your name is it Pete? Spring Break, Mil-special, beer bonging, shaved eyebrow, inner abs workout. MCI's best customer, LATE NIGHT STORIES. Original mbr of THE POSSE. Purdue, Dewey, UVa. Heis you're not only MVP but #1 also. TPS

**Sean Robert Heritage**
**Pleasanton, California**
**Navy Pilot**

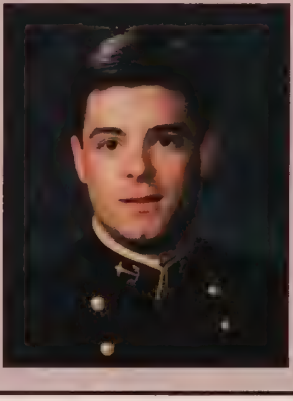
Alf came to Navy to play soccer, got lost in the weight room one day, and never came back. At least he got a letter. MH and DS recruited him to room 3221 and he never looked back. Plebe year was one big M.O. that brought laser feet, a crooked nose, and a certain Mexican tale. Youngster year he thought he was going to Wall Street because he loved his major so much. Bleached hair was in for him. Sean spent alot of time in Smoke Hall as a 2/c - wanna go to Cleveland? The posse is not sure where he was 1/c year. The "wanderer" disappeared several times without notice. Dewey, Daytona, D.C., Virginia, This isn't Meat's car. Think he's dead? Call the cops. Lost in the garden. ON-OFF. 2 dates to the Ring dance. Daytona-Wow! 4 years together and we made it. Who'd believe. Good Luck in the air - See you at the Lion. Scrawny

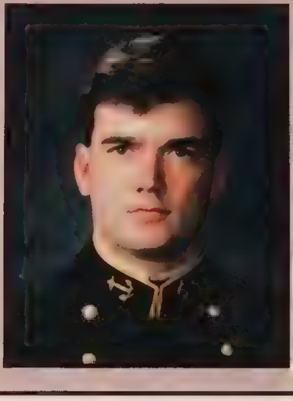
**Paul William Kieckhefer**
**Louisville, Kentucky**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Omigosh! "Hey Paulie" Kieckhefer came to Annapolis from the great psuedo-Southern state of Kentucky. Fathinated with stripers, he was destined to become one and did so. Good job, Hefer. Computers were his number-one love, besides Jujie, conservative clothes, and weird music. Everything Paul said or did was confrontational, but that's just because he felt uncomfortable around me. Pothy! After four years with Wojohefer, I know everything I never wanted to about Michael Stipe. Paul likes his pants. Good luck with Julie, the submarine corps, and your rug. Beat Army! I'll shut up! Your bud -- TSS

**Jeffrey Kendall Nordstrom**
**Bend, Oregon**
**Marine Corps**

Jeff came to USNA to experience his third consecutive freshman year, having decided that a six year officer plan would make him more professional than a four year one. His plebe year was a nightmare, although it wasn't the Paiges of his probook that caused it. He lived, though; Jeff was The Athlete. From the football field to the track, Jeff was a star. Note, however, that this stardom did not make him The Student. Jeff's philosophy was, "Live by the gouge, or die by it." The problem was that Jeff mostly died by it. Between frequent workouts and infrequent studying, he found his share of memories. Yellow rain in 3242, the Cave, knowing "who" instead of "what," a truly never-ending stream of admirers, it has been real, it has been fun. If we had it all to do again, we wouldn't change a thing. (Okay, maybe a couple of girls.) The Marines are getting a hell of an officer. Never say die, bud.- CC,MB





**Dale Aron Peterson**
**Santa Rosa, California**
**Surface Warfare**

December 28, 1969 was another haze-gray day underway for the U.S. Navy - except at Whidbey Island, WA, where another future naval officer graced the world with his entrance, only to grow up in Santa Rosa. During Plebe Summer, he impressed his classmates with his one-armed tackle of a runaway floor during an issue, and he became affectionately known to his upperclass as "Hey, Peterscreen!" Ever the enterprising Oceanography major, he managed to drive 3 out of 5 roommates into CIVLANT, almost nabbing one of the two survivors. In his spare time, he kept up a mighty correspondence while not ignoring his true friend, the blue magnet. We wish you luck, "Airdale," on the Carl Vinson. Thanks to Mom, Dad, Erica, Guy, and Gam. (CAPT)

**Randy Joe Roberge**
**Rochester, New Hampshire**
**Naval Flight Officer**

The son of a mayor from his hometown, Randy was a Red Sox fan and a dedicated hockey fan as he loved the Bruins. Randy was our representative on the hockey team, and could be distinguished by his equipment lying around in the hallway. Randy was motivated youngster summer as he learned to jump out of perfectly good airplanes. AIRBORNE! He also worked hard to learn how to breathe underwater. SCUBA! While going for company commander, "the body" almost got to be battalion commander, but instead settled for Brigade Supply. I will remember him for leaving my towels lying around, and his comearounds with a certain 4/C doing "I will not guess push-ups". He is remembered most by the girl he met at a mixer and ended up seeing the rest of the time here. HEY ****!! He was a systems geek who worked hard to have the grades to go pilot but, unfortunately his eyes let him down and he went NFO.

**David Gerald Samtmann**
**Churchville, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

"The Magnet" left THE PREP with visions of following dear ol' dad 2 SWOdom. Now it's here & where did it all go? A forced retirement brought the Sea Wall Kid off the mound and back 2 the Posse. Plebe year MH sent Scrawny 2 station 5 and the poor guy was gone for 6 weeks. Victimized again when MH almost choked him 2 death for studying 2 much. That year ended with a blow-out & a trip 2 Cali. 3/c year DS showed us all how they party in Philly at the Dining-out. 2/c year was highlighted by Dave & his Military Special courage in Daytona. Best Buns contest in reg gear? Not 2 mention the search 4 ticks in N.O. DG was a hit in Hawaii with the Aussies! 1/c DS went 2 UVA in search of the meaning of life and a light. Ha' Penny-'s, Army/Navy Bash, "FBM Nuc Power", and many Certs Encounters were a big part of our last year. Best of luck in the future & remember what THOUGHT thought. C-YA, SH

**Thomas Patrick Shanley**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Fraggle, the 5th and puniest Shanman, trekked 10 minutes to USNA via Newport. He showed off his swimming prowess in the Severn and sang "Yellow Ribbon." Plebe yr. saw Tom carry-on in the hallway and power-rack at his brothers. "Hey get someone big out here." drove Tom to a 400 lb bench and a huge Herndon party. There was also the NIS dis. Youngster y Tom slept in his own rack and though positive because everyday was a lift day. He hung up his cleats, drank the grog and took boats and calc twice. Camp Tecumseh liftathon pre-empted 2/c summer and sparks in Bermuda, before wining in dining up & down the eastern seaboard. Olympic baby sitter-driver-muppet. Hey those are my sisters! Tom of Annapolis-H.P's, Bakers. Took up boxing because of GURL complex. Later TJ, STAY HUGE! MTH

**Thomas Steven Skidmore**
**Boise, Idaho**
**Navy Pilot**

Tom joined the Navy in the summer of '87 at NAPS (BY CHOICE!!), and judging by his frequent, "Hey, I was enlisted!" it's something he's proud of, strange as it is. He's forever set in his own unique ways & no one can change his mind (except Sarah 'coz he doesn't want her to dump him). What I remember most about Tom is his f** music (What's a Felly?), flexing in front of the mirror (FLAB), trademark, guido clothes, an obsession with Japan, LIME!, rhetoric about the 2nd best plane in the Navy, all the people shorter than him (I think we counted 5), gelsey(??), Sarah's LOFT, his no-chopping chit (POTHY!), Ms. Arnold's class (ZZZZ...Tom?), his USMC Julie imitations, & forgetting his 1st name (Skidmore!?!). Congrats on getting Navy pilot! Good luck to a great friend with P'cola, Sarah, & yer butt!! PWK

**Christopher Lloyd Sledge**
**Oak Harbor, Washington**
**Navy Pilot**

Chris, this gentle giant, has been my roommate since 6 July 1988, and except for the summers we were never really apart. This kind of thing makes people question our relationship. . . being in the Navy and all. Fear not, male bonding has not exceeded the accepted norms of today's military society. There were times when this studious soul drove me nearly insane - Chris, I know we've got time constraints but the after-shower study cram? C'mon, wipe down! Well, I probably am thankful because somehow Chris' intensity, devotion, and love for the service have worn off on me. The Sledgehammer is an achiever. Thanks for being a "bud." Keep striving to put out your hand, like Gillespie said, and "touch the face of God." --JMS

**Derrick James Smith**
**Princess Anne, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

So, what shall we say about DJ. It's so hard to begin with a guy who is ever so studly. (So DJ, you running this WE?) We musn't forget his commitment in the Gospel Choir. In professional matters, he was a monster beyond compare. (So DJ, whatcha running this WE?) And his mind! DJ is an engineer extraordinaire and will probably be the first to find the quasi transcendental-efemeral-logistics-effect (by the way you running this WE?) What about those times we devastated the confident and broke all the ladies hearts as we jammed at dances. That's when the Bmore connection was founded. (Hey Bobby, where's DJ?) We drew our swords & battled the DRAGONS that abound there. (Hey Chris, when's DJ coming back?) Then he found his ONLY princess at the end of the rainbow (KKG). Remember: "The hood will always ride in the pursuit of peace and the princess at the end of the rainbow." -The Knights

**George Patrick Smith**
**Huntington Beach, California**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

"Why isn't there a Naval Academy in California?" George spent his 4 years trying to find the answer to that question. The answer came when he met the girl of his dreams, an East coast MID. A dedicated ladies man, he eventually discovered that it wasn't quantity, but quality that counted. In either case George was always the center of attention and the main source of entertainment: the two "best" views in Annapolis, "Someday you can work for me," the Whit and Smit tag team, Knots Berry Farm and a six-pack, "are those beer cans on your ceiling?" New York taxis, George's Club Med Camping Vacations, and all the times we just laughed together. Good Luck! Although we will never work for you, we'll be happy to work with you. -MB,DW

**Edgar Gustavo Spielmann**
**Santiago, Chile**
**Foreign National**

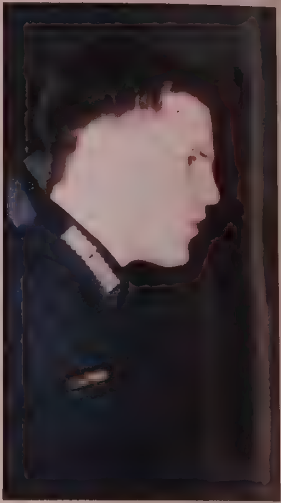
Hailing from Chile. Ed came to USNA to meet real women, travel the world, and get two paychecks. The food was so good he gained 20 pounds. His tape recorder kept us all dancing plebe yr. "Spielmann, you're naked!". Junkster year brought Colombian love & pepito, and a trip to CASS with Desire. Parking by 7-11, mile & 1/2 and pull-ups. 2/c yr in Rickover, sweat!, in search of the NYC model, and still is today. Noon naps with D&B, that, and a few arguments, then a new roommate, thanks a lot! Smoking cruise wagon (better than a BMW?) to S- Break at the Keys, the BOQ orders from hell, and 1-2 memorable nights. Finally realizing his potential, Ed is off to striper land, not before a sem. as the Chilean drill stud! Late nights at the embassy, DC madness, the chair/couch at ARMY/NAVY. Gus was always willing to drop everything to listen and help you out. We'll miss you, Te queremos stud! MTH, DGS, SRH, PCB, TPS, and DMG.

**Jay Michael Steingold**
**Wilmington, North Carolina**
**Naval Flight Officer**

"Mad Jew" came to this fine institution with visions of grandeur - Navy Pilot; but God and bad lighting conspired to rob him of his eyesight. His next foray was into the realm of the jarheads. But after switching majors and boosting his QPR, a brighter light began to shine at the end of that long, long tunnel And that heavenly glow was NAVY NFO There was never a dull moment with this likable guy around Whether it was the Civil War, baseball, or football, Jay always had some fanatical, all-consuming interest. Exploring this nation's great battlefields with this Son of Dixie ("I was born in Richmond") was always a treat. How could I forget meeting the kinfolk in NC or those many enjoyable weekends spent in ol' Mom B hitting the books? Spending the last four years with Jay has been unique. You've been the best of roommates and the best of friends. Good luck and God bless.

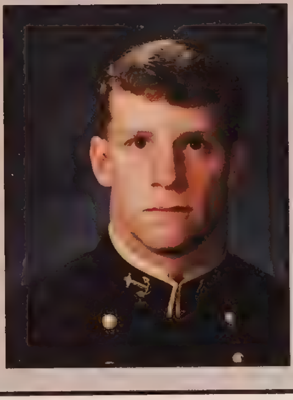
**Walter Todd Taylor**
**Connersville, Indiana**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

Alas poor Walter, we knew him well (not by our choice, at least for youngster year). What was it that fateful day of plebe year which would leave your mark on first battalion office and the pages of a magazine? Life, as he knew it, revolved around a small university in western Ohio. A fair maiden awaited his return each of those long weekends. Nine hour road trips at breakneck speed (by the way, how many tickets did you get?) and the Political Science Department kept him busy, but not so busy as to keep him from a sacred 2300 rack time. Political Science, however, did pay off for him. Sup's stars and a company commander billet stand out as some of his more positive achievements at USNA. In spite of his years as a "scientist", fortune did shine upon him. He can now look foward to nuke bonuses throughout his navy career. Go Nuke SWO! Your roomies, KB, Hutton



**Charles Arthur Philip Turner**
**Towson, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Chuck the "Enforcer" Turner (aka M/FLT ADM) came to USNA through a path which included a year as a Georgia Tech NROTC student. Thinking he did "the right thing" he joined infamous class of '92 in July '88 Professionalism alone was not a challenge enough so the Chuckster chose the sleepless major of Aerospace Engineering . way to push. Chuck kept his mind on academics and being in shape, not to mention sufficient rack ops. From the "land of Ted" Towson, MD Chuck will make his way to San Diego, CA. for a SWO life. No whoop was safe from Chuck, nor was the short one from the land of potatoes..."HeeHeee." Plebe detail, dirty thirty D-lineman and F-15 pilot...is the fleet ready? Good Luck in all you do. "the Hammer" DAP



**Kristin Lee Watt**
**Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**
**General Unrestricted Line**

From Physics to Poli Sci, Wattage has always had the gift of gouge and hook. The Well was always there for you! Plebe year--SWO, rigged in his line of sight, survival! 3/c year--unsat, new friends, stolen garments, lost roommates. Eastern Sprints was a time to forget! Three-man, old boyfriends, shivering! 2/c year--Sony, Boy Wonder, "just when you thought it was all over!" Type B corrupting my Type A. Swinging at the NavSta with the "Beast!" 1/c summer--Statue of Liberty, YP's--signal lights, Donate1-lo's. By 1/c year Peanut Butter and Jelly were formed with Espresso, making three. Pentagon recon--Colin will never forget your squad. Your knee; Bobo--Army was better than you ever thought it would be, leading you to Vermont, the wrong side of the state, and finally to 30! You'll always be thought of as part of 20--to a night owl from the morning larks. MAM JMS

**Lance Edward Whitewolf**
**Phoenix, Arizona**
**Supply Corps**

Lance came all the way from the sweltering deserts of the great Southwest. Known early on as one of the Twin Towers of company hoops, this all-star dominated on the court and off. Grades came natural to this Oceanographer, or somethin', because he studied when necessary (the nite before), but otherwise could be found in the wardroom. A lover of the Cowboys, as well as a diehard Suns fan, this Indian chief always enjoyed a thorough slaughtering of the Redskins (ironic, isn't it?!). No one could forget his momentous 21st birthday celebration, with a nite of drinking and being merry, and then the infamous Tomahawk Chop of the scuttlebutt. Drill parades found this brave doing weird, ritualistic rain dances following a midday feast of tatanka on the plains of Bancroft. And yes, Lance's lack of foresight, or any sight for that matter, forced him into the Corps. Knock 'em for a loop in Athens!! WSE

**David Robert Whittaker**
**Clifton Park, New York**
**Medical Corps**

Dave came to USNA with a drive to excel. He was intense. Too intense. He bordered on the insane; his chopping could be heard two wings away. But The Plebe, and the deckplates, survived. Graduation looked a long way off, for both his friends and the punching bag. But day by day we survived. Until 2/c year, when Dave received the best X-mas present he could imagine. During an all-night porcelain session, (Dave never did anything by half measures) the blonde debutante of his dreams finally came into his life. Even though he was soon brutally whipped, Dave still found time for the guys: King Midas, the Smit-Whit Tag Team, "You've got big traps- for a little guy!" G-town, "He's a nice guy," creative BCD repairs, "Hey blue eyes," summer in Europe, strawberries and champagne, the ever-present teddy bear. We'd do it all again if we could. Go, Doc! -MB, GS, CC

# XXXI COMPANY

**Fernando Jose Argeles**
**Palmetto, Florida**
**Navy Pilot**

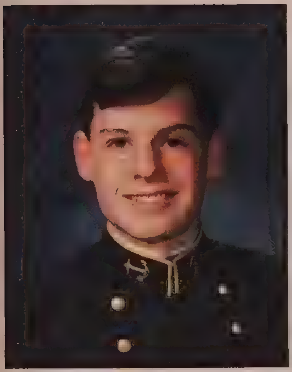
With prenatal ambitions to fly, Fernando came to the Academy with his private pilot's license. His quest to fly 2/c year, led to a Nissan 300zx (with a little help from his parents) and a 1/c summer cruise in Jacksonville, when he also took up skydiving (with a little help from his CAR loan). Speed on the water, and some hard work, earned him the "Senior Skipper" D-qual and permission to sail his dad's boat. Fernando had a video selection almost as large as Block-buster's, and more CDs than Sam Goody's. He owned every Calvin and Hobbes comic book, collected Star Trek videos and had his own bouts with love. Pizza, stake and LOBSTER were favorites coming in and met no competition from King Hall. Service Selection nearly led to Nuclear Power, but after being NPQ'd for subs, he managed to get out and FLY! KEP

**Richard Phillip Bassi**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**Navy Pilot**

Rich had an easy walk across the yard to begin his first day of plebe year. He was a seasoned Navy man from NAPS who fooled everyone until youngster year when he joined the elite dirt bag society by rooming with me. After a couple of tough years on the soccer team Rich went out with a bang by being voted team captain and scoring a goal in his second victory against Army. He always remained faithful in fighting the DS, although he was the King of convenient relationships. He aspired to hang with the Big Boys, only to find his face under the table. Jagermeister shots in Atlanta w/JPD, The School Playground, Captain's Quarter's, Member of TBSBC, Tau Beta, THE BROTHER's. Although we may not have seen eye to eye on everything, I couldn't have asked for a better roommate. Thanks for all of your help and good luck in your Naval career. I know you'll do great. Go Navy Air! Love body #2. LAN

**Jerry Lloyd Berman**
**Villa Park, California**
**Medical Corps**

Dude, I'm from California...the southern part. Jer...a Varsity H2O-polo starter who redefined what it is to score...New Orleans style. 0-10 at Bucknell with a penalty shot. Got a hold on things youngster year at the Red Roof Inn. An infamous smile that earned Swami rubs at Delaware. Dude, she digs me! Jerry, there is a minimum speed limit. Birthday shots (vodka or water?) followed by a biathlon. Can you tell I lifted today? You'll make a fine doctor--tee time at noon. Chemistry major with a mission--where's the gouge? Mom kept the postal service in business--good food, great toys (M&M Man, Shotguns). Cherrymaster indulged in Don Tomas, but the Poconos just didn't cut it for Dr. Speed. Great attempt, but failed to achieve Jedi Knight Status with the little one. All said. Good luck, Jer. Member of TBSBC. JCM LAN RLS RPB



**Maximilian Clark**
**Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**
**Navy Pilot**

For those of you in 31 who don't know, this is Max. Yes he has been with us for the full four years. Better than the B-2, no one is really sure if Max is here as a student or a dependent. A sufferer from the Dick Clark syndrome, Max still looks as if he were 12. This isn't bad since he only shaves to get some use out of his razor. He was born to be a pilot surrounded by the wild blue yonder, but for now the blue magnet will have to do. He has had some solo flight time in Florida; too bad it was in an intersection and not in the air. Well, since puberty didn't change his face... As a silent member of the two percent club, we never seem to hear much about Chris. Will he lose the bet? We'll see. Thanks for all the laughs and the fun. However, lets spend the next vacation together somewhere other than Mother B. Remember, you can't get a Whopper at McDonalds, and the service is great! GR SAR RJJ

**Thai Eric Coughlin**
**Concord, New Hampshire**
**Surface Warfare**

Concord lost a favorite son in July of 1988. Thai Coughlin had arrived at the Naval Academy. Plebe year was very rough for Thai because of his intense desire to return to the familiar halls of Harvard. However, youngster year he broke free of his Ivy League shackles, and excelled as chicken liver connoisseur and practical jokester. Thai was never afraid to punch anyone who cheered for the wrong team, especially Notre Dame. Second class year awoke the fire inside one of the brigade's most feared flamers, and plebes trembled wherever he walked. Show-me, his Ring Dance princess, was the only one able to tame this savage beast. Thai was also an accomplished world traveller, and a master at acquiring frequent flyer miles and airline schedules. Thai enjoyed his time abroad so much that he selected a ship homeported in Japan. Next blockbuster movie — "Godzilla vs. Coughlin." ESM, HCW, WAK

**Donald Jospeh Donegan**
**Hagerstown, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Donny 1st came to USNA for a sightseeing tour as a young lad, and his heart never left. After rooming with an ugly bird and a Log scavenger hunt item his plebe year, he was rescued by a shining gem for his remaining 3. Donny's 3/c year saw many love interests come (KM, SW, LD, HW, KC, TBO) and go (all of the above.) 2/c year saw Stumpy, bossy one, the bike, an equally long trail of broken hearts, and an action-packed road trip itinerary. ( HC, EC, RC, LC) To know Donny is to know the master of common sense and level headedness. You can trust him to listen to your problems, but do NOT trust him with a bottle from Waldo! A man who is not attracted unless she is bossy, or redheaded, Donny still searches for a ratio over 1.0. A man of taste(?), virtuous qualities, and a good penchant for rack. A toast: to Armdog and Eddie! Member, TBSBC. Your 1 & only opposite, GCG.

**Peter David Eisenhauer**
**Charlotte, North Carolina**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Peter Eisenhauer ("Does the name "LIB ERATOR OF EUROPE" ring a bell?")
PATRIOT, BREWER
bottled in
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA
(5% alcohol by volume)
DNN

**Thomas Friedrich Fulton**
**Washingtonville, New York**
**Special Operations**

The "Steamboat" from "near" West Point who never believed his roommate (especially when it was snowing). For three years he toiled in the Severn as a member of the "Brotherhood". He always had to protect Helen Melon from the slimy mids but with buds like Schroedy, Ben, Wags, and Joe (my hands are on my chest and my fingers are awigglin') who could do better Feared by his Profs as "Sleepy Fulton", To'mas was a faithful letter writer and Newsweek's all-time favorite subscriber. For his second class loan Horton wanted to get a run-down Volare but instead opted for the Integra with the "V-8." From his "colorman" performances to his Ronald McDonald faces, Tom has a personality that is contagious and hard to resist. As Company DAPA he was always searching for the lost lung (or was it a fish) and the ever evasive "Stealth" case. Holy-dokes!!!

**Geoffrey Christopher Graham**
**Cincinnati, Ohio**
**Navy Pilot**

Chris left the Midwest to join the Walrus Colony up on 3-4. After many escapades and much learning, the newly dubbed Crystal moved in with his next door neighbor, who was in dire need of guidance. Chris will be remembered for his racking ability, the Shark, his extensive work with mathematics (esp. ratios), and his inability to make his roommate follow his example. 2/C year the car changed everything. Chris used his blue machine to meet many new friends, some of whom he kept seeing over and over again He traveled to new and exciting places like E-town, 'Noke, Longwood, and Lewissomething, and became an honorary member of SMG. 1/C year being 21 changed everything. As a firstie he found what he wanted, but it wanted him a little too much. When he escaped, off he went again. Now to P-cola via Paris. A toast: to Armdog and Eddie, and to you. Member TBSBC. DJD.

**Robert John Jezek Jr.**
**Cincinnati, Ohio**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

ROB! Robster! Robsteroni! At the Rob's Head! This is the man with the most diverse knowledge on the face of the Earth. Got financial problems, a question about trends in the military, a faulty reactor? Go see Rob; or just wait a while, he always comes by anyway. This is the only man who is happier when things go bad than good. And he lets you know about it. Of course, the fencing team will never have a more devout follower. Or did he have ulterior motives? Nah! However we kid Rob, he is the most giving person we know... "Just take it!". He is the only person whose Ring Dance date had to stand on TWO boxes! It's a good thing that he is such a bad aim or everything in the room would be broken, not that he didn't hit his share of glasses, picture frames and lamps. Two last words of advice, if any one attacks you, make sure that he doesn't have a rack; and remember the do's and don'ts. GR SAR MC

**Waqar Ali Khan**
**Attock, Pakistan**
**Foreign National**

Mr. Khan, what is best in life? We always loved listening to you say that rate. Wikki came to us from Pakistan, and quickly adapted himself to his new environment, and his new mentor, Jolly Rogers (and Jolly's sister). The Americanization process began with RTK and JCM, but ended with Robin Olson. Robin and Wikki attended more Dahlgren dances together than anyone in academy history. Although the best squasher by far, he chose to spend time in the swimming pool instead. In fact, Waqar thoroughly enjoyed all PE tests. Wikki then proceeded to take Maury Hall by storm as a systems stud. With the battle cry "Remember Felarca", he successfully won campaign ribbons for victories against opponents such as Wild Bill, The Big B., Uncle Will, and Sleepmaster Chamberlain. Speaking of sleep, he excelled at this as well. Waqar Ali Khan, used car buyer, wardroom entrepreneur, and a true brother. ESM HCW

Valley Hills G.C.
GOLF
COURSE

**Kurt Kane Kilgore**
**Tulsa, Oklahoma**
**Surface Warfare**

Billy Bud, body #3, Kurt came to USNA from Oologah H.S. on the outskirts of Tulsa, OK, the virtual H.S. All-American RB (had it not been for Tony Brooks.) First he had to show off his academic talents at NAPS before attending the boat school. Kurt's 6 year relationship w/his high school sweetheart ended abruptly due to a brief encounter with his best friend's girlfriend, Mary Joe (What a guy!). Unfortunately, the Oakie's football career ended youngster year due to his quest for academic brillance, which proved to be a great loss to Navy. Kurt is the hardest working, morally soundest, and the easiest person to get along with. Although your gridiron dreams didn't come true, a dream named Michele came true. Always remember Dave Wilis' Party, the Mark Twain Motel, and Kroc's. Good luck body #3 we'll all miss you. Member of TBSBC and the Walrus colony. Love superbaby, CBA.

**Reginald Tipper King**
**San Francisco, California**
**Naval Flight Officer**

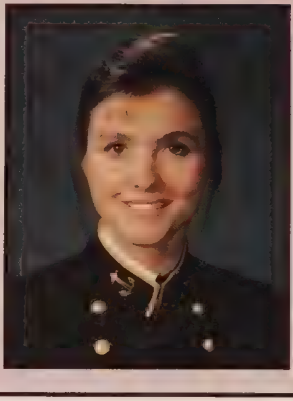
When Reggie hit the Academy he was already a salty dog. A year at NAPS and a lifetime in the surf of California saw to that. He must have shook his head when he saw the bunch of beginners he was put with on I-Day. Nevertheless, by the end of the year he had taught a foriegn national how to act American and turned a mama's boy into a ladies' man. His other project, changing the Buckeye Kid from a supersweat to a Pepsi Chillout man, took a little longer and wasn't as successful. Not even Tipper or his boy the Genius are perfect. Even though he had some fancy footwork, Reggie didn't cake-walk through his 4 year stint. He had to outlast B-star, academics, and the Assoc. for the protection of Handicapped Parking Spaces. He never lost his dream of flying, and finally choose the back seat over ground-pounding. My brother, thanks for four years of education, adventure, and friendship. ESM

**Everett Spaulding Marshall III**
**Longvalley, New Jersey**
**Surface Warfare**

First came the fall of the Berlin wall, then the break up of the USSR, and then finally the engagement of Everett Marshall. This destined Brigade boxing champ hung up his gloves to preserve his pretty face. Lack of training led to being K.O'd by Michele. "I could have been a contender," says Pretty Boy. His history at USNA would not have foreseen such a respectable end. From rental cars and inner state signs to OOW's returning wallets to an empty room, Ev has had an interesting past. He may never see another sci-fi again now that he has had a close encounter with "Chewbacca". I have never seen anyone come so close to hitting a classmate. And speaking of hitting a classmate, next time I wake you up I will be sure to have a mouth piece. From air to Marines to subs, your frigate will never know what hit them. By the way, I never thanked you for that donut, I really appreciated it. GR CW

**Mark William Matthys**
**Chicago, Illinois**
**Navy Pilot**

Mark is a great roommate; now don't get me wrong. But he is not easy to live with--women swoon over his "puppy dog brown eyes" and his long, graceful eyelashes—my MOTHER, for Pete's sake, thinks he's "georgous." (Thanks Mom—your former son). He's an aero STUD—he'll come back from liberty at 9, say "Boy! I have lots of work to do," work for MAYBE two hours and say "Well, I'm goin' to bed—you REALLY need that light?" AND he's a gymnast, so every time we go someplace he does flips and twists "for fun." But Monobrow is a true friend who tolerates his obsessive roommate with a sense of humor (no small task, mind you). I have tremedous respect for him; he is successful at whatever he touches he has great personal faith: I wish him clear skies and Godspeed. DNN



**Edward Joseph McDonald**
**Hoodsport, Washington**
**Navy Pilot**

Mahatma black magicked his way in, and sold his soul for a brace. The brains of the walrus colony, he let a 56-day sub cruise take his eyes after a sprint back from Gate 8. Two years and a closet at New Year's later, his eyes requalled him for pilot, but still weren't as big as the innocent ones that duped him into getting cake up his nose. There was no more Mr. Nice guy the next time. Weekends at his uncle's and many nights at 33 West St. balanced his cash flow, which wasn't nearly as laminar as his own. He started begging for backrubs after he conquered the USMC Marathon, but smaller ears than his don't always hear everything. In fact, everything about him is big, from his cake-holding, banana bread-kneading hands to his desire to rack that lights up the hall. Ed, don't let your uhtrowshus, pinheaded spelling keep you out of the CV Captain's Chair. CRS

**John Joseph McLoone III**
**Phoenix, Arizona**
**Surface Warfare**

Hotas came to us from the dry state of AZ with the thirst of a desert nomad and as plebe year wore on, dehydration set in. Redefining stealth, his youngster year roommate only vaguely recognized J.J. from when he was guide-on. "McLoone—where'd we park the company?!'" Youngster year brought out the animal in our Pope Puff. Braving the bathroom tiles of Georgetown to keep his cactus from drought, friendly women had a way of getting J.J. in trouble, but he was always faithful to his saguaro sugar, Julie. He stogied like Winston Churchill, drank like an Irishman, and cried when his American Promise hit bottom. A true friend with a pot of coffee, his 21st was spent drinking sham Margaritas in a hot tub. He "blessed us with his presence" but now its off to Long Beach with a cool truck and golf clubs. MoM, JS, DNN

**John Christopher Mohs**
**Webster, South Dakota**
**Medical Corps**

John came to us a sheltered boy from Webster, S.D. and left a man of the world. A sweat from the start, he aimed to impress with his smarts and good looks...50% isn't all that bad. Things changed after 3/C summer; I guess it was that deep, DARK summer seminar tan that changed his life. We must remember our beginnings, but when will it ever end? Bikers of Key West and old, bald Skiers of Penn. will await his return forever. To his credit, the most squared-away dirtball known to USNA. Must be your room appearance! (or your roommates). To think you had four stripes. Too bad CAPT L. said doctors couldn't be leaders, or you would've had six. Never forget the Stogie- masters (Gonzo), Slack Six legends, or room 81-Thirty-One. Thanks for everything you've done and for all the good times. Good luck Dr. Mohs...tee time's at noon! THE HALO STILL SHINES IN OUR EYES. RLS JLB RPB LAN

**Mara Anne Motherway**
**Wickford, Rhode Island**
**General Unrestriced Line**

Mom-one person party-Only the would guess Ac. Officer, stars, & MC marathon would be part of your 1/c glories. Deuce #1-missing formation-she turned herself in & received flames for paperwork. 3/c year was more LAX (not easy in Slack) except for a fry for driving in the yard. (God, M. where did you park the Porsche-CAPT's row?) Baby Bear inspecting your rack-with you in it. 2/C summer: E-course with BAC .192, tropical whites on the MAC. P-cola with the AOCS & the cabinet maker. In this she found a soulmate in AD. After 3 years of torture & an N, she hung up the oars to continue with her challenges of fruit diet, missing class & keeping Friday libs. After NAPS in August on to a new sport: B-ball was the calling: Winnebago girls & famed busdancing lessons. Now the Queen of fun will go to the island of sun. There she will prove what we always knew—Mom's the Best. JS, JJ, KL.

**David Troy Mundy**
**Covina, California**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Dave arrived from California and started dazzling the upperclass with his aviation facts while everyone else was still learning menus. The upperclass over in Slack Six liked him and his bulletin boards so well they made him company commander, which he got saddled with as a firstie, too. Youngster year Dave decided to shave his legs and ride bikes. From then on Daves loves were bikes, drill, the Lakers, and drill. What about the girls Dave? As a 2/c Scrappy got thrown in with Crystal and Stumpy and his USNA education really began. Dave learned about girls, going to bed before midnight, how to pick a fight with Waldo, and how to study quietly at night. Firstie year he got his biggest wishes: SATness and a flight jacket. He could FINALLY stop sweating and have a little fun. Despite the late lights and the legs, we loved living with you, and your bike. Member TBSBC. DJD & GCG.

**David Norman Newcomb**
**Springfield, Virginia**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

Sailor, scholar, male pattern baldness victim. Snorin' Norman is the SWO Daddy of 31. But when Gomer is not writing an English paper, sitting in his favorite lounge chair reading literary criticism, hanging out in dusty old bookstores, or keeping his roommate awake with his wall shaking snoring, he's out flying his kite with his bare toes wiggling in the grass. That's the way David is, but he's not always so carefree. He can not escape his compulsive Newcomb traits. How many people do you know who take longer to fill out their "gas ledger" than to fill up their gas tank, or who plan entire weekends around the ceremonial washing and waxing of their Toyota Camry? David is loved nonetheless, and I'm sure the ones we leave behind will be making frequent trips to Newport to have their poems and essays proofread. Lookout USS MONTEREY, here comes Norm! MWM

**Luis Alberto Nicolao**
**San Jose, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Luis came to USNA from the Golden State of California. Spooned the first day of plebe summer. Water Polo Stud: Freshman of the year, 3-time All American, Navy scoring record, Captain..etc Shutup, you deserve this. Thank Dr. Shade for Chemistry minor. GOO, gouge hound, star of Dick Tracy ,"you're not a good looking guy" -O.D. master of strong-arm kiss w/ Body #1, looking for a little P in the BC, Master of the Grind, Body #2, "Where's your no-shaving chit plebe?" TP's carpet Caused RB's performance decline (worth it). "Was that a full Chow Call?" Comearounds w/ Princess. Drusso's party-the sink, the shower.. "Where's Luis-Check the wardroom. "Luscious, pancake face melon-head, Buddha, GEORGE!! Al's 3rd's, 40 oz Mlt Lqr, KK's $100 bet. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS Walrus Colony. Member TBSBC. Luis-3 great years.I've had alot of fun. You're a great friend. Take care Body, GOOD LUCK. RPB

**Terry Lynn Obermeyer**
**Indianapolis, Indiana**
**Navy Pilot**

Terence Lynn Obermeyer, always a hoosier, will be sure to tell you how thrilling Indiana is. A phenomenal wrestler in high school, he ran into recurrent weak ankle problems at USNA. So he did what any ex-wrestler would do, and joined the cheerleading squad. A member of the 2% club, he's been on the road to marriage since he got here. There were some interesting side trips on the way, but who could (or want to) remember them all? A "keeper of the force" as a plebe, Terry couldn't deny himself becoming mired in the dark path for a long, long time. Thanks to his supportive father, his Navy possessions include the USNA watch, NAVY92 plates, "USNA" licence plate holders... Schwanck is one mid who truly loves it here! He should, he's been here enough, thanks to 2/C Summer. You'll do well in Pensacola (there're no 6000s!) Fly Navy!

**John Scott Phillips**
**Scranton, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

"Lips" is the kind of person who'll swim seven miles in the Afternoon, drink you under the table that night, and then put you to bed; I know, because he did. Plebe year he set an USNA record, quit the team, watched his record get broken, REJOINED the team, and set a new record. A computer hacker with the best of them, his shoulders are SO wide I swear he has to go through doors sideways. 2/C year he made EE and Celestial go by slower, if only by waking me up each time the prof looked our way, and 2/C summer is something he just smiles about but won't explain. A man who likes his coffee and his beer black, John picked his ship by flipping through "Ships & Aircraft" like an L.L. Bean catalogue. You are a good and true friend, John, and it is an honor to know you. DNN

**Kenneth Earl Poorman**
**Salt Lake City, Utah**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

After 3 years at the U of Utah, Kenn (with 2 'N's) started over again at Canoe U. Maybe that explains why he was a Trident Scholar while only studying once a week. Having the EE chairman for his sponsor didn't hurt either. Ender could always be found Trekkin' or maybe with his nose buried in a book and his thoughts out beyond the stars. His down to earth (water?) moments were spent on sailboats as a senior skipper, in submarines, or at Jones Elementary. 3/C and 2/C years included frequent trips to a certain environmentalist's in DC. On a ski trip, many handfuls of hair were lost when he was not in command of his rental car. It seems his Pensacola bound, Floridian roommate was flying low through the falling snow at 92 mph in the Utah twilight. After a chat with Adm. Bruce, Kenn's career was chosen in the watery realms of the cold, dark, and frozen. FJA & CLT

**Steven Amos Ralph**
**Charleston, South Carolina**
**Surface Warfare**

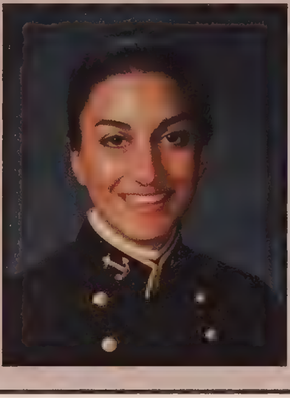
What can we say about Steve? In all the time we've known him he has only talked about three things: his girlfriend, his windsurfer, and his girlfriend. He entered the Navy to become a chef; and while he has given new meaning to chicken, pudding, honey and whip cream, his culinary future will have to wait. Steve has a Navy sense in addition to the other five, which keeps him out of trouble. This extra sense is a good thing, since his hearing is so delicate. With as much use as the stereo got while we roomed together, it should be in great condition! You better take care of those Narada CDs, they are classic! We have seen some hard times together and although he is a pain sometimes, we would not have traded knowing him for anything. Now that his girlfriend will become his wife, that will at least give him one more thing to talk about! GR RJJ MC

**Gavino Rivas**
**Houston, Texas**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Many people at NAPS wondered what kind of "man" this Texan really was. Those rumors were quickly put to rest shortly after I-day, when this hard-charging prior was overcome by 6th company tradition. He settled down quickly, or so we thought, with connections from Texas to Italy, with a stop over at the Contract Taylor Shop. We began to wonder if he had found true love, but it was merely an over inflated image on a bicycle seat, (Where did that come from?) A bachelor once again, he resumed his search in C-130's, passing cars, and fast food joints. With the arrivial of the "Lucky Truck", being unsat wasn't so bad, and he could finally get rid of the Fiat pieces in the driveway. Too bad Vinny never learned how to drive. On that fateful night in FEB he chose to be a Jarhead but not a Skin-head. Is the Corps ready for a long hair, peace loving marine? SAR MC RJJ

**Robert Lee Schult**
**Severna Park, Maryland**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Rob came to us from a nearby Annapolis suburb. He had a year of experience on us after an education at NAPS where he learned never to blow off colors again. The Firebush excelled in sailing and eventually skippered the *Fair American* as he continued a 4 year absence of drill. A majority of his four years by the Bay was spent at Bethesda getting a new smile, arm, and finger... inspired both roommates to go Medical Corps. Bush was the only NArc major with a minor--skipping class. Despite high aspirations to join the DS he never quite reached Jedi Knight status. Memorable 22nd B-day...he thinks. How 'bout a freebee!? Our honor rep - C'mon. Fair winds and following seas to our favorite bubblehead ($$ hungry) slam-dancer. From slack 6 to No Fun. Member of TBSBC. JCM JLB RPB LAN

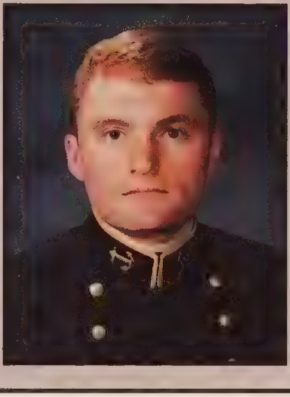


**Amy Lynn Semeraro**
**Edmonds, Washington**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Cool...it's later! Amy arrived from Washington and picked up on the D&B flag squad right away. But twirling wasn't her thing and she quickly saw the spotlight and joined Glee Club, where she could really be a star. 3/C year she escaped the ruckus below her by communing with her tunes. 2/C summer was rudely interrupted by a persistent "stomach virus". Removing her appendix seemed to help. Although PT was never a favorite, she showed zeal and stamina on the stages of Mahan and Alumni Hall. The play was always the thing. She dined with the Supe, sang for the Pres, and folded socks intensely. She was never at a loss for a quote from Bill, thanks to Doc White. Anita oozed with sultriness (thanks COSMO). Why walk when there is NATS? (macros for Pooh) Oh, Dolly, never say goodbye! ALOHA -NKS. DJD Iiv39.

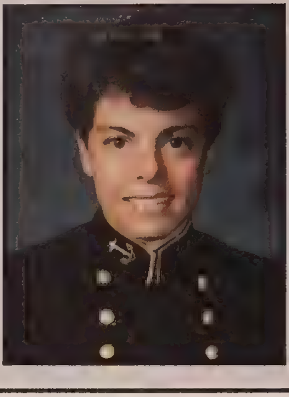
**Jennifer Ann Stania**
**Syracuse, New York**
**General Unrestricted Line**

It started with survival of Sweat and Whiner, B*, & a legacy of triumphant rumbles. DON'T TOUCH MY—! & a copy-righted laugh we will always remember. 3/c cruise in Cali, then back to a barn of 4 with Rein or Bobby at the door. EXIT STAGE LEFT! down with Gil & the boys. 'MORNING JEN. 2/c Summer: PT gear on the ledge, love by the sea, the Betty & Sheila club, P-cola-ladies present, & bowling for a 100. Ac year came: 31, Rodriguez, the 3 faces of deuce: rat, red & two. Hottubs-need we say more: Yes-anaerobic activity requires food-lots of it. Sailing, cooking, Giovanni, Gordy & Judie, poetic ambitions. The Quiet one? -never-EVIL, EVIL, EVIL. Taming Luis when Mare got jungle treatment, teaching DJ a lesson, overseeing JJ's & Tom's 21st-a fish that bites. 1/c with a mission—The Itchy and Scratchy show for comic relief & a kinder, gentler Mel. It's good to be Queen. MM, JJ



**Christopher Robert Stewart**
**Plainwell, Michigan**
**Navy Pilot**

Christopher Robin came to us from the land of ice and snow, taking a pit stop on the way to space. The consummate stealth plebe, his room was always the best while Norm's was the worst. Youngster year he embarked on an odyssey of self-destruction. As if the marathon and the Army-Navy celebration (Cardinal Puffs Forever!) weren't enough, he challenged the wall to personal combat in a duel over the performance system. He lost to the wall, but beat finals. Always one to swim against the stream, he is one of few who escaped to Russia, leaving detail behind. He swam/scammed his way out of drill and a ring, too. He was seeing green when he became adjutant, but soon he had little to envy as his mobility put him closer to the target than the twit. Off to the land of white beaches and golden wings, fsevo nyeluschevo, and never forget that the coast of the golden sun rules. EJM,NKS



**Nichol Karla Sturdevant**
**Saratoga, California**
**Surface Warfare**

"I'M NO SWO!" she swore. Oh yeah? She later ended up on the Pepsi machine--but just missed Herndon's peak after getting her shakes in and sponging around Plebe year. Youngster year began with a failed experiment in communal living, but it wasn't the only experiment that failed that year. Always the Chem major, she persisted with one pathetic specimen for an extended period of time, even after a major explosion. It wasn't until she picked up some aero, though, that she was able to make pigs fly. We all listened at Mike's and later to her Detail stories (2 years worth). Even Roo's green eyes couldn't see very well at 0530 as she went to crew practice, but like a true West Coaster she never lost sight of the setting sun. She didn't get what B* wanted, but she did have No Fun for a while. The Inner Circle allowed no stressing, though. Wild Thang, go SWO in that southern sun. WTP,ALS,CRS

**Charles Lackland Taylor**
**Henderson, Nevada**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Chuck not only hails from a long line of distinguished Academy grads, he does so in French. His mastery of weapons encompasses waterguns that fight walruses and attract apes, and flamethrowers to use only in case of a power outage. Don't we all wish we had the kind of attention he had after the dining-in plebe year? Perhaps it was because he listens to both kinds of music - country and western. Not believing the rumors, he decided to go EE. Or maybe it was because circuits make better wrapping paper for doors than do research papers. EE majors don't get as much sleep as aeros, but Chuck tried to even that up by putting a little light in Eddie's life. He livened up our last A-N game with his wit and his trunk frogs, and then snatched up his 3 grand check. White frosting isn't all bad on your birthday, is it Chuck? Sail silently and keep our carriers safe. CRS,EJM

**Carl Christian Voss**
**Rochester, Minnesota**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

"I'm too sexy for my hat."

**Hans Christian Waldraff**
**Elkhart, Indiana**
**Naval Flight Officer**

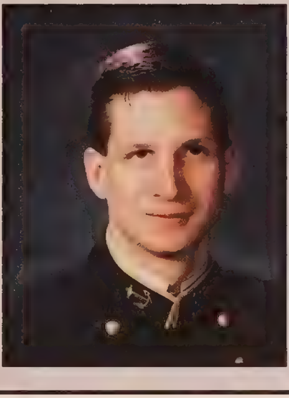
Chris hails from the RV capital of the world, although his favorite B-ball player plays in Boston. Chris took the most abuse of anyone, first because of his resemblance to Big Bird, and secondly for his dalliances with younger females. Any mention of nursery rhymes or school buses and Waldo knew he was going to get slammed. But he had some of his own too, especially on Scrappy: the Laker's bandwagon and robbing the chowcall station. When he was hot on the soccer field, no one owned midfield better. We all loved Chris, but we ALWAYS had to wait for him. His tennis improved due to many trips to the "clinic," and an extra strength racket. Remember Chris: don't break windows, don't mess with the Master, Everett, or Dave, don't beat your socks, ask for proof of age, keep a mop handy, and never watch the ball go out of bounds. Where's Waldo? Pensacola bound. DJD, GCG, WAK, ESM.

**Matthew Breeden Berg**
**Medfield, Massachusetts**
**Navy Pilot**

Zuzdee! Matty had to work really HARD to get his appointment, but Frankly, it was worth it. He and buddy Jirox carpooled down from Mass for I-Day. Matt sweated Plebe Summer, but not because he was late. When not racking in the closet, he was working hard on chemistry, but not hard enough. Youngster year: Ellen was out and the PBFH was in. The LeSabre was here, too, and because of him we all discovered seatbelts. Matt proved to us that he could eat anything (even chicken-monkey) except his personalized decorations at Ram's Head. Gobble! Gobble! After a Forex first class cruise ...NOT! Christmas cruise in Camp Lejeune ...YARCH! What ever happened to the USMC exception program anyway? Smack! Firstie year brought lobster, liquor, and licking wounds in Smoke Hall. Batt also became a St. John's rower for a night. Hope you can fly the ball better than you can catch it! Deezuzly, JD, GV, SK, SM.

**Ronald Anthony Cochran**
**Garden Grove, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Ronbo, Ronie, Ronomatic, Ronaroma, Ronaroo, the Ron man..... We all love him just because he's Ron. Certainly one of the more animated members of the Brigade, Ron has seen it all. From the Ac Board to the Dant's list Ron's been there. He's been in the Navy since the beginning of time and plans to enter every career path at least once. First, an enlisted Nuke and now on his way to SWOdom in Hawaii. He has single-handedly kept the Annapolis economy from experiencing the recession with his endless wild deficit spending. That's why we like Ron... he buys everything. His accomplishments include the much revered Black 'N' and the "Racking crown". Unquestionably he has lived up to his philosophy that every minute in the rack leaves one less until graduation. D* DES



**Samuel Chapman Cook**
**Clifton Forge, Virginia**
**Marine Corps**

Sam came to us, a tall, skinny, innocent young man from a tiny podunk in the hills of VA where cruising the mall is a big Saturday night! His parents still haven't forgiven us for corrupting him. Plebe year saw him score more pts than David Robinson. He also "clamped on and started climbing" to the top of Herndon. Too bad he can never be an Admiral. Sam chauffeured us around MN and even slept in the car when duty called. A case of Dew left a guy in Boston wondering if he played for the Celtics. Sam-Call your sponsors Tom & Susan. B-ball was a big part of the Captain's life, even a bitter Pee Wee couldn't make him quit. We thought he was swotivated for YPs until Bulldog changed his mind. Then he bought a ring and he's heading for the altar. Sam, why did you want us there anyway? The Marine Corps is getting a good one in you. Best of luck and yes, we are going to eat that pizza! -SK, SM

**Jerome Christopher Deren**
**Harlan, Iowa**
**Navy Pilot**

Jerry came from a small town in Iowa w/ one thing in mind...wings of gold. Plebe yr he rode the shirt-tails of his roomies as Navy Golf's caddy. Youngster yr brought down the white bomber and w/ it such bennies as cheap lodgings and a runaway garden tool that would come back to haunt him firstie yr. The "Golden Boy" found his niche in company sports claiming Brigade championships in both football and basketball, but never failed to humor us with notions of playing for Navy. Jerry was notorious as mascot for women's V-Ball at USAFA. Bump. Set. Spike. But his heart remained with Navy. Set it up. Slap it down. Ray's Roost led JD to a new respect for porcelain gods. Gobble-Gobble. 1/c yr saw Jerry w/ three stripes -not. His attitude saw to that. A black "N" would have to do for Jerome. Now he's destined to fill CDR Moneymaker's brown shoes before he retires to Idaho. - GV, MB, SK, SM

**Stephanie Ann Dixon**
**Dublin, Ohio**
**Supply Corps**

The "Frick" of "Frack", the "white twin", where are we going this week? Happy hour in uniform or Paris to fight the evils of the world? Where haven't we dragged each other? Who haven't we terrorized? Even though you climbed out of a ham in Ohio I've enjoyed culturing you. An inspiration to my volleyball game, a treasure for my friendship chest. Good Luck out there, hope I never pull you out of the water! Don't know what I'll do with out my other half but there are plenty of pictures to remind me. FRACK. The Brigade psychologist who always had time to listen. An All-Region volleyball stud who can hit with the best of them. Good times. J-I-N-G-L-E bells, Lost in town, What is that noise coming out of the stereo? Best of luck to a wonderful friend, and watch out for those men next door! SM

**Martha Suzanne Dunne**
**Rego Park, New York**
**Navy Pilot**

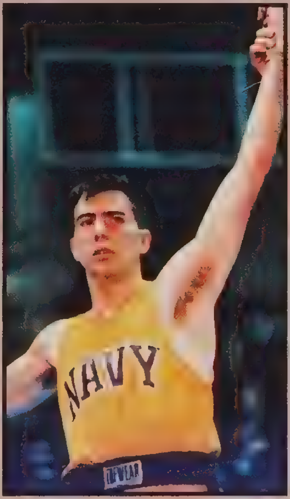
Martha came to the Academy with the Queens refugee look. Plebe year: a tour of duty with the Sofge, and Gamboa (hats) Youngsters finally. Growing the hair out. The trail of lost pups left in her wake. The end of Narc. The "Renaissance Woman" (history!). Then 32 and the "I hate men!" phase. Chinese food. I'm going to skate Friday night analyses. I have too many clothes! (Yeah right!) Martha, could you draw something for me? The Rolodex. Ring Dance...NOT! But 1/c summer, all 2 1/2 mos. of it in sunny S D., brought in the new era of the Martha story. A certain painting somewhere on Indy. A driver's license. Fiat from hell (It has nice lines) and the convertible hair to go with them. More dudes, then just one of the Few Good Men. She leaves us with that name of black hair, the red crew sweatshirt (most prized possession), and a hard earned flight billet. Love ya. Keep thinking huge. CAP

**Matthew Christopher Edic**
**El Cajon, California**
**Marine Corps**

Matt came to us from the city of El Cajon, CA. Being weened away from his high school days of having long, hippie hair and a healthy social life of dating many girls, he came to the academy to trade it all away for a high and tight haircut and many late nights geeking away at his computer. The first sign of his "gunginess" came youngster year when he went to scuba school to earn his bubble pin. The following summer, Matt became a who-yah when he went to both jump school and Bull Dog. Through it all, there was a woman behind the scenes. Matt was like an obedient puppy when he would trek almost 800 miles round trip on 3-day weekends to see his future ball and chain. He even bought a fancy sports car to impress her. Now up to his ears in debt, with a wife in competition with his computer, and with no hair, I can only wait to see him after the Marine Corps gets through with him! MHT

**Johnny Samuel Fox III**
**Capitol Heights, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Johnny Fox...affectionately known as the "Salamander" to the Team. Johnny "N-Star" to a few. All those stars must be getting pretty heavy on that sweater of yours...You're beginning to look like a constellation! His boys will never forget when he "dropped trou" at the GMU meet, and he had forgotten to don his shorts. Always looking for "someone to wrap him tight." He began with "High" aspirations, as an Aero major and P-3 "wannabe", but "General"ly didn't enjoy it so he made the switch. Why, Mr. Trivia didn't start out as a History-type is beyond me. What's that I hear about you "Romancing the Stone?" How about that night you borrowed my car so you could use those back-stage passes to Paula Abdul? You'll be remembered for your speed and your unique and timely sense of humor. Johnny is sure to make a grand entrance in the Norfolk area & the Gator Navy.- MB w/ ATS

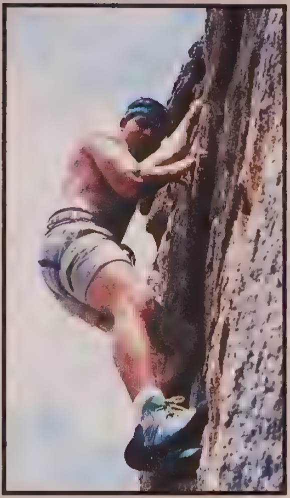


**Daniel Brian Holsberg**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**Navy Pilot**

Lumpy Holsberg picked up his belongings and jogged 3/4 mile from his home to the boat school. Having found that football was not his forte, our burly friend "shed" 50 lbs and won the Brigade Boxing Championship. Many other facets of Lumpy would change in four years. This pride of local Annapolis would drive the long and windy road from hardened criminal to three striper. Soon after reading service etiquette first class summer, he learned the art of wooing. Unfortunately, all this culture training would be undermined by Vietnam flashbacks that revealed the petrifying faces of Sgt. Fury, the Gatekeeper, and the Godfather. With the system challenging his good spirits, Dan's attitude was unfaltering. I wish him luck! MKK FLY NAVY and Bring me the woman!!

**Adolfo Hernaldo Ibarra**
**Hillburn, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

Eight years after coming to America, (and having completed NAPS) Uncle 'Fo started mid-dom with his "Whatever it takes to win" attitude. This carried him through his boxing with the Cyborg, "Dwess wight...dwess!", and the mighty Leake. Youngster summer brought sanity checks in GA, and his job as "...uh... interpreter" in Spain. With Ac-year came music in G-court, and drinks to spill on dates! Remembering "Go with the flow," 2/c year turned into fun. We finally got the flamer west of the Miss., and he tried H20 butt-skiing in CA. The "Honduran Stallion" was finally tamed around Ring Dance, unfortunately before his 1/c summer in Brazil. (ooh Rio!). Tecumseh brought him joy, (and us terror) on the road, and Dena has kept him smiling and in line. Life will be interesting for 'Fo with the Ayatollah out of Staten, and his 4 hour naps. Just remember alarm ringing = GET UP! Carpe Diem! LJK



**James Barrett Joyce**
**Mission Viejo, California**
**Surface Warfare**

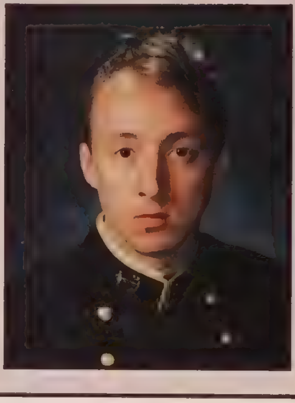
James "want to be Sofge" Joyce, the high plains drifter by way of Mission Viejo, was a man of paradox. From Mech E to English, and gunge pup to SWO daddy, he always kept us guessing. A true lover of the glutius maximus-lip embrace his hierarchy knew him well. His outstanding computer golf game kept the women standing in line. Perhaps it was his good looks, or more likely his creative financing, that added to his animal magnetism which attracted in particular, the Pekinese breed. Jay had not one but three sponsors, Capt. Nicholson, the Heffners, and Smoke Hall. After a long weekend of retreat with the catholics, he discovered it all tasted like a copper penny. Lets hope he drives a ship, better than he drives. AEK, SJM, RBP, MKK, DBH-PLEASE PASS THE HERSHEYS!!

**Andrew Eugene Kettering**
**Chicago, Illinois**
**Surface Warfare**

Wearing combat boots, a plaid shirt, biker jacket and doo-rag Drew came into the academy listening to nothing but hardcore music. He was immediately dubbed "sproutster" for reasons known only to a few. Being the grandmother in the "family" he ruled his siblings with an iron-cross fist. He loved to work on imports in the driveway and discovered a new type of suspension. He was a man in waiting for forty-five days due to his lady in waiting. It ended happily ever after as she became his permanent valentine. His musical tastes did change, although he was seen yawning again and again at the Buffet concert. He leaves us a domesticated yuppie wannabe although he is still an abyssmal speller. SJM, RBP, DBH, MKK

**Lawrence Joseph Kistler**
**Camarillo, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Larry-Kilster, the Bear, the Polish redhead. Too many shirt buttons, wight? Innocent call, Train trip from hell. Metro chase. Surviving plebe year even Mr Righteous. Y year: Rocking GCourt Sucking eye balls-SERE. Lar: Open mouth, insert foot. flippy flier raids, H2O balloons, Dix/Dun/Kul. Wking vacations, CURFEW? S year: Go with the flow, pennies and bed springs, finally Torching off, Morgana's Curse, fortune was smiling on THE blind date. Never forget M^3/Brooks, X-country trip, roadside repair, H2O skiing, Philmont. Home stretch: Surprise C of C, demise of NRC, stripes & stars & Grandpa's sword. K^nth (Ball & Chain?). Hope she likes your snores! Beanie+jacket+spiffy shades = ROTOR head. Don't grow up, quedate un garoto! Good, goofy memories (AHI). I'll be sure to wave at any Stallion that crosses my path. Adios, mi hermano mayor (CAP). 5-32-92

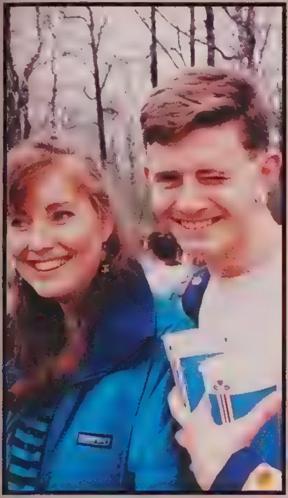


**Mark Kenneth Kochalka**
**Round Rock, Texas**
**Navy Pilot**

Mark came to us from the bustling metropolis of Round Rock, driving the Mexican landcruising '80 Olds with the only Ramones 8-track and he leaves us driving an '89 Pontiac 6000 with a CD-player. Just when you thought you knew what Mark was doing, you were wrong. From weekend excursions on a whim to Cleveland, New York and UVA to weeknight excursions to Ho Chi Minh, Nimitz Basement and 7-11 he was always doing the unpredictable. His sleeping habits were as unpredictable as everything else, but this probably had to do with being a systems major and a recon warrior at the same time. From hippie beads and a biker's jacket to Skinny Puppy CD's Mark always stood out in a crowd. He left markers of his presence in New Orleans, Miramar, Washington D.C. and Tijuana. The years have passed easier with you as a friend and roommate. Good luck and FLY NAVY!!!! DBH

**Scott Douglas Kuykendall**
**Westminster, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Scott had a short drive from Westminster to join us here at USNA. Bound and determined to join the 2% club, he made it at the '90 A/N game. Plebe summer was no problem once Jay showed up for skittle wars. Youngster year travel: missed the bus at ND, found God's country in MN & VA, broke your tooth in Daytona. Don't mess with Meck. Your favorite dessert: "Have you ever tried whipped cream fellas?" 2/c year: We suffered through Navy B-Ball. "We want Cook!" Went to CO to see JD, left Scott in the car in Boulder. Too much SoCo. As XO for detail, Scott led from the 17th green. Then it was Batt Staff, Admin is still hosed up. We also found out how much Scott loved Pizza Hut, but we already knew that. It's been a great four years bunky. We know you'll do great in the fleet! Maybe you'll even earn those ribbons you wore to all of Melissa's dances! Good luck and lay off the donuts. Sam & Sam



**Andrew Clark Lynch**
**Albuquerque, New Mexico**
**Navy Pilot**

Andy Lynch (no he's not related to Alfred E. Neuman why do you ask?) came to us from the uncharted southwest where, among other things, he became quite a downhill skier (I didn't know there was any snow in New Mexico, either). Well, Brother Lynch, you can put away the wings you got in Bancroft. And I'm not talking about the ones you earned from jumping out of airplanes. We're bound for Pensacola where I hope they teach you the value of the equality statement whereby the number of take-offs must equal the number of landings. You were the disciple of a philosophical Guru. "I'll make you famous!" But rather than follow in his shaky footsteps, you had a "piercing" service selection night in your leather jacket. A great man once said that "you haven't truly been company commander until you've been relieved," but we "all went down together." Go Navy Air! - Brother B

**Samuel James Meckey**
**Plymouth, Minnesota**
**Navy Pilot**

Sam hails from Plymouth, MN, a suburb of Minneapolis. Plebe summer saw Skittles fights and arguments between he and Lance over whose head was bigger. The only thing worse than Meck's obnoxiousness was listening to Prince. Spring Break found Sam in Cancun with the free world. The trip to ND ended up in a $180 flight back when we missed the bus after Meck challenged the whole campus to a push-up contest. Youngster year Spring Break introduced the southern ladies to the "Int'l Bowling Sign" and the bouffant Hair-do. In JD's absence Meck was free to go looking with Matt at the Green Turtle. "Sure am glad JD's gone so we can get the good ones." Whatever, Meck. New Year's Eve 2/c year Meck found Amy, or did she find him? Now he goes home every other weekend to see her and shops for rings frequently. Naval Aviation is getting a good one if they can find a helmet that'll fit you. -SK, SC

**Susan Stringham Minton**
**Newport Beach, California**
**Oceanography**

Hailing from sunny California- our little "cover girl" came here in hopes of getting to the 1992 Olympics. That dream is still alive (for 1996) after being the top female collegiate dinghy sailor for the past 2 years. You've battled the bay, the 1.5 mile, (the cursed thing) and academics. A Trident scholar doing a project on Explosive Cyclo-what? Entertainment by our 93 youngsters doing a new "salsa" dance, the sailing gear living in the shower, every weekend on the road, and getting the first close out at service selection. You and the old Batt staff spending Thursday nights at Harry's with John Renehan and the stereo battles between Van Halen and 10,000 maniacs. We had some neighborly nuisances: JINGLE BELLS, but survived. You celebrated your 21st in high fashion-thank God you found your way home! You have been a great ear when I needed one: best of luck with the Coast Guard! SD

**Sean James Murphy**
**Quakertown, Pennsylvania**
**Medical Corps**

"Mr. G.Q." was a perfect target for the matchmaker, from the great hills of Lebanon to the New England frontier. He loved cruises to Halifax in April, and ate Polish sausage for evening meal. He was a very light sleeper, needing many a midnight snack. He owned everything from a sports car to poultry and still had money to spare. "Backdraft" Murphy was outlawed from the Chemistry department because he was just too darn busy playing with the chemicals. Although secretive, he was confident in his "beliefs." He was forced into retirement from the crew team. He can walk into any bar in the world and be swarmed with thousands of women. May his abilities never run dry. He'll make a great doctor of internal medicine someday, provided he gets into med school. RBP, MKK, AEK.

**Robert Bernard Pothier**
**Andover, Massachusets**
**Naval Flight Officer**

He came from Andover with his skates, sticks, and a tether ball and nylon line attached to his ankle. During his time here, it solidified into a 99 lb. steel shotput and titanium chain. Poor Bob. He was a great Hockey player (when he kept his uniform on) and loved to play in the crease. He loved a New England broiled dinner but also found time to enjoy Salisbury steak. Renowned for his automotive expertise through out the Academy and the greater Washington area, he will make a fine used car salesman. Pappy was always there when you needed him unless it was before 0900. May his love for the Navy always affect those around us. Remember, "it ain't easy being cheesy!" AEK, SJM, JBJ

**Carol Ann Prather**
**Ramona, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Carol was the first person I knew to have real blonde hair. Then again, what did I expect from someone from California? Who would have thought that the days of studying rates by flashlight after taps or the cordial dinner invitations from plebe summer stripers would ever end? Youngster year. Sighting the light at the end of the tunnel, she came to her senses and switched from Comp Sci. to Single E. Stints on the sailing and gymspastics teams. YP squadron and command of her own boat. Thus began the Search for the Holy Small Craft Pin. The men in her life: none at all, or a combination of dark and handsome (NOT!). Latin men and those that were older. Although life has fluctuated from one extreme to another, in the end Carol got her wish on service selection night. Thanks for being a great roommate and friend. Then again, we've still got another two years! -MSD

**Jerald Matthew Rushing**
**West Covina, California**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Hailing from SOCAL Plebe year taught Weed that 2% lasts until Spring Break and 98% lasts until grad. 'QUEST and 'NIPPER kept him floating in blue H2O as he steered with the porcelain helm. Though he roamed the sea, the Flying Nun kept Weed's life exciting (I did my best). 3/c year brought new life with reverse fluid flow at the Deb Ball ("Hmm.look at herr"). T helped him along the way (as did the Beast). But Hey! Let's ski! NOT! "Hmm, let's race." so he did although he never finished As a 2/c, DNF's artistic talent brought joy to our hearts and money to our pockets. "Gee sir, whatever do you mean, that's our name." Yeah Right! As a Firstie DNF finally got'm runnin in the right direction although many Gorillas Cracked Cheeks and Lemons Dropped. Who needs clubs to play golf anyway? Smarter than his roomie, DNF stayed in the light but missed the experience. 4 years is a long time, thanks for the help. Ski you later and look for me in '98. Stay out of the H2O, leave that to me! God Bless-Wildthing

**Daniel Edward Stimpson**
**La Mesa, California**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

"Iron Plebe" Old Man Stimpo came to us from the USMC via NAPS. Trying to find a sport, he became a member of cross-country and crew before finally finding his niche on the bicycle racing team. Captain of the USNA cycling team, Dan was loved for his "Ride til you bonk" workouts. After all, "We Rule...." Dan's attention to his wall-locker was equal to his love for the Admiral's football team. Dan considered an illustrious Nuke Subs career for at least five minutes, but chose Marine Air because he just didn't want to be in the Navy. Besides, who needs hair? Dan was always too busy to bother with girls until he changed his mind during our last semester here. What's her resting heart rate? Dan was last seen leaving USNA trying to decide what his true love is. "Bike or Susan... Bike...Susan...." Wish they all could be California girls!! Good luck in nationals! God's speed! Eat right. Get lots of sleep Drink plenty of fluids. Go like hell!!! D
RAC MCE

**Michael Hideto Tsutagawa**
**Oceanside, Caifornia**
**Navy Pilot**

Michael 'Mars' Tsuta-you-name-it will always be in our minds when we hear "Rocket Man" after its dedication to him over plebe summer. Since then, Mike has come down to Earth long enough to complete his four years here. Remaining close to his ethnic heritage, Mike is well known for the strange smelling chow packages sent to him every few weeks. Got any fish I can eat, Mike? NOT!! Starting the Japanese-American Club will be Mike's lasting mark at USNA. Too bad nothing in life seems to go as smoothly as planned. Mike's 21st birthday leaves him a forever changed man. HOO YAH!! PTL and pass me a Bible!! Many a philosophical question has been asked by Mike. The world would be so much more mundane without great thinkers like you. Although your half of the room and your locker may be neat, no man can clean out the trunk of your car. (Its the little details that get you!) May you always be an Ambassador both on Earth and in Space, my Most Esteemed Compatriot!!! MCE

**Glen Asuncion Viado**
**Charleston, South Carolina**
**Surface Warfare**

Video and his "Evil Twin" came to us from the swotivated town of Charleston, via NAPS. Plebe Summer for Rm. 1305 was full of laughter with chow calls and eyes-in-the-boat machines; and ac-year was a joke when it came to room formals and spots on the floor: "Mr. Viado, what's so funny?" Chunky-V kept us rolling with "The Rabbit" and singing with Debbie and Top 40 pop tunes. For a long time we called him Ivory, but then a miracle happened. Second class year brought out the flamer in the Monchichi. Being G.E. provided him with a lot more time. Hi Glen. Firstie year was a great time in Smoke Hall--hasn't gone out with the boys since then, though. The PW factor is approaching infinity as he does annoy me to no end. So now it's off my back and back home for the Home-Boy. Easy on the jelly donuts! And remember, "Through Knowledge..." J.D.

**Erik Charles Viafore**
**Mercer Island, Washington**
**Surface Warfare**

Erik, Ed, V, ESWS, Ken Jr., Wildthing, MOTO...Erik is a "native" of almost every state in the lower 48 & an expert on the fleet, a real son-of-a-SWO who was Spruance-or-die from the outset. After surviving dweeb summer and a broken heart, this amibitious young sweat started working on his first USNA project, the Flying Nun. He also found his niche as the resident Nazi, & many foresaw big stripes in his future. As a youngster, Ed became the 4th & 5th roomie in Smilin' Ed's Co. Lamenting his job refusal with Head, Ed started USNA project #2, NASC--No sweat! 2/C yr. came & Ed's morals went, culminating in an all expenses paid (& then some!) party in Sweden... K-stands as firsties & escorting you back from Pete's--payback for the ball! '92: mega-stripes (M/LCDR Vader) meant no wake-up calls and a darker room, skiing finally panned out & ESWS got his Spruance...for now--"Hello, Ricky?" Thanks for making me feel at home, Mom. Best of luck, bud--JMR

# XXIII COMPANY

**Shane William Bishop**
**Sardinia, Ohio**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Plebe year: Attended 12 hour church services. Bribed a firstie. Donated company ranking to the duty room. Youngster year Roomed with "Money" and drove him to a religous pilgrimage in Argentina. Nabbed red-handed with a blonde by Capt America. Discovered the high fashion Mon chi chi look complete with coconut oil. Started softball dynasty. 2/C year: Met V... Drug the Ricker to Ohio. Roomed with "Backbone" and drove him to religious pilgrimage via Cuba. Continued softball dynasty. 1/C year: summer cruise--USS Vanessa. Bought a "ring" and sent it through the mail. Nuked the Ricker. WWF in room 8432. Good luck in the future and we can't wait to see your hair in 50 years. Stay in the Navy and forget the singing career. Go Reds! JAM JDR JAC DAH

**Anthony Richard Bonato**
**Apple Valley, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Tony came to us from Apple Valley only a coin-toss away from woopdom. Plebe Summer allowed him to brush up on his numbers (Sir, you now have 87 minutes . . . ), but Tony finally made it to youngster cruise after brief detours to the 'vator with Al and to the beach in the 'Bago. That summer, he went on to Mighty Delta in Ft. Benning only to miss that mark next semester in Chauvenet. Youngster year brought heavy eyelids and academic apathy. Sammy, Tour de East, and Club La Vela made 2nd class year a blast despite EE and plebes. Firstie year got off to a good start with a #1 draft pick and academic rejuvenation. Tony then became the 2nd in the company to fall to the wiles of a UMBC woman. Four years in Crabtown was enough to convince Tony that California coffee and donuts are better after all. Good luck, Tony, and dry off your knee! -Mark

**Michael Owen Burns**
**Maryville, Missouri**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

After the cornfields of Iowa, a year in college, nuclear power school, and a year at NAPS, Grandpa Burns arrived at the Academy. Tired of the plebe routine, Mike found spirit - ("gimme an 'N'...") Mike's Old Granddad kept him buzzing like a bee Touring the Yard under the pale moonlight, unlucky 27... Youngster year brought Rip Van Burns a new companion. After months of mouse lynchings Mike had a falling out with his pal JB resulting in a dishonorable discharge. Hey Paulie, got any extra Marine posters. Fourth Reich. Rumor Control 4. 'Juarez', all four of them. "We're gonna win it this Year" Battalion Football and Company Softball programs Knows wires but no habla. $ub$ Moishe $ub$. The golfing drill nazi. The #18 always led to Moz's whereabouts. Best of luck to u and mrs -----Coz and McCoz.

**Matthew Brantley Cervarich**
**Triangle, Virginia**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

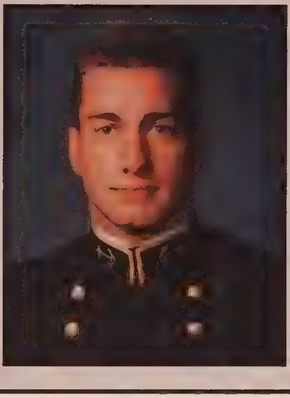
Matt came to us from the thriving metropolis of Triangle, Virginia in search of the dream of flight. Plebe year saw Matt as the mediator between Shaun and Nads on more than one occasion. The swimming locker room was good to him, as he got more sleep there than he has since. Youngster year was a blur as Matt started as a Systems Engineer and continued to sleep. Spring Break was LaVela, Spinnaker, the money-man, and Ranger Rick. Into second class year and a new room with Nads and Craiger, with another Spring Break in P.C. Ring Dance in Baltimore, YP's south to Cancun, and into firstie year still smarting from the speeding ticket in Florida. First class year and the land torpedo, Suzanne, and late hours after AT&T got finished with Craiger. Now, off to nuclear submarines and mucho buckos. We'll never forget all the good times, and will never find a better buddy. JAC, JAM

**Timothy Joseph Cornell**
**Uppersaddle River, New Jersey**
**Surface Warfare**

If attitude has a name, it's Tim Cornell. North Jersey Coz was lucky to have '89 keep him in check Plebe Year. This charismatic fellow kept Paulie's life from ever getting dull. Plebe Year wound down with the (27) library raid and the Commissioning week crabfeast. Youngster year saw his count go up to 16 in a row. Mice, psychedelic splashdowns, and 5 days in hack to boot, "The Band" had disbanded. "Cornellwood" was seen prowling Boston and South Bend. Following the second class void, "The Band" got back together, and Tim launched a (very brief) football career. A surprise engagement led J.P. to threaten Coz where it really hurt: the wallet. A great compromise ensued. The company "SWO boy," Coz surprised nobody in becoming a black-shoe. (Free business tip: open up a doughnut shop in Charleston). Best of luck in law school. MOZ and McCOZ

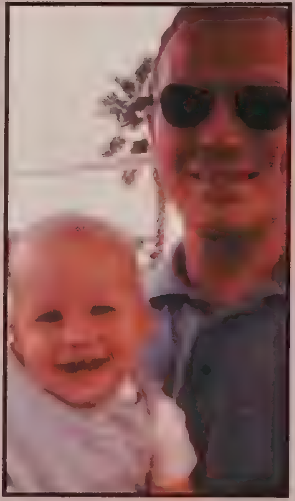
**Jeffrey Andrew Craig**
**Arlington, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

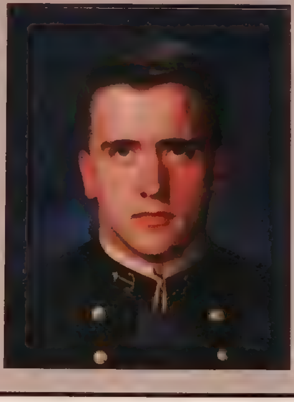
Day 5 of plebe summer Craiger noted "Things are already getting easier!" Way to reverse a trend. He sweated the rest of plebedom with the exception of a fishing trip to Ebert's room. (Tours?) 3/C year came, but Craiger didn't notice it until Christmas. Spring break found the boys in P.C., FL (No, Jeff, we don't want to see your old house) playing much v-ball and hanging out at contests...bad call Craiger! (Dad, can I borrow some money.) 2/C year was Jeff spending much on plane tix and phone bills before he saw the light, for about a week. (Dad, can I borrow some money.) Spring break 2/C year was back to PC, Iowa. Welcome to the AT&T frequent flyer plan. Then firstie and damn XO. Not much partying this year, he hasn't had permission! We gave you much grief, but you're the best buddy a guy could have. Love ya Craiger. (Dad, can I borrow some money.) MBC JAM



**Thomas Morgan Dell**
**Redding, California**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Tom was the last of three brothers to hit the shores of Annapolis. After a year of prep school he landed on crutches for plebe summer and barely limped through. After the departure of two roommates Tom made it to youngster year where, deciding that a EE major wasn't a wise choice, he changed to his next favorite discipline and best form of entertainment, compsci. 2/C year gave Tom a new roommate and fellow rugger who was destined to make T.D. see it his way. Tom spent most of his last two years in the dark and with some help was truly able to call Bancroft home. Tom's passion was a pink neon rocket on which he wisely spent his loan, a vast improvement on his bug size excuse for a car. With scuba and jump wings in hand Tom had decided that Seals was the only way to go. Service Selection changed that when Tom realized that the only thing a 2.0 & go got you was a tug out of Norfolk. I' m sure 'Goose' Dell will be happy with his 3rd choice. S.F.





**Stephen Scott Erb**
**Burke, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Scerb came breast-stroking to USNA out of Burke, VA. Plebe year found him on the swim team, and rooming with a buffoon and a TU gymnast. Over the summer he partied at LC (and threw in a little SCUBA for kicks). 3/C year he cast aside the speedos and donned battlegear on 150s D-line. 2/C year arrived, and after another season of weight-cutting he found a new role model. Suffice it to say that he hasn't been the same (size) since, gaining 30 non-SWO pounds in a semester. Over the summer his life took a permanent turn for the better when Amy entered the picture, and he still hasn't re-entered the atmosphere. Firstie year found him with a new roomie and competing on the PL Club amid weekend trips to Alexandria. His ardor with the iron proved infectious and his roomie soon succumbed. Scott, keep striving for excellence and the best of luck in your career. May the 1st puppy be yours! Q. JDM

**Shaun Christopher Francis**
**Toronto, Ontario**
**Foreign National**

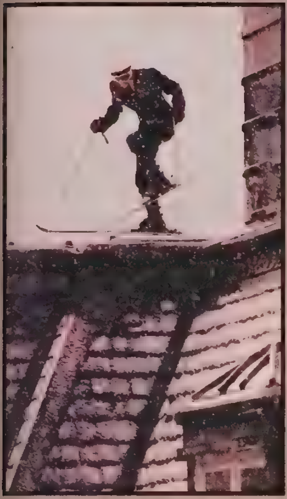
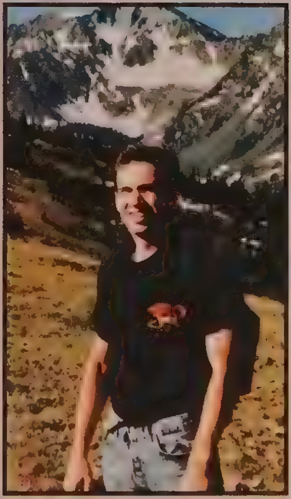
This Canadian boy is a different breed. 4 yrs? He was here 2. Sailing through plebe yr w/a car on the yard was just the beginning. A variety of roommates end w/TD (his partner in crime). 3/C yr rugby had his wkends; Spare time? he was getting tan, out w/1 of his "models," causing trouble w/John & Cal or skiing w/Bill & Nads. Somehow 2/C co cdr (USMC sticker helped) but not long b-4 he got busted for hazing. After Cal's Christmas brawl Franci finished 2nd sem w/an awesome ring dance. As a 2nd LT Shaun decided MidRegs didn't apply to him. W/a tv, vcr, fridge & phone 2/C yr, he upgraded to an appt & another beautiful girl 1/C yr. T-gating during fball games (Rugby.H.I.P.) CANtrip, NAFAC DDO, an academic sched (non-existent), but still a grad w/ honors. We'll miss him in our Navy, but his future's made up of something different-$$$. He's definitely one of a kind & yes, he is above the law. TEM, TMD, KLL

**Lawrence Edward Gonzales**
**San Jose, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Lawrence, (a.k.a Gonzo) crossed the wrong river and ended up in Annapolis. Master of all laws of the Navy, follower of none. If you ever needed an opinion you didn't have to ask. Plebe yr. left him comfortably numb. 3/c brought majors change, pcr not 1, not 2, but 3x. Tried all sports , settled for his extra-curricular activities at the mall. Enlisted for a night. Denied existence of God, saw the light, embraced the pope, confirmed 1/c yr. 2/c yr. Koffee, banana slashing, stirrups, GQ nights w/jimmy, mouse hunt, Bill's trinkets, still looking at yourself? Found THE love of his life, instant family just add ring, congrats! Lemon for color & reliability, more $ spent on repairs than cost of car. Who's car this week? A bulldogger he wasn't, nuke he wanted, SWO he got. Good luck w/ all you do. P.S. Need a vacuum? Some nice clothes? (life is a peaceful easy feeling.) JEM

**Dale Alan Hanson**
**Palmer, Iowa**
**Navy Pilot**

Dale came as a simple Iowa farm boy, after 4 years of hard work he'll arrive at P-cola as a simple Iowa farm boy. Plebe summer, Dale embarked on a great boxing career; after many blows to the head, he gave up atheletics for the love and affection of his personal computer. Plebe and youngster years, Dale's performance grade skyrocketed, for no reason, thanks to Capt America. 2/C year, Mellonhead found new love, DMH, replacing his PC. Deciding to give atheletics another chance. Bronchio-Man played softball between chits. Despite his HandiMan deformed glove, Hammer contributed to a Brigade Champ team. Firstie Year--Dale became the company Academic Nazi, and continued his reign of terror 2nd Semester as company commander. Service selection night: first man in history to dodge Nuke Power draft. Although feared by underclass, we know Dale as a good ole country boy. SWB JAM

**William Andrew Hearther**
**Carnelian Bay, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Bill hung up his skis in Tahoe to come out to Navy via NAPS. He was known for his marching tour cadences and for the CD collection the youngsters admired so much. He partook in the infamous Winnebago trip and the post-Herndon restriction party. Youngster cruise, he earned his airborne wings and stopped by PC to see what he was missing. He then lived in the Cali room, got into music (more), v-ball, and in-room activities like TV watching and bartending. He met Kellee over Christmas and must have forgotten Physics in the Spring. 2/C summer brought summer school and weekend trips in Molly to TC's beach house. He started 2/C year strong with UAs each leave period and found good powder on the roof of Bancroft. He finished the year with a successful proposal under the class ring. Then "he" became "they" with a cross-country drive and a cross-town apartment. Plebe Detail and Co CDR followed, along with leadership impersonations. Through it all, you've been a great friend. -Nads, Mark

**Ronald Greg Jacobson**
**Coon Rapids, Minnesota**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Ron came to us via U. of Minn. as an aero major and enlisted nuke power school. When he got here he chose systems and, as a result, he'll be heading back to Florida $3200 richer. Plebe year w/ Lance and Jason. Oh, that towel! Youngster year brought stereo wars and avoiding Capt. America. 2/C year and the room with a stench. Ron finally got published after vacationing in New Mexico. Road trip! 1/C year saw parties galore and being terrorized. Ultima, Red Storm, Warlords . . . how many do you have? Try to keep the hot chocolate in the cup. Trips to Giant for supplies. How can you breathe with that over your face? Feel the beat from next door. Loser count, 1, 2, . . . Have fun in Orlando! See ya in the Fleet! -JHR

**Clayton Bowers Kendrick-Holmes**
**Lafayette, Alabama**
**Surface Warfare**

Clayton Bowers Kendrick-Holmes III came to us from the southern metropolis of La Fayette, AL. (pop.=200) Due to his long name and large physique he was affectionately called "Fat Boy." Clay, loved by all, roomed with 12 different shipmates. After serveral unsuccessful trips up Rt.2 to Glen Burnie, Clayton was finally hooked by a girl right here in Annapolis. Athletically, Clay played varsity football as a member of the Sierra Whiskey club (secret weapon), and after four years retired as one of the most widely supported players. Huge banners appeared all over the stadium saying, "Put In Holmes, #66!!" Although academically adept, Clay never lost sleep over his grades. The next morning with 4 quizzes ahead of him he'd simply say, "Guess I'll have to put out a few fires today." We here at 33 feel sure that this future SWOrrior will make a fine DCA. IIII

**Krista Leigh Lamoreaux**
**Highland, Maryland**
**Navy Pilot**

Kree can make anyone die laughing -no matter what the situation. Fruity drinks, true love on YP, a kickbutt party eosl, Kree is the best they come. 3/C sum was an experience -(nuff said)- SCUBA and this brown-eyed girl decided to take another cruise w/Queen Kathy. 3/C yr-cool rumors-NOT! She had her ROCK & nats. Cycling in CA at Natls. Kree succeeded in any-thing she set her mind to and after detail, that was PARTYING-WOO! New company-finally someone digs us. Pat's party to DAYTONA: Any case (32) drink a beer. All the dudes are in love (bizarre love pentagon-1omany) cat puke, put it in your mouth... HWT. YP from hell. 1/C yr? not for 45 days (u got caught?!). One of USNA's most wanted. Fran's $?not Party #2 w/some cool 2/C RC, KD, MG, TG - MrDays, Lilly, dancing her butt off. I will never meet someone that makes me laugh the way Kree does. One more beer -TO OUR FRIENDSHIP! TEM

**Amy Lawless**
**Califon, New Jersey**
**Navy Pilot**

Mom came to us from the backwoods of Lebanon, N.J After surviving plebe year she chose poli-sci. Not feeling challenged, she switched to physics, and has been out in space ever since. voice of reason, uva & 6 weekers, demon roommate from hell, burt, rackhound, music(als). DP&DP. "I've got a joke for you", stupid study, fencing captain, irish coffee, Chili's, A/N '92, 84 ledge parties, Ben & Jerry's, psycho, oops, secret admirers, Drew, 7-11 dinners, Davis'. You are the sun. AHMIGTF. We love ya! EAS, LLV

**Lance Phillip Lee**
**Coffeyville, Kansas**
**Surface Warfare**

Lance made his way to the Naval Academy after turning down his original plans to attend Marine Corps boot camp. On I-Day it was not hard to spot Lance. He was the one wearing the Ray Bans with his white-works. I think he enjoyed the extra attention the glasses brought him. It wasn't long before he had the nick name Skyler. He bears a close resemblance to the Shoe character. Lance kept his nose clean except for the 4000 he got for his wild behavior at a certain party and the end of plebe year. When Lance was not out wooing the women, he could be found at his desk studying diligently. He was never on Dants' or Supes' list but he maintained a steady QPR. After his roommate tried so hard for him to see the light, come Service Selection Night, Lance found a home on CG-30. We're not in Kansas any more!

**James Eric Marks**
**Davidsonville, Maryland**
**Marine Corps**

Jimmy came to us all the way from Davidsonville, via NAPS. He eventually won an N* for H2O Polo, but that's not all: Plebe year saw countless trips over the wall for mom's cooking, goat court pull-ups, a comfortably-numb A/N, the beginning of a great relationship w/ CAPT E, & teaming up with Jeff for the dead-fish trick and P.C. ('drive by again!') 3/c cruise he met Tamara, then returned to P.C. for SCUBA w/ JN, TM, KL. Back at school meant back on the Block, sporadic temper tantrums, and J was seldom seen until 2/c yr when the AC Board gave him a close shave. The mouse hunt, Bill's Trinketts, Koffee, GQ nights and hoops fights w/ Gonzo, banana slashing & Ram's Head got him psyched for 1/c yr. Bulldog minus SEAL billets = USMC. Good luck in your pursuit of the dolphin... (Life's a peaceful easy feeling.) Gonzo & Nads

**William Joseph Mason**
**Arden, North Carolina**
**Navy Pilot**

William Joseph (5 gals) hailed from Valdosta (bow please) with a football in his hand and quickly traded the redneck stigma for a halo. Began his quest for stripes in the duty room beside Capt. Amer with DH and JM. 3/c - Touchdown passes (Army), group 3 classes (History) and Don (I mean Dawn). Secret Admirers begin to appear (3 gals). 2/c year moved to 33rd off campus complex to be closer to coach Mo and Sammy. Stars, bars, scars, dented cars and enough frequent flyer miles to go to Mars (2 gals). 1/c year "Little S" used a step ladder to overlook all the girls he'd loved before and found his match in Amy. Captained the team to THE WIN and finally caught some decent passes but gladly leaves behind George and the plebe primadonnas. Congrats on overcoming medical to get fly boy but its gonna be hard flying at 30000 w/ your hair on fire in a P-3 (with Amy). Keep working on "board butt" and God bless the damn XO. Heavy + Clayt

**James Brendan McCall**
**Brooklyn, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

From the bad side of Brooklyn, J.B. came to join the ranks of midshipmen. Musical commitment. Roommate bingo (Wingnuts, Flies, Hippies, and Priests). Jimmy stalked the local Donohue Constr. Attempting performance upgrade - baseball manager and coveted new pal Paulie (the best years of his life). Adopted by Moz and Coz, he began a year of academic successes. "The Band" on tour in South Bend and Boston. motivated wallpaper. Joining in the havoc of the Fourth Reich, McCoz started the name game and the end of line for quatro gluteus. Accutane cleared things up! Bye-Bye Band and Bye-Bye Paulie. Academics, flying dumptrucks and driving ineptitude. The softball field. One must remember J.B.'s drinking friend Ralph. Police everywhere!!! 2 in 3 double E. Finally 21, Mr. Vice and hairline a victim of the recession. Best wishes - in 5. - Coz.

**John McFadden**
**Groveport, Ohio**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Johnny Mac came to us from Groveport, Ohio. Our resident virtuoso pianist spent three years in the Glee club tickling the ivory and the ears of the many international celebrities who heard him sing. Plebe year saw John rooming with a movie star and a holy deserter, and removing himself from any chances of a 2% club membership. Second class summer John found his calling in a T-34. Second class year, he lived with the Rack Rat (Oh, Bonatio!) and began the radical transformation from 98-pound weakling to the mass monster you see today. John spent Firstie summer grunting and straining (but never booting) in a Tomcat. Firstie year he finally found the perfect roomie, who also turned out to be a decent lifting partner. After a series of minor brain surgeries, John qualified for NFO and proudly received the leather jacket Feb 4. Keep pumping, fly high, and never look back. Love ya. Q. SSE

**Talley Elizabeth McIntyre**
**Palo Alto, California**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Tal, our CA girl, brought USNA a change of pace. The Eternal Partier spent plebe year being corrupted by upperclass. Ang led her astray & Suz was right behind Wknds at G&E's & her surprise b-day. All the guys that thought they'd never look twice at a "mid" looked several times at Tal. 3/c cruise she met Tam. Then SCUBA "shalalala" & extra leave. Youngster yr rumors abound. KP first arrives on the scene & introduces her to that rock of stability PJ. AM was her next PartnerInCrime. Wasn't long b-4 she needed excitement-2/c summer brought just that. 2/c yr-Tal found her true love, Fish, went to Natls, sent to striper bds, voted team capt, BUT, true to form, shunned them all and got 1-stripe DAYTONA, butt-kickers, tomatoes. 1/c cruise. Skaramouche-the flood Bahamas-nuff said. Newport w/KP & RP. 1/c yr-Mr.Days, Doz & Lilly. Never forget Matt & Dave. Or the bartenders in town to whom we owe so much. Always my best friend in the world, I'm gonna miss you. KLL

**James Andrew McPherson**
**High Point, North Carolina**
**Navy Pilot**

James Andrew McPherson (a.k.a Bulky) came to us from the back woods of High Point, N.C., the furniture capital of the world. Plebe year saw Hammer, Bulky, and B.J. in Capt. America's duty room outfitted with a walkman and a halo - so that's why you didn't get fried? Youngster year arrived and Jamie chose Physics, following the example of 3/C Priesser, his idol. Spring Break came after hibernation and bulking up with Craiger, Wingnut and Money. Second class summer with DH and CM was fun, sun, and "she's got a cute way about her." Are you sober yet? Also the car loan for the Silver Bullet, still upside down in a ditch somewhere. Firstie year brought Huddle buddy and a tough schedule, but no goggles. Good luck in P-cola to the funniest Andy Griffith act in town. Say hi to Aunt Bea and Opie for us! JAC. MBC. DAH. SWB

**James Taubert Nadalini**
**Dallas, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

Jim, (a.k.a.) Nads, was the original spaghetti cowboy from Italy and Texas. Plebe summer shell shock: "Sir. Why do they call you FOOT?" Advanced to Ac year, master of crew 'til the boot. Sprinkler at Kree's followed by post Herndon Party at Smoke Hall-Youngster Cruise: PC Scuba"Tell me a joke." -3/C Year: Texas flag finds a home, rug time with Capt America, "Wanna fight?", Spring Break at Tahoe, road trips to TC's Beach house, and eventually the arrival to 33rd co. 2/C year: 21st B-day <Asphyxiation + Wipers = nowhere>, first sem: hibernating physicist saw Ac Board and 1st round draft pick to General Science. 1/C: is it true Dants list 4 U? Searching all over and finding love at home Oct 11 was more than just a birthday. CONGRATS. Boys 4ever, BH SF JM.

**James Wesley Peaco**
**Washington, D.C.**
**Marine Corps**

Our nation's Capital has never given such a gift to the Naval service until JP arrived in Newport, RI. Nobody told him that he had to take classes in order to get his commission. JP seemed to have thought that he would PT for 5 years and then lead his platoon into some Third World country. Fortunately we all learned to deal with the academic interruptions in our training schedule. By the way, who are you seeing this week? What do you mean things are getting too serious between you two? The Marine Corps should thank their lucky stars for this new edition. "But what if..." could put a woman's brain on hold. Really, if you wanted that 35 cents that bad we would have given it to you. MC-PLEEBE-DIRTY NASTY LEG-SNC-BOOT LT!!! MAY WE SHARE THE GLORIES OF THE BATTLE TOGETHER. - M.P. D.M. A.O

**Rodney Raphell Purifoy**
**Ft. Washington, Maryland**
**Marine Corps**

Laid about like stoney crowns
Where Severn water spit
through the cracks
In the center the Pillars
White and Blackened Blue
Too decades to come Pillars
will have been built and felled
Small stones from barren soil
will start the seed
and
Bear the sun, wind, and all
the hell while pillars are
built White and Blackened Blue
Where Severn waters spit
through the cracks
And along the borders a stoney
crown that took up the spit and
pounding feet embraced the
White and blackened Blue
No more a stone from barren soil
but a
PILLAR
With in the crown

From: Anelyn Delmonte
"Fiancee"
To : Rodney Purifoy

**Joseph Harry Reed II**
**Oak Park, Illinois**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Joseph Harry Reed II came to Bravo Company 4th Platoon from da city, Chicago. Despite the best efforts of Fred "You're Dead" Davis, Prof. Hall, the "unmitigated...", and the rest of the Aerospace Engineering Department he got his dream - NFO. Plebe summer found him with Peaco; first semester in the Barn; Tony and Jimmy. Youngster year he found himself at odds with Captain America. Bermuda cruises on Invincible. Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of... let's not forget that Black N Star! How many days in Smoke Hall? EE-Z! Joe was abandoned firstie year when his sponsors fled to Britain; so did his Ring Dance date! He spent much of his time with Dr. Talley and the Glee Club. But it paid off - Hood has been good to him. Here's to a future B/N. -RGJ

**Elena Adele Skucas**
**Fairfax, Virginia**
**Supply Corps**

Elie, yes we can spell your name, our Fairfax Lithuanian, the only person we know who loved plebe year. By the time you read this you'll be 21! It's a good thing you don't drink. Remember Mr. Cobblestone, trolley rides (are you two drunk?) and borrowed cars. Failing that first test (you learned too well). Hey, are you two twins? Spring Break - watch out for those M and M's and don't forget to take your contacts out! I have oatmeal. Second class summer and the white convertible, 4 marathons, EE, and how did you get through EOE? Just snugglin'! Davis' Pub - is she drooling? Tequila - not! Ski trips with who? Marine Corps, I mean Supply Corps. Look out Athens, Double Trouble is on the way! I am the moon. AHMIGTF (or so they say). We love ya, El! LLV, AL, KJP

**Mark Allen Smith**
**Ventura, California**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

The Pride of Oxnard, the Golden Child blessed us with his wit and California Nationalism. Aside from a run-in with T-Court bricks Plebe Summer, "Scoreboard" could always be found on his feet (curiously red) despite friendships with the Captain and the Beast, and his boasts of unequaled mastery of quarters. (As Air Force may attest) Always suspected, convicted but once, he partook of the Winnebago excursion, Ed's EOSL Acrobatics (and the Post-Herndon Smoke Hall Party), U Va, and Panama City. A plebe year stripper, a 3/c Rack-ateer, a 2/c Cavalier, and now a Submariner, Mark lost his tan, kept his procrastination and never did his laundry. Thanks for being sane. There are many Smiths, but you're the best. C-ya Lou. California Forever...ARB

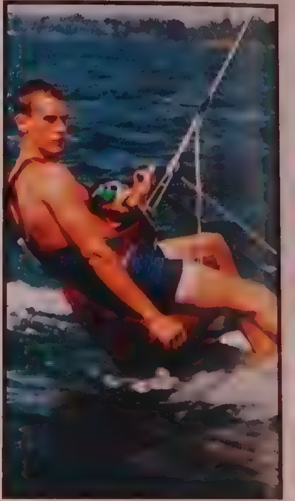
**Lori Lynne Vanscoy**
**French Creek, Virginia**
**General Unrestricted Line**

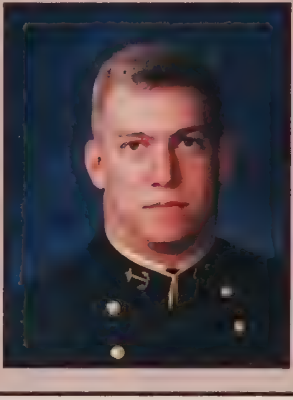
Lori, our roommate (finally) after three years, came from French Creek, W.VA., and majored in not being seen. She learned to paint on the American Promise trip to Bermuda. Is it true men like women with scars? Hmmm, we wonder why she chose Wash., D.C. She took exotic trips to the Cayman Islands, New York City for Easter, and Italy (via AD-44). We're glad someone had some money. Remember Davis', ice cream remedies, cheerleading - GO NAVY, 41 - GO NAVY, look she's got five stripes, going from one zoo to another, how about those new neighbors, what exactly happened on those rides back to school? are those tears of joy? did you really like wrestling, what a great sports car - we're all envious! You are the words, we need a tune. We love ya! AL, EAS

**Edward James White Jr.**
**Tracy, California**
**Marine Corps**

Ed came to USNA from Atsugi, Japan via NAPS, already a hard-charging Marine Corps machine-gunner. While some of us were intimidated by Plebe Summer, this crusty old Marine had no problems. His age proved to be beneficial plebe year as he became Winnabago commander during Easter break, overseeing the shenanigans of six men and a lady. But best of all he is known for his perfect form in the tequila plunge. Youngster year was marked by a year spent with the largest dirty clothes pile on the east coast. Second class year was the beginning of Eddie's quest for the impossible 'delta' in Engine Magic, and the beginning of his fall from bachelorhood. Many academic tracking sheets and dental appointments later, he has finally achieved his goal of becoming a Marine Corps Officer. OOO-RAH! Semper Fidelis!

# XXXIV COMPANY





**Jefferson Wade Adams**
**Snyder, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

Jeff arrived with a thick accent, boots, and the belt buckle o' justice from a town where cowtipping is the main source of entertainment. Maybe that explains why he racks so much; we have yet to find an alarm clock that'll wake him! He MUST be nocturnal 'cause he'll sleep less than 4 hours a night but then can't stay awake all day. As a member of the 2% Club, his hometown blonde writes him so often that in 2 weeks she's written more letters than all of us have written in a year! This master musician not only writes his own music but also sings and plays several instruments. At times he'll be so into it that he'll be playing even when we're trying to watch TV in the same room at Phyllis' house. Hey Jeffle, remember: scuba dives, the Army trip fender-bender, the overhead pipes/pops, Denny's at 3 a.m., & "I STILL haven't seen Chicago!" Kick butt in Japan. HAPPY TRAILS! -- TC, DHR, SMZ

**David Richard Anderson**
**Granite Falls, Minnesota**
**Surface Warfare**

Hailing from the land of ten-thousand lakes, this farm boy came to USNA with visions of becoming a pilot. However, between football and chasing, not a lot of time was left for academics. Gravy's hard work and dedication did leave a permanent mark on him. Always the ladies man, it was never known who you would see Gravy with next. His misguided sense of direction landed him in the other barracks during 2/c summer. This earned him a one-way trip to the long table on 4-1 and membership into the black "N" club. Remember: Plebe year Air Force game; youngster year football banquet (I gotta go see Kyle!); Spring Break road trip; borrowing your sister's bed; the black and white Talons; blind date for Ring Dance; Kristen (on-off-on-off-I just want to have fun!). Keep having fun as you're haze gray and underway. AMF, we'll miss you! MSM & MMD (aka Juicy and Brown)

**James Matthew Arrison IV**
**Fairfax, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Jamie came to USNA with a rich Navy background. After a year at NAPS with Fitz and Benny, he met Vader and Eddie and set a course for a computer science major. With Jamie around, fun was never very far. Perhaps the most energetic mid I've ever met, his motto of "Go Hard or Go Home," well suits him. Well renowned as a master hackster, skateboarder, downhill skier, and great outdoorsman, weekends were only a question of how far it took to get there. With the help of Glynnon, Sarah, Heidi, and then Suzanne, the caring side also came out. As the Ring Leader of the 3rd and 6th Navigators Batt team, Jamie provided a balance of high-speed-low-drag enthusiam and a real testimony to living a life wholly for the Lord. Through all the cheese, midnight sledding, and just plain fun, Jamie has been a treasured friend and beloved brother in Christ. See ya at the rapture! JCN MJS

**Keith Macaulay Beck**
**Midland, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

Keith decided to GO NAVY after JUMPING OUT OF BED SUDDENLY one night, and discussing the matter with a friend, but claims it didn't happen. Plebe year earned him a Beaker from Doc, and a rep as a "pro stud". As a youngster CompSci guy, he accumulated more hours on the Zenith than in the rack. WELL ACTUALLY... he might try to debate that one. The Wube made his youngster stripes fade to black during Army week, but someday Wube's Coke will turn yellow. In Austria with Dave & Rich, "Billa Keith" showed off his expertise in women's apparel, balconies, and driving Fords like Porsches. As a firstie, Keith stayed "well rested and well tested", using his extra energy to tear up the dance floors of Annapolis, but his feet haven't touched the floor yet. As a die hard SWO with the USMC in his blood, he chose the "Gator Navy". He's been a great roommate, and an even greater friend. RWJ DRH MFH

**Barth H. Boyer**
**Derby, Kansas**
**Navy Pilot**

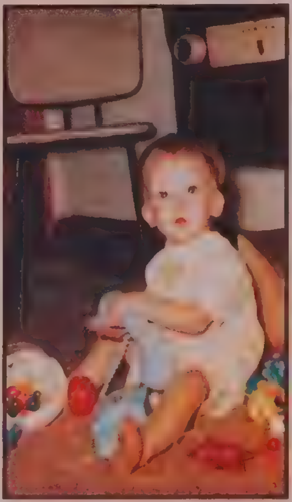
Vader came to us with pride from Kansas, the land of ahhs! Plebe year ended with him choosing Crazie Eddie as a roommate, a bond which lasted for three years. And were we ever crazy -- two spring break road trips to CO skiing with the Navs; several spontaneous camping trips, including one to rm 8336 on the "free '92" weekend; rifle detail; an insatiable desire for desserts; triple dating to the Valentine's Ball as 'sters -- the list goes on. Then the more serious side -- room formals (did you ever not do the shower and I not do the deck?); Mech E and EE, twice; running; and Burt, the plant that ate Chicago. The best times were the retreats and team meetings when you shared your heart with us and provided solid proof of what Jesus Christ can do in a man's life. Thanks. And don't worry, some WOG out there has your number! JR.MS.JA

**Tony Shou Wen Clinton**
**Novato, California**
**Medical Corps**

It's been said that artistic people are always late. "Zorro" has always been into the arts --from Glee Club to Drama, even into the martial arts -- but I don't think he's EVER been on time. He's the only person I know that can sleep through class all semester, accidentally miss the first half of a Physics final, and still make a B. Then there's that time TC missed the Glee Club movement order to Disney World. I'm not sure who won the bet on when he would get back from the Azores. I guess a little tardiness is to be expected from a guy involved in about every extracurricular activity heard of. When fencing, NAFAC, ballroom dancing, PADI scuba, sailing, and Masqueraders were no longer enough entertainment he decided to take drama classes from Anne Arundel Community College. To every woman's best FRIEND, best of luck at Med School, Doc. SQUEAL LIKE A PIG! -- JWA, JRF, DRH, RWJ, CBP.

**Paul Gene Creighton**
**Great Falls, Montana**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Po came to us from an Indian tribe in "Big Sky" country (or was it an Eskimo tribe?). His quiet personality allowed him to skate through Plebe year unnoticed. To overcome his "Short Man's Complex", Crouton joined the Power Lifting Team and became the strongest midshipman ever (at least in the company). His 501 lb squat surely contributed to the numerous "East" victories over "West". Even with his physical prowess, Cretin still got beat up by the Razzles bouncers (S.B. '90). Paul's good luck also extended to cars--for example redecorating Dave's Scirocco, snow banking Kyle's car, and crashing Mike's. He's often harassed about his red "party" face and his early morning good moods--too bad he didn't read about "The Art of Verbal Self Defense." You couldn't ask for a better friend than Paul. Good luck in your future under the Sea and keep the rice cooking. CEK, DTR



**Marcy Mathias Dupre V**
**Columbia, South Carolina**
**Marine Corps**

Duper came to us straight from the fleet yielding a southern accent and a taste for Sierra Charlie. As a prior nuc he entered the dark realm of EE, but too much good-ol'-boy juice told him history was the way to go. Youngster year found Duper with a negative balance on his midstore account so he found a second home in town at PETE'S. Second class year lead to Jodi, ring dance, and bells? Dup, where the hell did the career starter loan go? Did the "bug" really cost $13,000? First class year brought "BROWN" and the realization that the Marine Corps was where he belonged. We learned to never argue with the Master of the Devil's Advocate because he is always right .. NOT!!! Just to reminisce: Beth (the stain), Sam, Hospital Point nights, Sharon, Brown w/ no lube, where's Tetris? Good luck in the Corps, Bud! We'll miss ya. MSM DRA
(aka Juicy & Gravy)

**Juan Roberto Falck**
**San Pedro Sula, Honduras**
**Foreign National**

Juanito's goal to be the company's very best foreign national was not difficult to fulfill, since he was the company's ONLY foreign national. Still, Little Juan was known for his talents around the brigade. For example, sleeping in any place he could get horizontal. And... well, certainly he was good at something else? Anyway, this Comp Sci guy was more than happy to take it easy First Class Year. After all, who else in the Brigade had a commission even before they graduated? Juan was more than happy to rub our noses in that little tidbit, or that he had successfully attended Jungle Warfare School (without getting his skirt muddy, believe that!). Juan sober was not nearly as amusing as Juan not-so-sober, and everyone has plenty of stories about Juan and his, well, antics.

**Todd Warner Ferry**
**Seabrook, Texas**
**Marine Corps Pilot**

Todd came East from the mighty state of Texas where he was protected by his astronaut neighbors and by the fact that his house stands 10 big feet above sea level. Plebe year introduced him to academics and despite long hours of darts, race cars, hockey, and harmonica, he managed his best grades ever. When youngster year came, Barney figured he could ride his QPR out 'til MAY '92, so he "validated" himself in all of his classes, especially YP lab. Our long hibernation periods were only interrupted by the RUBE (I'd smack you, but...) and by a few meetings in Smoke Hall. Don't forget: "meeting" MR Heine, GP Jones, ESO, that wierdo that lived with us for a week, flying bugs on dental floss, "He ain't heavy, he's my brother," the Bee-Gees, Midnight Oil, the Upper Gauley (aka SERE weekend), TTWS, the bago, and 4-6 weeks of fun with our curly-black-haired German friend Vergo. "Hmm..what can I mess up today?"--Pete.

**Rhett Falk Fisher**
**Escanaba, Michigan**
**Special Warfare**

Four years ago, Fish left his simple, sheltered life to begin his Naval career. His choice of friends and roommates soon corrupted this model midshipman into the SEAL wanna-be of today. Fish began in Thirsty Third where he breezed through plebe year by running for Big Al and living at team tables. Youngster year allowed him more freedom: roadtrips in the Monte, making up plebe gymnastics, crew, and a sudden desire to become a frogman. The move across town to 8-3 and the Club gave Rhett a fresh start with a new company officer. Fish's love for high room standards and drill (2xNOT!) earned him lots of quality time with Roberta. After a trip to mini-BUD/S, 1/C year saw Fish doing the Full-Power Mollo out in town, bagoing to Army, streaking, and getting chicken pox in time for Service Selection. Good luck playing in the sand at BUD/S -- Verg

**Marshal Francis Harpe**
**Amboy, Washington**
**Medical Corps**

From well known Amboy, WA (or Troutdale, VA?), Missile Turbo-Francis Harp-oon came to USNA, heart set on Navy pilot. Soon he realized his true calling, USMC. He always wanted to be a Marine pilot until finding out he could drop Aero (with a 3.4 CPR) and go Gen Sci so he could go Med Corps. A doctor is what he truly always wanted to be. Medical Corps is where he belongs. Whether running 10 miles a day one Spring Break or spending another cycling or winning his 1st biathlon, he managed to find his way back to Bethesda. Known by 1st name in Bancroft Medical and Bethesda, he is the healthiest sick man at the Academy. Already mastering his bedside manner, his many times as a patient will serve him well. To a great roommate and a great friend, we all wish him the best. Thanks for the BIG blind date. Good luck and remember, blue eyes and a sense of humor. DRH RWJ KMB

**David Robert Hopkins**
**Virginia Beach, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

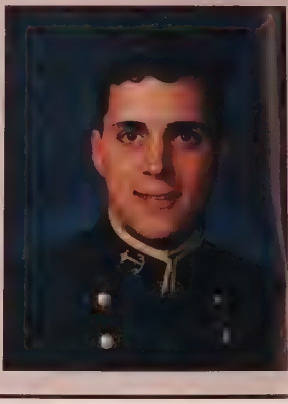
David, better known as 'BEEF', (not because of his massive biceps) had the Academy and Navy in his blood from the day he was born at Hospital Point to a SWO LT of the class of '65. With the initial desire to be a SEAL, Beef found his early rambunctous days face to face with the Form 2. As leader of the SEAL TEAM 3 recon raid, he and his troops fell victim to the infamous Jimmies. Then he applied his NL training and inspired a clueless plebe to wildman the Dant... 'SPECIAL K' nearly left Beef in the dark. With 'BOENER' gone, Beef set his sights on a 'FATAL ATTRACTION', yet we all know that girls and guns don't mix. Applying his Ocean Engineering and Top Gun skills, Beef was on the brink of taking the 'SQUID' into the World Records, yet he might like to review the chapter on bouys. Grease got the best of Garth Brooks . . . 'How was that?' . . . stay tuned because Beef is just W8N 4ADM. MFH

**Wayne Anthony Jang**
**Seattle, Washington**
**Surface Warfare**

Wang Janger arrived at Navy from the Pacific Northwest with tennis, women and gold wings (not necessarily in that order) on his mind. A victim of one two many viewings of Top Gun, he decided early on that Mech E was not to be. History didn't treat Mr. Fang much better, as AC tracking became a way of life. Always #1 (in his own mind anyway) Wayne had the distinction of breaking a glee clubber's nose in plebe boxing. It must be said, though, that many females across the nation thought as much of him as he did. All those hearts broke 1/C year, though, as Janger picked an amphib out of Little Creek to stay near Becky. Her presence, his #1 tennis spot, team captainship, and the Starrion replacing the $500 Dodge kept him out of sight all year, though he did do a great job as DAPA ("don't do what I did on Wisconsin Ave.") Wayne: true competitor; a SWO to be reckoned with. GJV/RFF

**Richard Walker Jones III**
**Fort Worth, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

It is hard to tell where Rich is from (New York, Virginia, Massachusetts, Texas, Maine...), since it seems to depend on which girl Rich is talking to. Plebe year he met his good buddy Steve Morris, and he enjoyed ltwt crew. After Herndon, CHEETO made a fashion statement by modeling his "USNA 92" B-robe. WYKHOB. As a leader of SEAL team 3, Rich missed a pardon granted the next week for restrictees. Rich moved from QPR high to Ocean Easy. CHEETO spent a week in Vienna with Beef and Beeker thanks to an airport acquaintance. Remember: sunrise, Kaiser Beer, U-Bahn "S" runs, don't eat at Mickey's, and Betsy - wake up. "That's not part of the deal." MPO - rewarding job. Gimping around. BIG phone bills. Missed Ring Dance. As a free man loosed on LA's, Mum's, etc, Rich proved himself a smooth talker. Rich got his first choice ship in Smoke Hall, LPD8. Fair winds and following seas. -KMB DRH MFH



**Christopher Ericson Kaiser**
**Crystal Lake, Illinois**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Chris came to us from Camp Crystal Lake as the youngest and perhaps shyest person in the company. Youngster year Chris came out of his shell by gloating about his victory with the Key West dream dancer. His magazine collection and racking ability were the envy of all. His menu consisted of baked ketchup steaks and Luce dogs (we feel for his future wife). Bank East awarded the Innovator with his first credit card, beginning his fall into the red. This made subs an easy choice. He was the only mid with a TV Guide, no homework, and no money. Now he is well on his way to becoming wealthy due to his new mentor, Charles J. Givens. Everyone will always remember the Kaiser Cam, Guns and Butter, PPOSC, Rosa, and painting the Bago with hurl. We will miss your late night insights and post-date interrogations, and will be hard pressed to ever find a better friend and roommate. PGC, DTR

**Michael Kenney Lane**
**Winnetka, Illinois**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Special "K" came to us after spending a relaxing year at Michigan. No one influenced Lois more than DOC Church with "Hard Core 1-3." We soon learned of his plethora of useless Brady Bunch trivia and many flashlight tricks. Youngster year found Mike preoccupied with the Young Miss and his many gags (tooth gag, fem-act, and sleepy driver). At the Nass ball "Bust a move's" dancing inhibitions disappeared while his vision doubled (correctable with tape!). Daytona lead Mike's probing mind to the creation of the Lowane, "You've heard of it!" Second class year he could always be found in the gym working on his CALS, WRIS, FINS, and ABS, preparing for his role as Zamphir in the 8th wing players. The result of Mike's hard work was four big first class stripes and a room on 4-1. The occupants of deck 8-3 missed the echo of the Spinal Tap soundtrack but he soon returned with his new found passion- 100% pure adrenaline SKYDIVING We will all be sure to miss your humor and friendship, good luck down under the sea. DTR

**David Park Lower**
**Huntington, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

After three years of work, Dave arrived at the academy ready to play. If it wasn't one sport it was another. Lax, football, wrestling...sports were...his life. His misidentification of a garbage can plebe year started his fall - spring break restriction is always a good time. Youngster year he again roomed with SM and GPJ - I'm pretty sure they were out of company strippers. When his roommates left, Dave joined the company. Trying to keep the edge, he decided to focus on Lacrosse and made the varsity team, but sports weren't everything to this EE major. 2/C found EE hard and Dave explained the voltage divider rule: "I'm not going to teach you the course." Conduct problems were almost a thing of the past and then: a trip to Baltimore with DR and CK and a run-in with a yellow Rabbit. First class year Power finally earned a letter in 150's. All the exercise must have worn him out, because I've never seen anyone hit their snooze button so many times - "I'm just going to take a 20 minute nap." You've been a great friend. - WRS & PGC.

**Peter Charles McGowan**
**Rockville, Maryland**
**Navy Pilot**

Peet-"O" arrived at USNA from the city of Rockville (don't go back to) as 'the other kid' of the McGowan clan to attend Navy. "The orphan of Annapolis" survived plebe year under the frequent beatings of Jeff McCauley and Doc Church. Youngster year saw Pete acquiring Big Kate, the brick, and Beth the same weekend at U of Md. While five days of smoke hall almost cured his dislike of class, nothing will ever come between him and his rack (except Vergo). As a roommate it was great that Pete had no sense of smell, but as a teammate it was frustrating he could not win the 'Big One'. Remember: Gary Jones, Crazy for you, trash can bandit, HOT-Salsa, Bad dream house, tetris, Jenga, SERE weekend, ping pong, Midnight Oil, section leader error?, Slob-a-mini, & the 'bago. "SCRATCHY" it's been a great 4 years. Remember no one joins the Navy to fly the "COD". Proverbs 27:17 TWF-"ITCHY"

**Matthew Scott McLaurin**
**Vienna, Virginia**
**Naval Flight Officer**

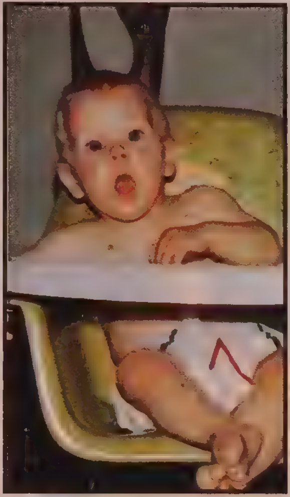
Leaving his new-found love behind, Matt came to USNA ready to show what he was made of. Unfortunately during Plebe Summer, he couldn't stop laughing long enough for anyone to find out. One glance at his Plebe Year GPA and you knew this Southern rebel was destined for GEEKERS (proof given by service selection). "True Love" is defined by spending an entire weekend with a girl, phoning for 1.5 hrs. Sunday night, then writing a 3-page letter before rack ops - that's dedication! Three yrs. of this leads to engagement 1/C year. Lest we forget: last-minute droppings in hotel bathrooms, Ho Chi Minh trail runs with Sierra Charlie, infinite rack hours, Stomper invasion of cemetery!! By the way, Courtney, why is he called JUICY-JUICE? WOW!! Best of luck, Brother! Keep in touch! MMD DRA (aka Brown & Gravy)

**Christopher Byron Powell**
**Florence, South Carolina**
**Medical Corps**

Chris came to the Naval Academy not knowing exactly why or how, but very sure of one thing, USNA was one of those things that is nice to have, adding it to the list of "nice things" he already had, like expensive cars, expensive jewelry, expensive clothing, anything with the word "expensive" was always good for him. Second class year brought him down to Earth when he met C.E. Nothing was too difficult for him. The walls were not too high to climb, nor the taps takers too smart to fool. Fortunately he got over her quick, and again he was ready for the search for the woman of his dreams. Many things are always going to be in Chris' memory: Guadala Harry's on Saturday night, being the only mid with 12 hours of sleep a day, KFC three times a week, and his favorite pastime, taking out his dream machine for a ride.

**David Thomas Ramsey**
**Newmarket, New Hampshire**
**Navy Pilot**

Snaggle came to us from the "Live Free or Die" state of New Hampshire via NAPS. His deafening voice carried him through Plebe year and late night Run DMC rap sessions with Bill. During YP cruise, Chris indebted himself to Dave and began a 3 year pay back. Youngster year was spent in Dental and rock climbing. During 2nd class summer, Dave earned his N-sweater.... 2nd class year followed, with his claim to being in the hardest major here (Ramsey exaggeration factor of 10). During the Reign of Ramsey, the only thing he complained about more than Aero was being Co. CDR. Milt fearlessly led the company to a drill championship and two 10-0 intramurals (which choked in the playoffs). He spent Army-Navy '91 driving a Bago full of people cheering "We love Dave Ramsey." You've been a great friend, good luck with the Blue Angels, and don't forget the Ramseys. CEK & PGC



**Karl Weaver Rauch**
**San Diego, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Dutch Junior. From day one, you had only one dream— to become an Attack Pilot for the U. S. Navy. Now you are one big step closer. Now you get to do something you really want to do. Studying wasn't it. Dealing with bureacracy wasn't it. Learning about YP's wasn't it. Finally, you get to learn about, get in the cockpit of, and fly airplanes! At least the company was up-to-the-minute on any changes in the Aviation Community. As one of the first '92ers to be shot off a carrier, he would not hesitate to tell you about it. His geometry is not the best— he still believes the shortest distance from Annapolis to Towson is via Washington. Boxing— a kind, gentle sport— gave him an opportunity to work hard and reach ever-so-far to be the best! Except for the fact that we didn't see you Firstie year because of a certain Blockbuster Video employee, it has certainly been fun. Thanks for being a friend. KCW

**Jeffrey David Rickenbach**
**Greene, New York**
**Surface Warfare**

Though the Ricker came quietly from a quiet town in Upstate New York, he soon deceived everybody by his one of a kind antics. Rickenbacher has distinguished himself as the 'Road trip King'. Weekend trips to Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and 'hongking' Greene, New York were the norm. Who else would make a 1500 mile road trip for a blind date in a single weekend. We still can't figure out how you got so crazy The 6th Batt Nav team will never be the same. Maybe it was the trek with Cooky, Benny, and Wagon-Master-Butch. Maybe it was getting braced up by the Rube as a 'ster. Or maybe it was the day Bishop got engaged. It doesn't really matter since the legend of Eddie will live on. We're all waiting to see how Eddie Jr. turns out when you meet your match in a Jesus-loving, skiing shredhead. Remember, don't sweat exams and long live hacking, shredding, camping and Surface Warriors. ETWPA. BHB and SWB.

**Michael Jonathan Sipe**
**McLean, Virginia**
**Naval Flight Officer**

"Skate or Die" Mike was in for a big change after a year in the "regimented" NROTC life of UVA. After the quick readjustment plebe summer, his laid back style plebe year kept Ed and I from mental destruction. We will never forget the airborne quals from the top rack of 1107, walk-mans at night and racking in the upper locker. How about that quad blind date after the push? Finding a loophole in the crew team was useful until they made him work out. Youngtser year in-company distractions led to a paternal nastygram to the Dant. His nack for attracting and juggling women is unparalleled. When will you ever make up your mind, maybe the lab tech? Probably when the Cougar dies. Thanks for the setup from Hawaii, I owe you one. I hope you continue to teach your good taste and values like you did to your campers and SS pupils. Remember that prayer saves more than just the Cougar. EJO JMA

**William Richard Stevens**
**Brentwood, Tennessee**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

There could only be one...Stonewall Stevens. Plebe year he was our Force in Readiness, incurable hop, and psychological warfare specialist. He even slept at attention. Often awakening like a coiled spring, in a fit of delirium and vertigo. Speaking of Vertigo, Bill was never at a loss for words. In fact, he's never lost a verbal debate. Just ask him. His way with words was evidenced by his being party to the unlikely Rap Duo of himself and DTR. For Valentine's 1990, Bill founded, with full company support, the Club. 1990 also found our illustrious Spring Breaker upstream without a paddle with no one to blame except, Paul (So he claims). Friday Night Dance Parties transformed the the Tennessee bred stalwart into a Dancing Machine. Some pot holes in Bill's Road to Graduation and the much needed Nuc-check include RDD, Air-borne and Beneficial x3. Remember to keep en mine, Beel, SER=FBC<>PPOSC. The 92% Rule, Bago '91 and Cisco Kids. Bill... You're the Best!- PGC and DPL

**Edward Li Lun Sung**
**Trenton, Michigan**
**Navy Pilot**

Ed came to us well prepared and ready to work. Having graduated no. 1 from NAPS was not enough, however, as he strove to prove himself in other areas. No one will ever forget his attempted 2 1/2 inward somersalt off the ten meter board plebe summer. After his mishap with diving, he opted to again pursue academics exclusively. Late night wrestling matches at three in the morning were not uncommon for our favorite foreign national and DPL. It wasn't long before Ed attained pushover status. His quest to stand his ground would land him in medical youngster year with a concussion. There were of course no better times than spring break '90: I don't think I've ever seen 18 people in a minivan before or since. Second class year saw Ed again dedicated to studies. Unfortunately, EE was not an easy major. Many weekends of studying paid off service selection night when he got his Air billet. Ed put up with a lot of flack from his friends, but it was all in good fun. Just remember: "My door bell goes...." - WRS

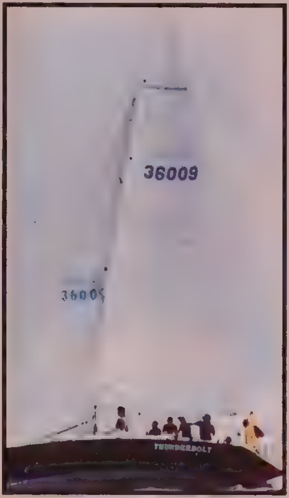
**Mark Douglas Uhler**
**Lancaster, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Mark is homeported in Lancaster, California— A thriving desert outcropping in the middle of nowhere. This must be where his California style of speech originated. A familiar "Hey, Man." can be heard as he walks down the hall. Mark is forever fond of the alternative music scene. From Laurie Anderson to X, he would be at the clubs "Doin' the Jam." As a political scientist, Mark is in his element talking about ridiculous and hypothetical forms of government that are almost always implemented wrong in real-life. Good Luck in the Black Shoe Navy. KCW & KWR

BURIE
LEXINGTO

**Gregory Joseph Vergamini**
**Columbus, Ohio**
**Navy Pilot**

Verg-O, Grover, the Black Hole, etc. matriculated to USNA from the land of the Buckeyes in search of academic and basketball glory. Mech E soon became GE and JV ball became intramural stardom. After two fun-filled years "out of company" with CMP, WAJ, and RFF, the move to the Club gave Greg the chance to make good on his promise to "run somebody out", as Sack hit the road within two weeks. SERE 1/C summer came too late to help GJV find his Ring Dance date's house, nor did it help the rafting crew when he proclaimed that "they taught us at SERE to start a fire with wet wood, but I forgot." Velcromini found his true love 1/C year with the young Maa-lis-saa. She must have liked the convertible better than the Monte Magic. 4 years in the library got GJV the coveted air billet, and at Mach 2.4, no one will care that his Navy basketball career was spent in the multipurpose gym. -- Fish



**Kyle Cordell Weaver**
**Lowell, Indiana**
**Navy Pilot**

Cordell comes from the land between California and the East Coast (if there is such a thing). When he can to USNA he quickly took like a duck to water, literally. He was one of the first of '92 to earn a letter in Varsity Offshore Sailing. We never knew you did so much sailing in Lowell! Having the best taste in music, Kyle led many a concert and dance club excursion- 9:30 Club, The Depot, 15 Min Club, NIN, etc. Kyle redefined the meaning of "blackout"- Daytona (where's Kyle?), Hood Banzi, trash can, (need I say more?!). After the AF MO Plebe year and the Peter Murphy concert KC should have learned to check to see if her ID is green. ML, PM, and BS want to thank you for the great dates to the Bangle's concert. Just because you sail, own a BMW, and have a great tan doesn't make you a yuppi. Always sleep with both eyes open, learn how to walk, and keep smiling. You never know what you have until you don't have it—KR and the Club.

# XXXV COMPANY

**Scott Francis Blundo**
**Goshen, Connecticut**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

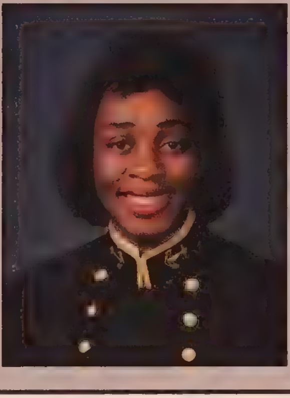
When "Boomer" came to us, little did we know the name would ring true. Plebe year included numerous excursions after taps with the 600lb room. End of semester bought the POSTMEN a few days down in Smoke Hall. With youngster year came Rugby and that infamous U-haul trip across Colorado. We're all glad you had a great 21'st, your black tie no jacket affair left some of us paying the piper-Happy Thanksgiving. Spring...Could you please explain to us how you punctured your feet getting to Canada from France? 2/c summer Scotty B fished off the fan tail, stood casual bridge watch, learned to slalom, and had CBDR with USS EL. Ac-year...more Rugby. Then came his multiport cross country escapades over 1/c summer. The first weekend back, a visit from the white porpoises and a stop at J-Crew sure changed his life for good. Good luck in subs...no good luck to subs. They'll need it!

**Todd William Boehm**
**Wheelersburg, Ohio**
**Surface Warfare**

Boehmdolo. Swoehm. Todd came to us from the thriving metropolis of Wheelersburg, Ohio after a short stint at NAPS. Armed with the recipe for King Hall bread pudding, Todd braved "combat all-calls" and P.T. with Guandolo. His clear-cut sense of honor kept him out of trouble (or maybe it was those few days with D&B...NOT). Todd blossomed over youngster year. Schaeffer's, Boro's, the Flight's, and Yatko tailgaters. 2/c year brought Todd to UVA where he met his true love Sara. 1/c year brought a third semester of EE and Swodom with H.B. Although we'll miss you, we'll not miss the socks and the snoring. Good luck on board the USS Merrimack. HBL, JJL, LMY.

**Roland Allan Acosta Bolado**
**Quezon City, Philippines**
**Foreign National**

Coming from the land that many a sailor has dreamed about Roland's curiousity was immense. Despite being selectively unable to understand rates when it came to his squad leader, he taught himself English, Pop, Rap, and Heavy Metal with his tape recorder. His privileged life was further proven after getting an extra 6 days of Christmas Leave because there was no MAC flight back - yeah, right! With his self-proclaimed nickname, RB set out to conquer the land Down Under : Bottoms up-and down! He also explored acting, but ended up on the cutting floor. By the way, how can you sleep so much as a Systems? His Foreign National status allowed him to miss some lectures, what about all the others? As a firstie, RB continued dirtbag trends: the "all day" trip to Bethesda; the "matchmaker"; Dome; Pleasure Island; UMBC; Anastasia; Irish Times! Best of luck back home, you've been a helluva roommate! Sevee, DJ



**Patrick Edgar Caldwell**
**Dallas, Texas**
**Surface Warfare**

When "P" realized just how long four years was, he knew he was in trouble. With the drive of a lion, but the attention span of a gnat, he could never conform to any one way of life for long. Shuffling through sports, shifting through women, bouncing through ECA's, sneaking around women, revolving in religions, getting pounded by women, finding new hobbies, shifting through women... Conservative Republicans (as Academy Officials tend to be) frowned on P's adventurous attitude. Supe says "you have how many F's!?" But most of this daddy-fresh's lessons came from non-Naval Academy text, Always double 3NT, don't lie to your partner (unless its a "she"), and if you knock down the Creature, don't let it back up. It'll put you six feet under. Yup, this Texan learned lots. He came here to be a doctor, Dean Kelley said "no thank you", we'll give you an LST. Oh well, being the youngest in '92, he'll adapt. Nothing phases a Texan anyhow....CMS

**Alyce Aileen Campbell**
**Jacksonville, Florida**
**Supply Corps**

Alyce came to us from the Bold New City of Jax, Fl. Being an exceptional student at USNA she was offered an extended tour of duty by Virg and went on to make it into a full time career at the academy. (No, Alyce, you have to leave now.) During her tour at USNA, she was an honorary member of four battalions, sharing her expertise and leadership experience with the rest of the brigade. She accepted a hardship tour in 35th Company. Remember getting kissed by the 'Pres'--you never washed your face since. We would fry you for PDA, but you've been through enough already! At USNA, using the chain of command was often stressed. How did yours go? Co. Officer, Batt Officer, Dant, Dean, Supe, George Bush, and last but not least, the big man himself, Ben Sr. You've had some good times, especially with J.D. Speller and all of his kids! Good luck in the Corps with the boys: CDT, KF, GM, CW, DF, and AW. Sexy Chocolate and Classy T.

**Alexander Taggart Chalmers**
**Charleston, South Carolina**
**General Unrestricted Line**

They always say that the third time's the charm but for Alec it only took two. From the class of '90 to '92, Alec was such a good plebe that his former classmates cut him some slack. "Form 2" wasn't so bad: P's plant, three stooges, fireman's carry in San Diego, LCDR Jerebek, double date from hell. Football was Alec's first love, though: team tables with E.P. & M.C., power eating, and traveling as tight end. The Ac Board youngster year ended all that. "Live and die by the gouge"- Alec lived through 2/C year in 35. Firstie year brought the race for class Pres. (a great effort for such a small campaign budget) & Plt CDR and Drill(?!). Don't forget St. Michaels, Oscar, Dahlgren, boogie-man checks, bonzai, beating Army, Donnie's, crabbing at Tolliver's, Pawleys, and Jimmy Buffett. Good luck on your journey back to God's Country--Charleston, SC. I'll meet you there. love! RSH

**David Gregory Detwiler**
**Sylvania, Ohio**
**Navy Pilot**

Dirtman came to us from OOOhio as a member of the Schaefdogs. Never one to sit idle or waste time, the real rules never applied to Dirt. His fondness for weapons earned him an N-star. Thrift- wiler led his band of merry men on numerous road trips or "Crusades" as he preferred to call them. Crepes in Quebec, Maine lobster, crabs in N.C., wings in Baltimore, oysters at Middleton's, sourdough and chowder in San Fran- sisco, kebobs at Casa de Tomlin: all in a week. For Dirt there was nothing quite like a Dutch treat after sushi, a Bible study, and a night spent tubing under a full moon behind his boat. Junior year brought a change in Dirt, or shall we call him 'Gregory.' It was love at first sight when this pretty little woman pulled out a coupon book on their first date! We thought that we had lost him, but after COMBOQNASBRUN, and numerous trips South of the border - Dirt is finally back...for now at least. Good luck at flight school bud. It's been a pleasure doing business with you, and may we never have to do business against you!

**Richard Erik Doyle**
**Edina, Minnesota**
**Nuclear Power-Surface**

"I wanted a real Plebe Year", was what tore Rich from the serenity of the University of Michigan and sent him down the road less travelled. One of the four Post Men, RED began youngster year with a Bar Mitzvah for Bonnie and ended as Navy's newly crowned King of the Crease Summer took him from the Englischer Gartens of Munich to the warm waters of Orlando. His antics earned him a thirty-feeve dollar fine for operating in restricted waters. 1/c year brought us "Striper Richard". As Sixth Battalion Commander, NAFAC Midshipman Director, and Hockey Goalie, Rich was left with little time for his strenuous Economics curriculum. Words of wisdom: Passed down from his father, Rich subscribes to the Doyle family motto that "You can't be a $#*!@ and eat cake." WAGEESZ!!!! JBH, JJL

**Brian Potter Endersbe**
**Scottdale, Pennsylvania**
**Naval Flight Officer**

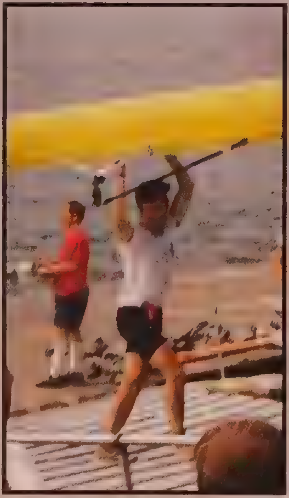
Did you ever hear about a guy named Bri who was really nothing of a Potter at all, but he did love the wind and the water and the woods. And that is, I suppose, why he loved the crunching of dried leaves under his feet as he ran for Kiski. But he traded in his running shoes for a wooden oar and the sunsets of the Severn. He soon found that he certainly preferred the science of policy to that of electronics. A known connosieur of Birkenstocks and cinnamon rum coffee, he found the flower of his dreams one fine October day along the banks of the Charles.

**Joseph Belvin Hornbuckle III**
**Rock Hill, South Carolina**
**Navy Pilot**

Long, long time ago... Skinny boy Bo from Dixieland, still wet behind the ears, feet full of sand. One of three sons of Sandman, off on the Hunt. Crabtown to Newport, dimples one and two. Block Island to Boston by sea, with freckles, muffins, anejo and 0 for 3. Fang, Big Dan, and the whole crew, we bent pulpits and the rules, too. Anniversary 1 in Marblehead, in hopes that chivalry would not be dead. Halifax, perhaps the Chateau, Bo jumped the Canyon that soon Mark would know. Crabtown, San Fran, Turkey Day in Smoke Hall. Then Bermuda, diving, but not Mildenhall. Chas and Bo made good use of that stall. P.J.'s, the Point, and laundry aired out; Rocks, NASS Ball, but never a doubt. Miramar, B.I., the Vineyard; a graceful navigation. See him in the Morning Light.--J.B.M. & C.A.C. "Be Good and You Will Be Lonesome" -Mark Twain

**David Edmund Jones**
**Kingston, Jamaica**
**Marine Corps**

Dave came to us from, officially- Atlanta, Georgia, but ask him, and he will likely say Kingston, Jah-may-ka, mon. Dave entered Plebe Summer after Naps with plans to set the world on fire. But as a member of the infamous room 3248, Dave failed, to be "King of the room' - namely due to Chalms. A sadist by nature, Dave joined Varsity Track to run middle distance - and though he ran hard, sometimes the longest distance was from the bench to the starting line. Although his Y.P. cruise had the makings of a good SWO - Dave took the road less traveled and decided to "push Virginia" during Bulldog. His skills in -ahem-motivational techniques carried to Plebe Detail and to Fall Company Commander. Dave learned to explore limits - striper duties? SEEMPOLAZDAT? But we know he will make an excellent Marine - just beware of wild animals in Quantico - especially the Black Cobra. Sev, RB



**John William Kennedy**
**Annapolis, Maryland**
**Navy Pilot**

Johnny, Elway, Chee, or Jack, spent a year at MMA before walking out his backdoor and climbing his way to USNA. Guandi hated the fact that Jack partied more than him plebe yr., and HACKed him for 4 mos. Being a local, he found all the parties (and of course the girls). 3/C year, he had his heart stolen, and was rarely seen. 2/C year 9th Wing was completed and he was never seen. Afternoon surf trips and evenings at Riordan's were a daily occurrence. Never one to burn bridges, Jack ran into alot of "friends" in town, and Landry, Nose, and Franz never let him live it down. Jack loved Cocoa, G-Town, UofM, Norway, and Chicho's hey where'd that $40 go anyway? Halloween-were they worth it? At USNA, he spent his time in the Hall of Justice, which explained why he spent more time in the rack than on books. Fly fast, surf hard, and don't change Brother! DPP MMW

**Hung Ba Le**
**Dale City, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Hungba. H.B.--Hung, the baby of our litter, came to us all the way from Dale City, Va. Hung laid low plebe year, probably getting himself ready to be an EE major. As it turns out, he became an economist by youngster year. Notable quotes: "Mooch Moments" and "Sugar Cookies." During study hour, one could always count on Hung coming by to say "Hi." Like us, he lived from one weekend to the next, at the Flight's, the Boro's, or UVA. Youngster year gave rise to several Elvis sightings around the greater Annapolis area, and a best-selling novel by his roommates entitled "Life with Elvis." One could always count on finding Hung tearing up dance floors around D.C. and Baltimore (the DO-ME). Service selection night put Hung on the Tico, bringing him full circle back with the Boehmster. Have fun, and write to us from the midwatch. GO SWO!!! JJL, TWB, LMY

**John Joseph Lewin**
**Lakeridge, Virginia**
**Naval Flight Officer**

John- aka Lord Lewin of Kent or Dirk Pitt- came to us via Kent School to be a prospering Systems Engineer...NOT! Plebe year he taught us all the Lewin shuffle and the fine points of wrestling...NOT! John found his niche at the academy while being paid big bucks to be the eyes and ears of the Brigade. Youngster year found him planning parties at the Flights, rowing crew, finding true love and then losing it, the ring dance and Stouffer's was a prelude to a 1/c striper semester where he was stealth on 8-0. What's left? One semester, catching up with friends. Love ya Lew- don't crash and burn again. Be good in Pensacola. TWB, HBL, LMY

**John Barron Moulton**
**Moraga, California**
**Special Operations**

A long, long time ago Johann came to us from NMMI only to trade in his silver spoon for a couple of ratty old boat shoes and a pair of disposable Vuarnets. As one of the three sons of Sandman he sailed to B.I. he learned about tuna, muffins and American Pie. To Boston with Fang and Big Dan as crew, several Bay sails with a whole lot of brew. Good Harbor, Marblehead, Johann met one or two, then off to see the lizard and number two said I do. Halifax, then back and off to the East, Sig, the Fly Trap and Franco's big feast. Gater o'justice and Turkey Day by the Bay, one fuzzy rug and we're all here to stay. Xo's, a shirt-tail and off to the Point where Johann grabbed that most fateful joint. B.I. bikes, burritos and the backside of the bar, skippers, silver, we've all sailed so far. Friends from the start, friends to the end, as long as there's water, as long as there's wind. CAC, JBH

**Margaret Mary Mullen**
**Westford, Massachussettes**
**Surface Warfare**

Sometime since I-day, the clueless Catholic from MA realized that USNA was more than a great diving facility. She was quickly cannonized 'nun with a gun.' Guandi and Randy became her reasons for dismay-Laugh? The plebe with a smile moved onto greater matters-TV w/ lights on! Never drink slurpees on white rugs. Corey, Karl, and P were her main source of higher education. Margarets weekday TB runs, cards and Math-well maybe not so much math-Axe boards 1.0 avg in tech courses? Meg was no longer interested in 91, so she mastered casing the queen of spades and learned to get rid of excess baggage. 2/c she entered 35 with the charm of a sister & the admiration of a girlfriend. Dig came to the dance and showed her how to associate with the intelligent! Firstie yr brought her stripes O Capt my Captain! and her Pearl Harbor Port. Definitely a red-headed devil, and a fire in the ____, she got what she wanted most of the time, or she left. She was always one for spectacular exits. We will all miss her personal flair. SNJ PEC KJP CMS

**Anthony Richard Orefice**
**Alva, Oklahoma**
**Marine Corps**

Bonehead-"Just call me Bonehead, everybody does. "We couldn't imagine why anyone would want to be called bonehead--we learned to use the nickname often. Tony came to us by way of Oklahoma through the doors of NAPS. Bone has always known what he wanted to do from day 1, everything!!! Whatever war-related book he was reading dictated his service selection. He must have been reading A Sense of Honor on the 4th. From the day we all met he told us that he was special. I'm glad he got the problem solved. He is a more relaxed individual. Academics were tough but we all reached the end of the tunnel. We all look forward to serving with you in our Corps. Oh yeah, bring M.S. along with you. Fix those legs Napoleon. M.P., J.P., D.M.

**Eric Carl Peterson**
**Federal Way, Washington**
**Navy Pilot**

The man with the chin has done much here. From seeking higher education at Notre Dame, B.C. and the Tripolitan Monument to wrestling, Rugby and even a coach. Plebe year he became 007 at Easter, a postman on leave and warship bound after being wounded in Georgia. He soon recovered by singing as a secretary and losing paper-work and the Ultimate toga party. From disappearing Captains, mysterious coach visits after Johnson's, International Youth Hotel tables, Georgetown roofs, 57 beach jurists, Mechs on the Rue, and 23 bed checks, we're all glad that 'ley takes good care of him with the personalized Let's Go Guide. From the christening of Tatonka to Bull Mid Norm, Hoo-Yah Mr. Everyone, being unamimously awarded what the nicest guy in the world shouldn't get, racing wallmakers at dining-ins, and Pete noises, we've been provided with a lot of fun. Actually, it has been a little slice of heaven, which should soon increase with Friday barbecques. JBM

**David Pierce Polatty IV**
**Virginia Beach, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Polecat surfed his way into USNA from Atsugi, Japan. He spent plebe year proving that cats really do have 9 lives, surviving the AX 4 times in one year, and getting only 15 DR for the 4 Postmen of USNA. 3/C cruise: 4 days underway, 24 surfing. With a minor in Chemistry, Polecat chose to venture to the Hall of Justice and learn history 3/C year. Weekends at Hood were unable to tame him, and he served 15 more in Smoke. He left youngster year without facing the AX, after a blast with the 3 Stooges. 2/C summer found him out a little late at UofM, and back in Smoke. 9th Wing, Beat Army Mobile, and Hood dominated 2/C year; 21st Amendment, Boston, BG. 1/C year he was invisible: Surfaris to Indian River, Va Beach (Chicho's), Hatteras, and Cocoa; Riordan's, Catholic, G-Town, 21- and lived, Halloween '91. Party on dude! May they be tasty and the surf always tubin! JWK MMW

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9

**Karl Joseph Pugh**
**Montgomery, Alabama**
**Naval Flight Officer**

"I know a girl from Westford
says she'd rather kiss a rooster
than go very far in Karly's car
and argue with the Pughster."

If you're in '92 and don't know "Morning face," you've missed something. Maybe you've seen him around, know he's from Alabama, drives a red truck, and has a General Lee silver dollar sized Tattoo. But that's not Karly. No sir. Inside he's a connoiseur of fine wines (and more) and partakes in the eloquent sport of fencing. OOO-pah-lay-doe! On guard--- Four years ago it was, either: go to the Academy, or fish for a living. We all make mistakes Karly. But he made lots of friends here, and he learned not to take things so seriously. Heck, he'll probably add the Rocket to his Christmas list someday. Maybe even the Felch. Now if I can just transfer his strong feelings for his rack, to a nice round Russian girl...It's been fun dude. CMS

**Todd Joseph Severance**
**Tucson, Arizona**
**Navy Pilot**

Sevee came to us from that blazing saddle state of Arizona. Plebe Summer, he was known as the most laid back plebe...got a towel? From the flag raising stint Plebe Summer to his exposure via the Rotunda, we knew he was somethin'special! Destined for 4-1, Sevee started early 3/c year...what professionalism! Pay extra for that haircut? His ways darkened his path for 3 years. 2/c Dep Brig CDR, NAPS, 1/c Plebe Detail trained him well...Terminator! 1/c year paved the way for many firsts...know what I mean?? Before we knew it, Sevee was a MAN! Unfortunately for Sevee, his quest for striperdom ended at adjutant's call. AMEX, Sprint, Irish Times, 3rd Edition, the Dome will never forget you and those times will always be ours. He'll make one hell of a pilot, for he made one hell of a friend. May the FORCE be with you...NOT!! DJ, RB, CAT

**Corey Mark Stapleton**
**Great Falls, Montana**
**Surface Warfare**

The only vampire from Big Sky Country came to us via the great nuclear power program. "Ton" probably experienced more of life than the rest of our class combined and hid most of it. Navy wrestling and cards and sleep kept Corey busy most of the time. The rest of the time he tried to teach me what life was all about. From room inspections to playing golf to women, his western attitude and slow laid back style taught many people (me) where to take life seriously. Authority never bothered him-- standing restriction for a weekend did. Academics never were a big problem but neither was liberty on a week night. The only real problem was getting out of that great big sleeping bag of his. The champion of room wrestling, the master of guitar, and the only one to figure out Meg and P at the same time, Corey did what he wanted and never changed. Maybe someday I'll pay up on the bet. KJP

**Stephen Jerome Sterlitz**
**Redford, Michigan**
**Surface Warfare**

Steve came to us from **the** Motor City where we think he learned his love for big cars. We all met him plebe summer and as soon as he was here, he disappeared into the depths of Ricketts only to emerge three and a half years later as a second semester firsty. Known to some as "the biggest midshipman in the Navy" or just Ster, he has been a big brother to more than a few. Steve chose the path of justice while at the Academy (English) but he should of been an Econ major for all of the scams he starts. Maybe that is how he affords that big, red Caddy, the biggest car but the smallest ship on campus. We'll miss you but if we ever need to find you all we have to do is look for the "big dude" in the crowd. ARO RB you will always be my first roommate and Boner you will always be my last. WORDS OF WISDOM: If you're going to be a bear, be a teddy bear. The world is too full of jerks! SJS

**Mark Jay Veltri**
**Buda, Texas**
**Navy Pilot**

We knew that Mark was special when we saw him standing on his head plebe summer. His love for Miss B. never faileth. To the chopmaster-"No sir, it wasn't me!" Bus 14 trips with Cat, and a glass full of chunks. As a plebe sailor, Mark and Bo got into a real hole that would only be braved by their company cdr. 3/C year brought the King of Spite plenty of time in Smoke Hall, thanks to the Lambda Delta tailgater. 2/C summer, the Cellar, taps, and where's my room? Lost in the jungles of Columbus 2/C year, Mark established comms with the BEEF line and made it back alive. This year, the man of song joined Navy Rugby, crowned many a Rugby Queen, and then dated one of them. Throughout his time here, he has strived for Class A weekends, squeaky clean whiteworks, and arriving at PJ's during happy hour with Dirt. Girlfriend or dog? May you find out in P-cola. SFB DGD DPP

**Marcine Manning Wheatfall**
**Dunkirk, Maryland**
**Surface Warfare**

Wheats arrived fresh off the farm from Calvert County, MD, with a chicken in one hand and a shotgun in the other. He hasn't changed much since. He was a favorite of plebe summer squad leaders until he explained to them how he could make a muzzle loader out of his piece. "Where's my man" was the infamous call of youngster year, along with a thorough rinsing of STER's computer. He was the master of MAC's to San Dog, and was well-loved by the squirrels in the yard. Going from aquarock to boogie board king, he made Va Beach road trips even if he was a sponger. Remembered for his frugal use of credit cards and 2/C loan, along with his status as Norway's Man of the Year, and Beat Army Mobile Navigator. Parties in Smoke kept him here for 2 Thanksgivings, but didn't deter his adventures in Georgetown. Here's to ketchup, I love that stuff! Chickens rule, stay cool and Go SWO! JWK DPP

**Robert William Witzleb**
**Dayton, Ohio**
**Navy Pilot**

The only man we ever knew that could get a D on the 1.5 mi and still pull an A in PE, Witz came to us on the crest of a wave with salt on his brow and some excess baggage--1 CPL, USMC. Recognized early for his sense of duty, Witz was CO CDR a couple more times than he wanted to be. The weekend in Charleston didn't turn out like he planned; walking 'round the frat house, garden hose in hand. Youngster year the combat minima was known to arrive at Hood before the firsties and depart after. Confusing liberty with duty (he thought they were one in the same), Witz commandeered the duty van for a fun filled trip to Daytona. Diverting funds from Operation Desert Surf, Witz had his best Spring Break ever. During first class cruise, Witz used some of that biological oceanography background to liberate many an unjustly imprisoned lobster in Brunswick. Brunswick also introduced Witz to the feared COMBOQNASBRUN who caught Witz cooling his room with an Allison Turboprop. Remember: "Flight suits are the white works of the fleet!," Witz.

**Lyn Marie Yatko**
**Dalton, Pennsylvania**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Lyn came from the mountains of Pennsylvania after a year long party at U. Penn. Plebe year, Lyn aimed for the academic heights of poli. sci. Youngster year found her with the Biggest fling (How ya doin'?) of her life. How about that silver Corvette no one saw until firstie year? It was always her lust for fun and beverage that kept her on Safaries and trips to Purgatory. She finally met Trygve, her one and only, and got engaged during the Marine Corps Birthday Ball. Ever since, her weekends were spent visiting the real Hammer in Pensacola. The biggest surprise 1/c year was seeing Lyn wearing stars after first semester. After graduation, Lyn will be basking in the sun in the Pearl. No one will ever forget the support of her dynamic (want a drink?) family. Love, TWB, HBL, JJL.

**Kenneth Quitugua Aguilar**
**Dededo, Guam**
**Naval Flight Officer**

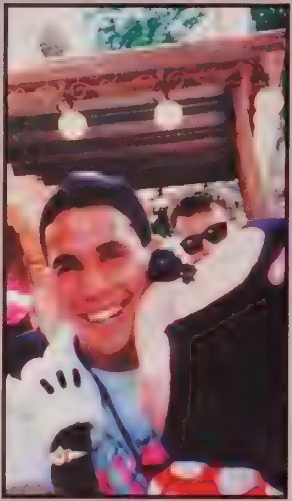
The "Guamasauras" came from a far distant island in the western Pacific. He sure misses his tropical Guam paradise since it costs an arm and leg to go home. After a few years as a prior in intel and then BOOST, Ken finally made it here at the age of 21. Outside of the many hours studying to become an engineer, he still found time to have fun in Florida, California, and the mountains. I've never seen anybody pick up water or snow skiing faster than Ken. (Sorry for sending you down the expert slope before it was time) The crash in Florida with the cat was also pretty fun. I'm sure you'll never forget Chico in Cali with my sister & her FRIEND. I'll never forget, or probably remember 247-thanks! Looking back over these years, the moment I'll always remember is Jules & Co. running into us, or I mean you, after we flipped the knockabout. Take care buddy and I'll see ya in P-Cola! -DAS

**Wesley Eli Beadle IV**
**Virginia Beach, Virginia**
**Navy Pilot**

Booger mod2 came into the room early plebe year with violent tendencies and a bad temper. Fortuntely, Chip didn't become the beater we thought he would. Our positive influence has forged him into the "kinder, gentler Chip" that he is today. He made the most of summer cruise, becoming an expert on the bow-mounted sonar and the Olongapo nightlife. Academics were another story. We noticed that his QPR was inversely proportional to the number of technical classes he took, the one exception being EE624. Chip's quest for being a SEAL ended with his engagement to Tammy who, by the way, was not his Ring Dance date. After this, Chippy was known for taking nappies after snackies and juicies. Honestly, Chip's favorite roommate was his rack, especially in 6256A. Cheese, Nug, and Findog wish Tammy and him all the best.

**Richard Whitney Bishop**
**Indianapolis, Indiana**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

This Hoosier came to USNA with an accent and an attitude, but through SWEAT and dedication he eventually climbed to the highest levels of company policy making. Plebe year: Buds with McGoldrick and Kraus; marched to Columbus, OH; Magnet (reverse-polarity); the 'Shop; Kev's Radio; the tongue. Chokin Chico; Youngster year: JE; Pantheon Hood Trip; Streaking in T-Court; ONE; Cherish Tina; Duke Trip-the Drinking Game; Puke Pink Bottle; Dancin' on Air; Hell's cold when you ride with Bobby T.; US Road trip '90. Second class: Graveyard shift; Under house arrest; Aide to Lestat. Cards all night. Hood-Missy/Angelica; Armadillos; Busted at MacDonald's; Dancin' with Bahama. Firstie: Ram's Head Lunches; PLAYGROUND; PSU trip '92. Good Luck underwater, and we'll see you in NIRVANA/ZYBOG. BHIAMAT, THANATOS & PALADIN



**Rafael Eduardo Bobenrieth**
**Rockville, Maryland**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Ralph came to USNA after losing the starring role for La Bamba, but he made his film debut in The Hunt for Red October on youngster cruise. Hoping to be featured in a sequel, ol' Chicken McNugget Head joined the submarine force for good Ralph's flair for the theatrical really came out when the power went out in the Hall-have you ever seen a strobe light act? We have now. Not to mention the gigantic, horse-like C & S attack he waged on his defenseless roommates. (Let's not mention it!) All this fun didn't keep Ralph from inventing the concept of "leadership by example." The original RENAISSANCE MAN, Ralph led the charge for 4.0 QPR, stopping along the way to help anyone in need. Thanks for making us part of the family, the only one that can fill up B.J.'s stomach. Take care, we'll all be thinking of you as you "run silent, run deep."- KWR, SHW, EJL

**Charles Thomas Boutin**
**Aberdeen, Maryland**
**Special Warfare**

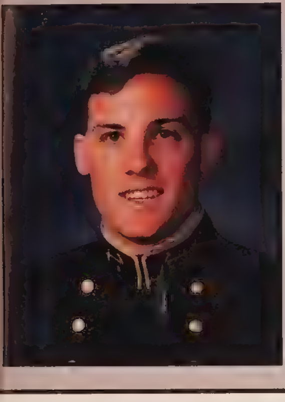
Chad, a.k.a. "the Doctor", Charles, Chuckles is the epitome of professionalism. Starting off in the Aero Eng major and moving up in difficulty to the English major after only six easy weeks, Chad has finally found his true calling. He is a diehard guitarist who incessantly bangs on those chords AND he finds time to sleep. Imagine how far he will go if he manages to somehow combine these two talents. He has diligently rowed heavyweight crew for his entire illustrious Academy career - even over breaks. Take, for example, Spring Break of plebe year. In between practices, he found time to take long, steamy showers. Although he had considered the exciting field of synchronized swimming as a career choice, he finally settled on SEALS (aren't they the same?). Remember back in plebe year when Chad, the ever observant fellow that he is, stuck his head out of the door and inconspicuously told a classmate to shove off? Do you also remember that Dean Asher was right outside Chad's door at the time? Now he is off to BUDS w/o eyebrows. APNDDS

**John Patrick Casey**
**Doylestown, Pennsylvania**
**Marine Corps**

Johny Dangerously began his career at USNA guiding us through plebe summer then striper bound; too bad no one respected his stripes. Plebe Year; 45 tours vs 10; Need-more Chem EI; Kill Sikes; Earthquake snoring. Youngster year: PANTHEON- BHIAMAT; Top Gun comearounds; Hood road trip; Flipping off headlights; Primordal scream; Running thru T-Court; So Huggy; Pumpkin; THE ONE; Duketrip; Kickin' Bod; Dancin' on air; room formals-thanks. Second Class Year: LESTAT's thirst; Chicago; One again; Setting up with LTJG; Constellations; Firstie year: Rams Head lunches; Snoring through play; Cisco in playground; Nice hair, too bad we couldn't join you. Good Luck in the Marine Corps; it's better than the life of a galley slave. Love your blood brothers, Thanatos & Zephyros & Paladin

**Scott Vincent Chesbrough**
**Alexandria, Virginia**
**Surface Warfare**

Despite the hopes of his roommates, this "Chesbrough guy" showed up I-day with four eyes and a bad ankle. Stowmaster quickly established himself as our maid and professional conscience. After taking the stealth approach to Plebe year, Cheese went high profile in greeting Mom with his new Navy vocabulary. Using the innocent look from Australia to Seattle to Boston, Scott had a girl in every port. But for this aspiring SWO, underway was the only way, and hearts around the world are still broken. On the Yard, Cheese was never late for class, leaving as many as 30 minutes early. During firstie year, he was frequently Paiged to go to the Ram's Head and get qual'ed. Cheese was fortunate to have Aunt, Unc, and the 'rents nearby. They were a continuous source of hospitality and laughs for all. Findog, Nug, and Chipper wish you fair winds and following seas.



**Bradley Jay Collins**
**El Toro, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Kermit came to USNA straight from high school, much to the dismay of his teachers. Care packages and letters from home arriving almost daily kept him off the UCLA campus. When not hitting the books, you could always find Bradly with his fingers glued to the keyboard. He was the most athletic computer geek - Threepeat '90, '91, '92. After escaping from the snake pit of the Hooded Cobra, the Bradmeister teamed up with the Barn Boys. Let the corruption begin. Flips and Wolenski's was his first taste of life in the fast lane. Who could ever forget the jeep ride down to Va Beach, or the dollar brews at Miramar. Arsenio never saw a better beat box fly guy. Finally, he became legal. How about another G.M. shot, Bradly?! Good luck in the future, hope you find a woman to meet your stringent quals. We know the last two didn't! Have fun in Miramar. C-Ya in P-Cola. JPD, TIG, RJH.

**Gerald Paul Dearie**
**Roswell, Georgia**
**Navy Pilot**

J-Dawg arrived in Newport, fresh from his wealthy southern high school to play soccer for Navy. While there, he was specially trained by the 1-2 drinking crew in the fine art. Arriving at the academy with his walkman, he soon became Lover's special child. After plebe year Jerry launched his acting career inside and out of Bancroft Hall. Youngster year found J.P. playing the lead role in the thriller Fatal Attraction II. Second Class Year he starred in both Spiderman and the eight hour extravaganza. Taking a sabbatical from his acting career, he ventured to VA Beach where he ate spot and bear. I wonder how the pipes got clogged? He came back to finish his acting career in the Crabtown version of Romeo and Juliet. Well Jerry, you've been a great friend and we'll never forget that your part of the Three-Peat team. See you in P-Cola. Don't forget your midnight alky rubs. RJG, TIG, BJC.

**Robin Kenneth Dreeke**
**Carmel, New York**
**Marine Corps**

Dreeker came to us from upstate New Yawk via MMA (a real academy). "Big bad nuclear boomers!" was his battle cry as the rest of us got up to speed at Camp Tecumseh. He spent the better part of his time here in relentless pursuit of a rock hard body through hours of PT and a steady diet of pizza and Coke. He arrived with a finance in tow but later joined the 92% Club. Only after the GREAT DIS of 2/C year did he begin to realize his vast potential as a walking hormone. Never one to pass up an Ac Board (4), he survived a brief stint with Aero before finding his true calling as a political engineer. Make no mistake about it; Mr. Drill has only three passions: Star Trek, women, and the Corps (in varying order). The Corps is getting one of the last REAL warriors. Here's hoping he finds his own little gunge-pup. Seeya in thirty to break the last bottle. OORAH! THE SHED

**Brian James Finman**
**Appleton, Wisconsin**
**Surface Warfare-Nuclear**

Four years ago the cheese truck drove by and Findog fell off at Gate 1, as naive as anyone can be. Fortunately, 4 years of sin, corruption, and late night lectures from his roommates have turned Donger into a real naval officer. Bri spent Plebe year running around Goat Court sparsely clad, and hoping for the care package that never came. Never one for a tan, Casper's death-like palor was the brunt of many room jokes. Brian was always the life of Honor Dining-ins and parties. Who will ever forget the party he napped on the picnic table and got pushed off by Ninja Squirrels? Brian was the biggest man in the room, but he still crawled back to Lyn after ditching her Youngster year. A ring is just around the corner, but we'll see what happens when he tries to name their son Oliver. Chipper, Cheese, and Nug wish him good luck and many cheddarheads to fill the cracker barrel.

**Robert Carlton Fulford**
**Statesboro, Georgia**
**Marine Corps**

Fulf came to Camp Tecumseh as a bright-eyed, even tempered 17 year-old. His greatest plebe year challenge was the pommel horse- too bad the coach never saw his best dismount. But when you are the defensive MVP of the 150's game against Army your firstie year who remembers that we choreographed all our judo throws? Fulf, the Running Man, even found room to dance in the end zone once. Plebe year found Fulf stepping carefully around his room to avoid setting off another Paul Morisette mine. The only thing that was left untouched was his discman (because it was hidden so well.) Here's to "validating" plebe quarters. After 2/C summer turned into a reenactment of the "Caine Mutiny" on a YP we all knew Fulf was bound to be a "hoo-ya Marine." Godspeed to you shipmate (but not so fast that you get another ticket in your white hot vette!) Semper Fidelis. -KWR

**Juliane Jean Gallina**
**Pelham Manor, New York**
**Cryptology**

Once upon a time, Spike, from the Bronx, came to Crabtown with polished CAP leathers in hand and a more than reg haircut to match, (at least it wasn't purple) destined with determined perfectionism to rise to the top- where no woman has gone before. She displayed her originality in all areas, even when it came to the daily grudge of squaring corners, motivating Mandy in the crewhouse, and expressing her emnity to certain 2/c. Not one to hold a grudge, she set her sister up with the biggest flamer and then stood up at their wedding two years later. Always living the ideology: duty, honor, and loyalty, or the newest form: ship, shipmate, self, she became 95's pinnacle of achievement- 10 stripes. With her 6, she was able to utilize her greatest assets: dedication to the TEAM (4500, 6000, . . . ) and presentation of a poised, precise, and well-spoken individual. Who knew someone so little could become as big as her heart? Now, you've figured out USNA, Good luck deciphering the rest of the world from the ol' homestead in Iowa. -- CEH, AAM, CSN, BRR

**Sean Campbell Gillespie**
**Camp Hill, Pennsylvania**
**Surface Warfare**

Coming from the land of the Shoo-Fu Pie, Sean never quite adapted to the paradoxical life of an artsy mech engineer. Dizzy started his memorable career by rooming with Booger, 4/c Foul and the Pantheon (Ninety Sir!). He took his lumps the hard way: 24 tours for a late section leader report and 2 Ac Boards (they can't throw 1/c out, can they?). The Founding Father of the Tool Shed lived by his staunch "principles" and called it like it was. Lepe had many priorities, with procrastination at the top and academics at the bottom. Many nights we heard his colorful metaphors directed at his favorite computer. The surface warriors have gained a man with an opinion on everything and black glass leathers. Hope you get your theater and find peace and serenity. Regardless, we don't think you're gonna' get either bottle...Love, THE SHED.

**Timothy Issac Gutierrez**
**Havana, Cuba**
**Marine Corps**

Tim came to USNA via NAPS due to downhill skiing prowess. At NAPS Tim was known as a Dog Brother, to us he was known as: Stinky, Pokey, y el Cubano. Plebe year Tim found studying with his classmates could be very stimulating. Youngster year he became a member of the Barn, creating the Black Hole, where things would go in, but only mice would come out. He was also one of the only youngsters with class option. Upon arrival to 36, Pokey picked up some new sleeping habits. By the way, how many times did you have to wash that blanket? He was lucky enough never to fall victim to the Abyss, although he found it quite comfortable for the parade season. EE took its toll on Stinky, but that never kept him from taking Firstie weekends, cause he was a true 2-1er. Texan Timmy finally found his roots in country music. Good Luck in TBS, and hang on to Gumby. JPD, RJH, BJC.

**Cheryl Esther Herrick**
**Crofton, Maryland**
**Naval Pilot**

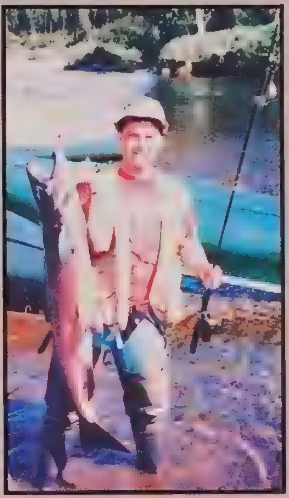
While others traveled far and wide to reach the Naval Academy, Cheryl just ran down the street via Delaware. As the epitome of athleticism, Cheryl mastered swimming, soccer, running and cycling, but not satisfied with Navy's family of sports she gave birth to the infant Women's Lax team. Cheryl never turned her back on the "girl-next-door" image, and opened her heart and home to 36's orphans --faithfully providing chocolate chip ice cream, macaroni and cheese and pumpkin bread on holidays. A terrific listener, always armed with appropriate advice, we will always remember you with your wide expanse of deep blue eyes and golden tresses that made all the guys fall (even though you would never admit it). Thank you, Cheryl, for being the one who remained true to your dreams, flying straight as an arrow, never flinching, never pausing toward your target as a commissioned aero engineer with golden wings. We love you and admire you for teaching us the meaning of dedication and honesty. Does that make sense? --JJG, AAM, CSN, BRR

**Andrew Michael Hess**
**Huntsville, Alabama**
**Navy Pilot**

Andy claims to come from God's Country yet never admits that his parents are carpet baggers and he is a transplant. Plebe summer proved to be highly productive for the Hesster as he found his calling: to be our platoon commander's driver. Life in the hall found the Molester sending E-Mail to himself: yes Andy, everyone is out to get you. Drewmeister's love life was highly entertaining. When the action under the ring wasn't too hot during Ring Dance, he just hopped up to his cutie for a little TLC. Academics here were real tough for him, just ask him. "oogy boogy, I'm going to flunk all my courses this semester." Not to say that Drew was a sweat but he was the only person with a class rank in the 400's getting an ulcer over whether or not he'd get a flight billet. We wish you God's grace, you'll need it flying those big ol' C-130s. Matthew 6:33,34 DDS & BWM

**Myung Sin Hobson**
**Tacoma, Washington**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Rudy arrived at USNA gracefully rounding his corners and quickly took a liking to Mello Yello before Diamond Dave tagged him as "just a ______." He spent most of his waking hours (few and far between) in search of some good Korean food or his next Wrestlemania opponent. A man of many mysteries, Moon Unit managed to successfully hide his car, his birthday, and several things we simply haven't yet found. We could always hear the mellifluous sounds of the Greatest Mixes of Euro-Techno-Homo-Pop emanating from the stereo. He remained militantly celibate for the duration but surprised us by finding the only secure Ring Dance date (No, you can't borrow the Miata!). We rest secure in the knowledge that the Rude One will find himself a good woman as soon as it's convenient. Aviation is getting a fine businessman (Definitely an Ensign!), and we will miss him. Rots of Rove. THE SHED.



**Raymond Joseph Hufnagel III**
**Yorba Linda, California**
**Navy Pilot**

Ray, a.k.a. Huff, Oompa, Kermie, Doc, culminated his NAPS experience with a hundred reasons not to stand too close to T.G. Ray came out from sunny California only to fall in love with everything the East Coast had to offer: Grateful Dead, Miss Piggy, Fort Story, Mums, Catholic U., Middleton's, etc... Annapolis bartenders will never be the same. He is one hell of a performer, rewarded in his last semester with three well earned stripes to go with the 3-Peat and his yellow sweater. He was, however, gun-shy, when it came to performing in the plastic cup. We always felt secure going out with Ray, throw a few drinks down his throat and he could thrash anybody, just ask him. Well Ray-Z, see you in-Ray's World, Ray's World, Party Time, Excellent, Beer is Free, Women Dig Me. Good Luck! Wanna do a shot? See you in P-Cola. JPD, TIG, BJC.

**Douglas Rogers Lamb**
**Loomis, California**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Doug came to USNA from the fruity, nutty land of Zybog, where he had been contemplating the mutilation of Communist babies. He's come a long way now it's total destruction of society Plebe Year: Geotze and eigth wing rack; Lover's EPW: illicit fire-extinguisher hijink; Iron Maiden Rules!! Sailing bagit; three basic responses; 1-90...NOT!! Youngster: Pantheon; coral toot; Hood trip; Dancin' on AirONE; Shh-it's a recon; running thru T-Court parking lot; tapeball; Hiney over Renee? Second Class: "I wanna sail around the world with you. "Crimewave; under house arrest; Mosquito Coast-thanks; lost in New Orleans; 2 for 7; EE with the plasma ball; Bahama Mama; it feels so warm; green turtle regae and moonlight in the cockpit; Firstie: bonecrusher and glassesx3; Ram's Head lunches; Hiney-time; MacDonoughx2; Love Boat; Love Your Brothers, Zephyros, Bhiamat, & Paladin

**Edwin John Lucio**
**Alhambra, California**
**Navy Pilot**

MUNCHIO! Ed came to the Academy after retiring from the big wheeling business in California. Plebe year memories of "Looch" include giving a Paul Morisette pie its Airborne pin. Youngster year brought the lounge lizard out of this ardent movie lover as he spent weekends glued to MTV, The Simpsons, MWC, or some other movie that only Ed could like. Ed began as a computer science major, later opting for the more enlightened discipline of history: a good move. When Ed turned 21, the world shook. Firstie year found "Wonder Bread Ed" in full party mode (see '92 group photo) Where are Julie's keys anyway? The morning after often included an Eggs Ed breakfast at Army/Navy CC. Ed's theme song is "I Can't Drive 55 (on the sea wall)." His most memorable quote is "I didn't know that was color company parking." Time to get a car cover. Best of luck in getting the Wings of Gold. BJF, SVC, REB

**Amanda Ann Manges**
**Fort Collins, Colorado**
**Navy Pilot**

Mandy is the undaunted individual, a good listener, a loud talker, always willing to give. . . or take a bite of your food She always has a smile, a toy, and another language to learn. This Colorado native came to Navy because she "wanted world peace." A little slow to understand military logic, she went through plebe summer in "Mandy sandwiches" and a constant shout of, "Mangii!" We finally found her on 3-0 when Ac-year began. (Thank God, no more stairs!) Youngster year agreed with her as she kept late hours, wore unmatched socks, and took the PCR again, and again. Never keeping still, she undertook a frenetic denizen of activities, toured the world via MAC terminals and wrapped up firstie year presiding over jazz band. Mandy lives life on the edge and the LAST second. '89 never thought she'd graduate but she proved them wrong as she is bound to take off as a Navy pilot. Some had said that there was no place in the Navy for Mandy, but those were the folks who didn't know that Mandy is the kind to create her own places. ---JJG, CEH, CSN, BRR.

**Ryan James McBrayer**
**Olympia, Washington**
**Surface Warfare**

The Golden Child: born on the crest of a wave and rocked in the cradle of the deep. Study hard was his battle cry. Do everything hard for that matter. He's the only aero major we ever knew who never studied, prophesized doom on exams, and still wound up in the top 100. Originally pilot bound, he had a slight change of heart and eyesight. Now it's SWO ho. Ryan talked big and LOUD. He was only quiet the morning after a night out. Then again he was talking into the room sink. He livened room conversation with his exploits and became something of a resident Dr. Ruth. His knowledge of the field, like all fields, was absolute. Just ask him. Be careful of offending him, for he is the master of retaliation. If the gaseous odors don't get you, the Bravo Papa will. Chippy, Cheese, and Findog wish you fair winds and following seas...

USS ROBISON
DDG-12

**Brett William Mietus**
**Chesterfield, Virginia**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Brett, a.k.a. Huge, Adonis, Rogaine Man, "the Biggest Man in the World" came to us from the mighty town of Chesterfield where he reigned supreme at L.C. Byrd High. We know all about his exploits there because we were dumb enough to get him started down memory lane. He started off by making a great impression on your favorite and mine, Greg Hould-son. We really didn't feel sorry for him though because he had just recently flamed on us for not covering his chow-call so he could sleep late. What a guy! Hey Brett, how about the time that the USAFA gymnastics team showed up at your door? That was some towel you were sporting. In spite of his "impressive" beginnings here at USNA, Biggun managed to change his ways during the latter days of his Naval Academy career. Not only did he become the illustrious leader of FCA, he was one of USNA's leading economists, achieving over a 3.0 and making Dant's list (no, this isn't a joke, he really made it). By the way, thanks for setting us up with a live-in maid in P-cola. AMH DDS

**Anthony Peter Nelipovich**
**Claremont, California**
**Nuclear Power-Submarines**

Tony claimed no fewer than three states as his proud home (depending on who was winning the current sporting event.) After arriving here at Annapolis Tech from hither and yon, Nestor began his career of laxness by choosing the easiest major available (EE) and only studying enough to keep him awake until 2230 every night. When we Marine Engineers and English types were still hard at work at midnight, Tony would whip out his evening wear...and his nights in them were long indeed. When we awoke, though, we discovered that due to a gross computer error in Leahy, Tony kept getting 4.0's on midgrade. Maybe it wasn't an error, though--it may have been brotherly love between them, for Tony never failed to dazzle us with his robotic sense of humor (or lack thereof). He was not without emotion, though: when the laundry returned him an odd number of socks, he exploded with, "does not compute...does not compute..." Glad you're so good at going ballistic, bud, you'll need it on your submarine. CTB DDS

**Christine Stephanie Niebuhr**
**Birmingham, Alabama**
**Navy Pilot**

We were never lacking for entertainment as Christie provided us with song from piles of plebe laundry, to glee-club "Tell-tales," to her solo jazz debut her first class year. The virtuoso menu-maven of 3-0 corners kept them all wondering, "How can a kid from 'Bama have an accent like that?" Well, the Catholic school survivor was, "from Lansing, MI actually, sir," but was always the graceful Southern belle except when falling out of the rack and off the balance beam. After varsity hobbling plebe year, she went on to letter as a runner. All the guys in Bancroft Hall wished they had as many dates with Christie as she had semesters of EE. If the guys were wondering, she could be found in "Flight 149" eating midseeds or downtown harvesting hearts. Although we couldn't be sure of her service selection (or which outfit you were going to wear), we could always count on her smile. We wish you the best of luck in Penscola and beyond- if we ever need to find you we'll follow the sound of your sunny songs or the trail of adoring hearts.--JJG, CEH, AAM, BRR

**Karl Walter Riebs**
**Granger, Indiana**
**Surface Warfare**

A man from the Midwest, Karl came to the academy barely knowing what saltwater was. However, thanks to the sailing team, he learned that the ocean was not only bigger than the Great Lakes, but that it could also be a hell of a lot of more fun. An awesome finals schedule got Karl home a week before his classmates and he was able to find Amy. Before long, girlfriend turned into fiancee' and Amy became the future Mrs. Riebs. Despite domestication, Karl could still be seen darting through the halls at warp speed as the green and scaly LIZARD MAN or shooting an occasional game of Nerf hoop. First semester of firstie year Karl finally got his stars only to lose them to four stripes second semester. Good luck to you and Amy. See you roomie as we sail south, to Java. - SHW

**Bonnie Renee Roberts**
**Amarillo, Texas**
**General Unrestricted Line**

Once we eliminated the I-day Roberts impostor, we all knew Bonnie was a little different. She was 3-0's first post-taps tourist attraction for upperclass in search of "the girl on the floor." She remained true to form all four years except the brief Army week flood out of '89. But our quiet naive Bonnie turned out to be a true Texan when it came to love: grabbing it by the horns. Upon return from Thanksgiving, our star-struck camper could utter but one word, "Stephen." (sigh) We kept her secret which proved the old axiom, "Every pot has its cover." Stephen was her lid. A master at both fencing and physics, she was the first one of us to letter, and the first (and only) to derive how long it takes a car's molecules to seep through the floor of a garage. She follows the beat of a different drummer; one that wakes at 0430 to pursue her Trident studies, in bed by 2200 and up again to call her flyboy punctually by 2300. We wish you a future as bright and lovely as the love you share and the stars you study.----JJG, CEH, AAM, CSN.

**Daniel Alfred Silbermann**
**San Rafael, California**
**Navy Pilot**

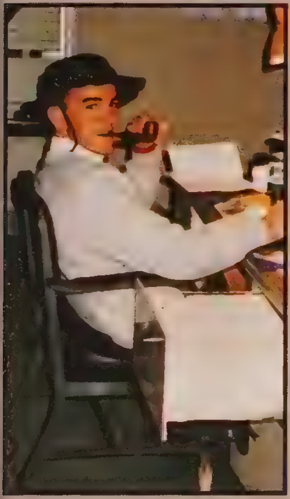
Coming from the fast-lane life of Cally, Dan thought he'd have to settle down for the academics of USNA. BUT WAIT! All work and no play makes Dan a dull wanna be aviator. So, WHOOSH! Plebe year finds Dan, myself and Hobz in sunny FLA where we found out how a cat (and not a dog) can be our best friend. Oh, Yah, Tim sayz that a Phalanx isn't an F-14 afterall. 3/c year then found Da FUHRER in the loving land of Hood where this soccer player found out the sheer thrill of running. Way to go MARATHON MAN. Then came 2/c year where I found out how much Germans can consume...and regurgitate. JEEZ, Dan, not all over the room, and on your rack too? So, VOI-LA, we're firsties, and no one can be a better tour guide of Annapolis. Nice Jetta. Those things really do last a long time. What do ya' got in there, a pair of Energizers? Have fun in Deutschland and P-Cola. KQ

**David Dewayne Sullins**
**Hanceville, Alabama**
**Naval Flight Officer**

Arriving here from the God's Country of Alabama (just ask him--he'll tell you), the Hanceville bulldog made a splash with us on the first day. Upon entering the room, he attempted to assert control by throwing his belongings on one of our claimed racks--thus beginning a fine room tradition of bickering over property rights. He was not satisfied with being a wallflower on the ballroom of progress. Rather than be forced into a life of hardship in the poli-sci department, Dewayne worked hard to attain his life of ease in Marine Engineering, as his many long nights at the computer will attest. It took about ten days in Quantico, Va., and one Silver Bullet treatment, to convince him that the friendly skies were friendlier in the Navy. First class year, and the threat of a long-lost ball and chain, saw Dewayne saying goodbye to old relationships; he went a little far, though, as he became a mouthpiece for the administration second semester and bilged us for two measly stripes. Good luck in Redneck Riviera, dawg. CTB APN

**Peter Caples Twining**
**Carlisle, Pennsylvania**
**Marine Corps**

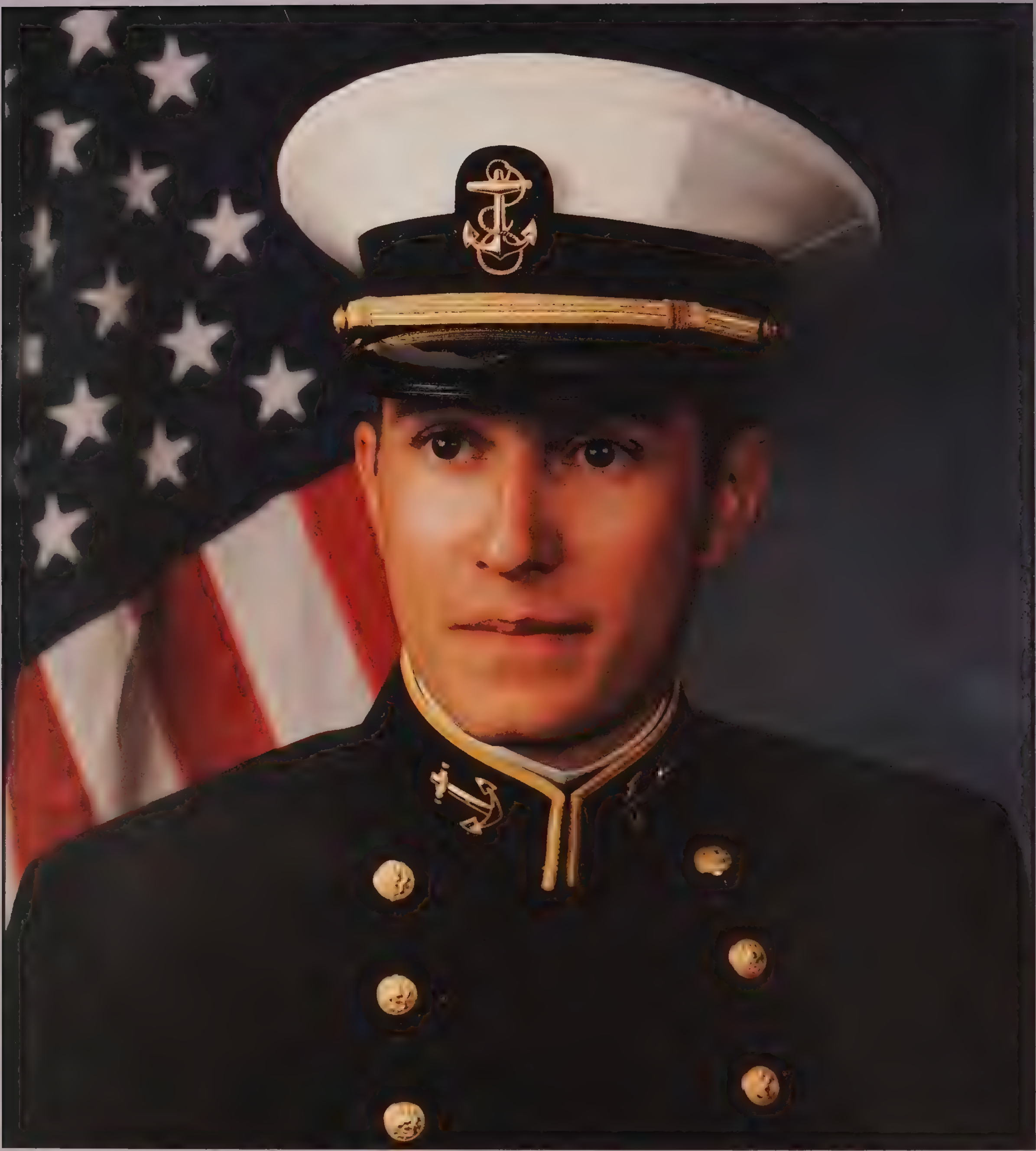
The Meat came to us from the Army, of all places, and had his share of difficulty taking himself seriously (If you can, I will) He reached the height of depravity on 3/C cruise before moving into Nirvana. He proved to be the ultimate SWOrrior and also exposed his astounding swimming skills in a Pensacola fountain. Firstie year saw him sell his red jelly bean for a real USMC vehicle (w/92K miles). He nearly gave the COL a stroke when he finally left the sport he loved to hate. He almost landed in the other Corps after a hair-raising scrape with Eli in the Battle of Anne Arundel (Wanna see my scar?). After four years, we're still amazed that he never drowned in his sleep, and we're sure Rudy's pillow case walked out. He'll make an excellent addition to THE Corps, provided he channels his temper toward the enemy (and not his roommates). Arf arf, THE SHED.



**Samuel Hopkins Wagener**
**Fresno, California**
**Surface Warfare**

Sam's tastes have refined in his "4 years by the bay." He was most often found enjoying the best cup of Joe that Mr. Java could brew, his favorite pipe, and Sinatra. Sam's generous spending habits on his friends didn't prevent him from distinguished membership in the Ram's Head Hall of Fame. Always an outdoorsman, Sam decided to become Robin Hood as a firstie. Thanks to Sam we all learned what "team handball" was and can now throw a frisbee underhanded. Count on Sam to end up falling for a plaid-skirted, pennyloafered Republican. Though quick witted, he was more than once the victim of a preemptive strike. The NRA's favorite son, the only thing Sam hates more than "being blown off" is a chain letter...it's a felony you know. Keep sailing fast, Sam, for we "intend to go in harm's way." Fair winds and following seas all the way south...to Java! Take care roomie. -KWR

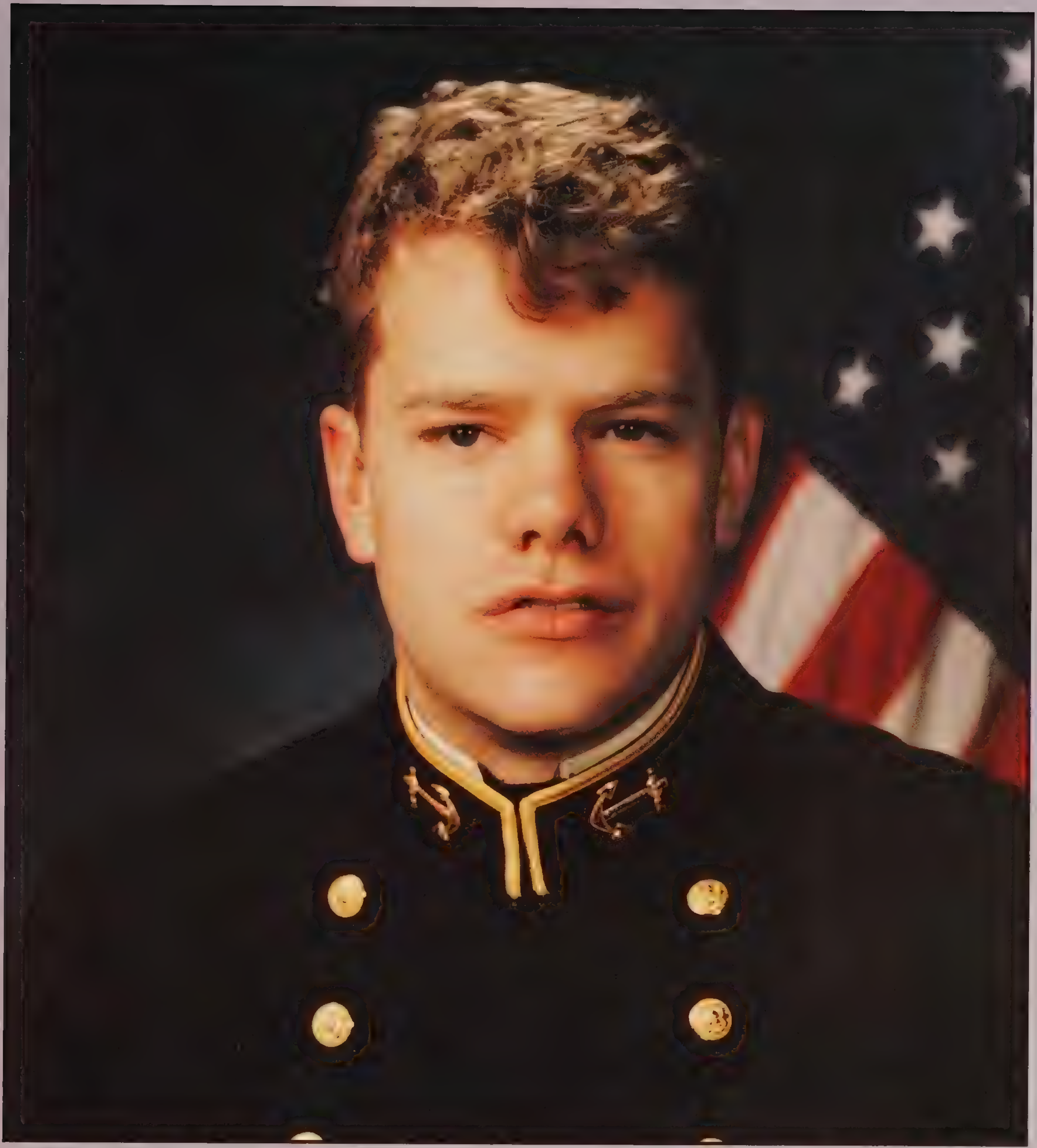
# In Memory



Stephen Michael Janson

Class of 1992

# In Memory



Robert Erik Boehning
Class of 1992

# In Memory

## Kevin Scott Mackie
Class of 1992

The Class of 1992 wishes to express its deepest sympathy to the family of Kevin Michael Mackie who passed away unexpectedly. He was deeply appreciated and greatly admired by all those who had the pleasure of knowing him the short time he was here.

# Those We Left Behind

ALBIZU, CHRISTOPHER OLIVER
ALMLI, MARTA BETH
ANDERSON, ANDREA ANNE
ARMSTRONG, JAMES JOSHUA
ARMSTRONG, TRIP WILLIAM
ARTHUR, HAYWARD BRADFORD
ATCHLEY, TAMBRE ANNELLE
ATKINSON, DAVID EDMUND
ATTAR, MATTHEW JOHN
AUGUSTINE, BRADY ALLEN
AYTES, JUSTIN PATRICK
BABBITT, JEFFREY STEFAN
BACON, CHRISTOPHER MARK
BANIAK, MARC TIMOTHY
BARBER, WILLIAM NORMAN
BARILAR, FRANCES ANN
BARNES, LEO JAMES
BARRY, COLLEEN THERESA
BEARDSLEE, TROY ALAN
BECK, BETTY JEAN
BECKER, ROBBI LYNN
BELL, COREY ANDREW
BELLARS, RICHARD HENRY
BENSON, JEROME EDWARD
BEVIER, WILLIAM JOHN
BISHOP, RICHARD WHITNEY
BLOCK, TAMARA LAINE
BOESCH, MATTHEW LAWRENCE
BOESPFLUG, CHRISTOPHER JOHN
BOND, DENNIS FRANKLIN
BOWERS, JASON CARR
BOWKER, JIM OWEN
BRAVO, STEVEN
BREITENFELD, KEIR DOUGLAS
BREWSTER, ROGER ARTIE
BRILLIANT, NATHAN ANDREW
BROOKS, KELLY LYNN
BROWNE, DAVID BROADUS
BUKAUSKAS, KENNETH ALLEN
BURGER, SCOTT DAMON
BURKHART, MICHAEL ROY
BURROUGHS, SHANE LEE
CALHOUN, NOEL HARRISON
CARDWELL, LEIF EVAN
CATTERSON, CHRISTOPHER BATES
CHAMPAGNE, CHRISTOPHER RAYMOND
CHANDLER, TIMOTHY SCOTT
CHRISTENSEN, CHAD MICHAEL
CLARK, ALEXANDER PHILIP
CLINTON, MARYANN CATHLEEN
COE, CHANNING BRYANT
COMPE, GREGORY ALLEN
CONTRERAS, DARRELL WAYNE
CONWAY, JOSEPH LEONARD
CORBIN, TATYANA NICOLE
COTTER, JASON LEE
CURRY, JUAN JULIAN
DAVIES, STEPHANIE LYNN
DAVIS, HAROLD TYRONE
DAVIS, TRENTON WARD
DAWSON, MICHAEL GREGORY
DELEON, BRIAN MICHAEL
DELHOYO, SERGIO JASON
DERKS, CHRISTOPHER SCOTT
DEROCHER, DOUGLAS DUANE
DESMOND, JAMES MICHAEL
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DRAKE, DOUGLAS ANTHONY
DREYER, GWEN MARIE
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DUNPHY, SEAN PATRICK
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EDWARDS, ANDREW COOPER
ELDRIDGE, EDWARD STONE
EMBREY, WYNTER JOY
EMERSON, JAA JANELLE
ENGLISH, BRUCE EDWARD
ERDMANN, KURT GARRETT
ESCONTRIAS, ADRIAN MANUEL
ESRY, BRETT DANIEL
ESTRADA, CHRISTINE ARIAS
EVANS, MATTHEW ANTHONY
FABIAN, MATTHEW JOSEPH
FARRAR, JAMES ROMAN
FAUST, ALFRED FRANCIS
FEHR, STANLEY FRANKLIN
FELARCA, JOHN PATRICK
FERRARO, DONALD RALPH
FISHER, RAYMOND FRANK
FRANCKOWIAK, ROBERT THOMAS
FRITZ, KRISTIN MARIE
GARCIA, ANTHONY PATRICK
GARCIA, WILLIAM LEE
GARZA, ANTHONY ESPIRIDION
GARZA, BUCK EDWARD
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GIROUX, BRIAN ROGER
GLORE, KENNETH ROBERT
GOEDDEKE, GEORGE ALAN
GOETZE, MARK CURTIS
GOODSON, TEREK SCOTT
GORDON, ELIZABETH PAIGE
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LANGE, KEELY OLEVA
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ROGERS, CHRISTOPHER JEROME
RUFE, CHRISTOPHER REDDING
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SANTULLI, MARK DAMON
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SMITH, PATRICK NEIL
SMITH, STEVEN TYRONE
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WILLIAMS, JOEL HARDIN
WILLIAMS, KIMBERLY ALIZABETH
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WODZINSKI, STEVEN DALE
WRIGHT, DERAND ERROL
WYNN, MICHAEL JAMES
YATES, ALLEN RICHARD
YODER, DWANE FRANKLIN
YOUNG, LAWRENCE HEBERT
YUN, HYE-SUK
YUNGER, JASON
ZAMORA, JAIME RAFAEL
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